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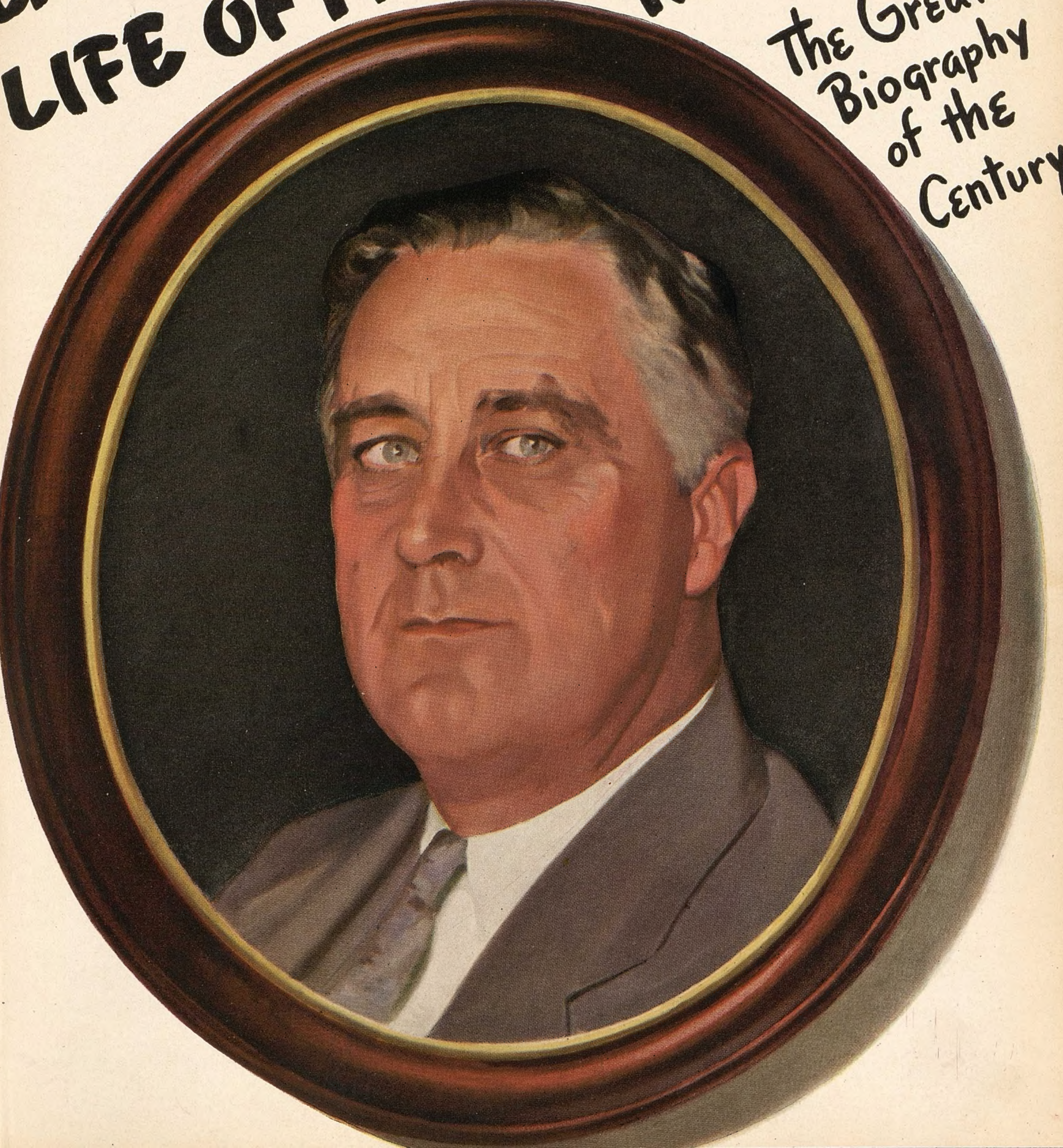

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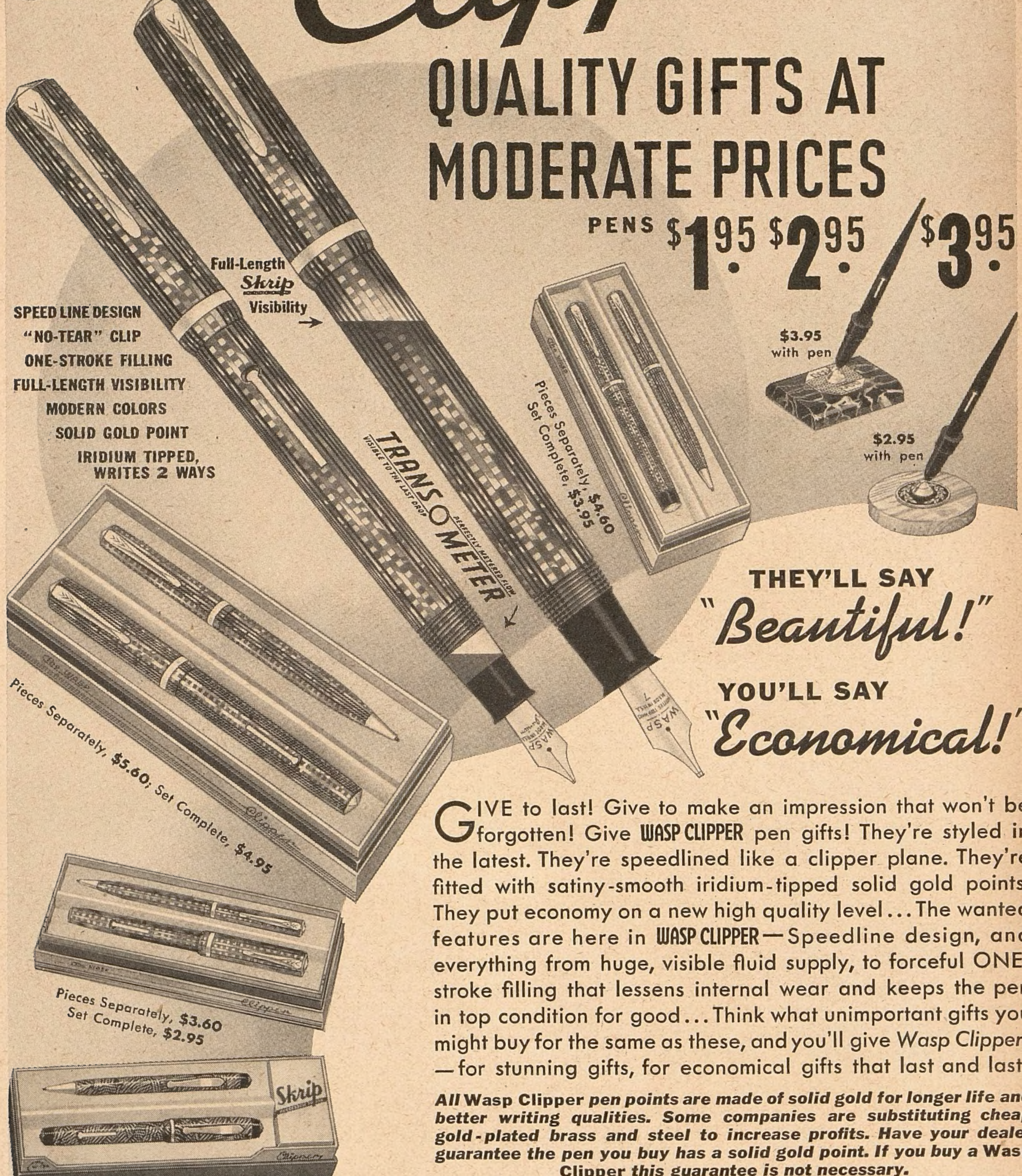
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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

THE WORKERS PAY THE BILLIONAIRE RELIEF BILL

BERNARR MACFADDEN

When money was handed out in billions by the Washington government for relief during the depression, the average individual did not have the faintest idea that he should be concerned in the slightest degree with these liberal donations. Why should he care? He naturally took it for granted that the owners of huge fortunes and the lucky individuals with large incomes would have to pay these bills.

But whenever the government spends money there is but one major source to meet expenses, and that is taxes. And taxes, no matter how they are distributed, come back, with few exceptions, to the active workers . . . the men and women who depend on their weekly wages for the comforts of life.

Any one who questions the accuracy of this statement must realize that when a business of any kind is taxed the increased expense must be added to the cost of the product. Shoes, clothing—regardless of the nature of the merchandise, the selling price must be increased to pay the tax bill.

To be sure, all these taxes are carefully hidden. The average individual has no idea that when he buys a shirt, a necktie, a dress, or a hat, from 20 to 30 per cent of the amount that is paid is government taxes. A suit of clothes costing twenty dollars, for example, would contain four or five dollars in taxes. If you are paying twenty-five dollars per month for rent, from six to eight dollars would represent taxes.

Now, suppose the Washington government had played the game of " hands off " in the relief situation, which was the case in previous depressions.

Of course you will immediately hear the defense: " Why! Would you let the people starve? " And we can reasonably ask, did the people starve in this country in any previous depression?

We have had many serious depressions in years gone by, and there is no noticeable record of any one starving during any of these troublesome periods. But what happened?

Our wealthy citizens paid the relief bill. They furnished the " wherewith " necessary to keep people from suffering. They were the donors of the dole on those occasions.

And do not think for a minute that it was their kindly spirit that induced them to open their pocketbooks.

They knew that hungry mobs are sometimes desperate. The statement that we are but two or three meals from savagery is fairly dependable.

And our citizens who were enjoying surplus wealth during those periods knew that to protect themselves from the lawlessness that comes when people are crazed with hunger they would have to feed them. That was the only means of protecting themselves from serious disaster that might mean the loss not only of their property but of their lives.

And at the end of all these previous depressions there was no noticeable increase in the national debt. Our future citizens had not been mortgaged to the tune of billions which the taxpayers must assume. The wealthy people in the country paid the bills to meet these drastic emergencies.

But in this present depression our government officials acquired the impression that this expense should be paid by taxing everybody.

With a population of 130,000,000, there are probably 50,000,000 who are actively working . . . who are supporting dependents that complete the total of our population.

The $20,000,000,000 which approximately represents the increased national indebtedness incurred by the present administration, if divided among 50,000,000 workers, would mean that each one would have to assume a burden of $400, and this must be paid some day if this government is to remain solvent.

And a large part of our present indebtedness, totaling nearly $40,000,000,000, is greater than has ever been known in the history of our country, and the enormous increase is due largely to the assumption on the part of our officials that government money should be used for relief.

If our wealthy citizens had been made to perform their duty on this occasion, as they had in all previous depressions, our budget would probably have been balanced in 1936 as promised by the administration, and the billions of additional indebtedness that must be paid largely by our workers would have been avoided.

Bernarr Macfadden

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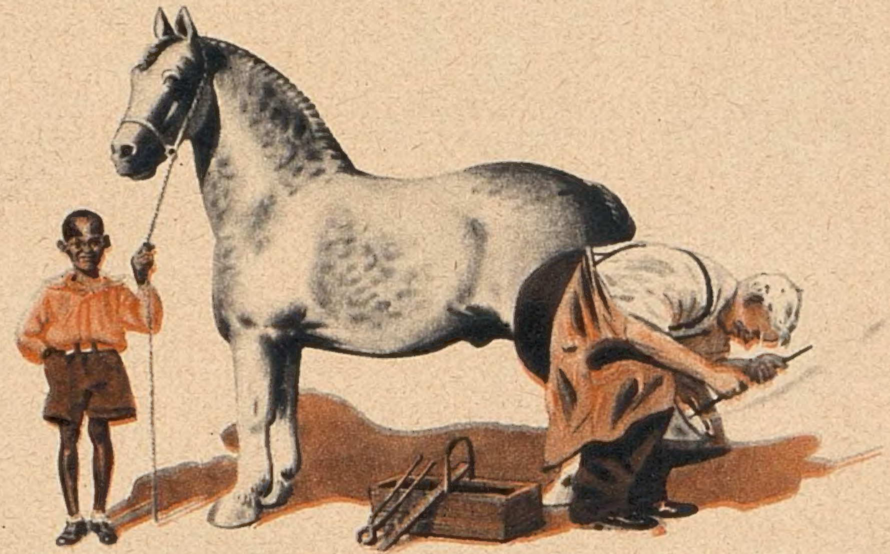

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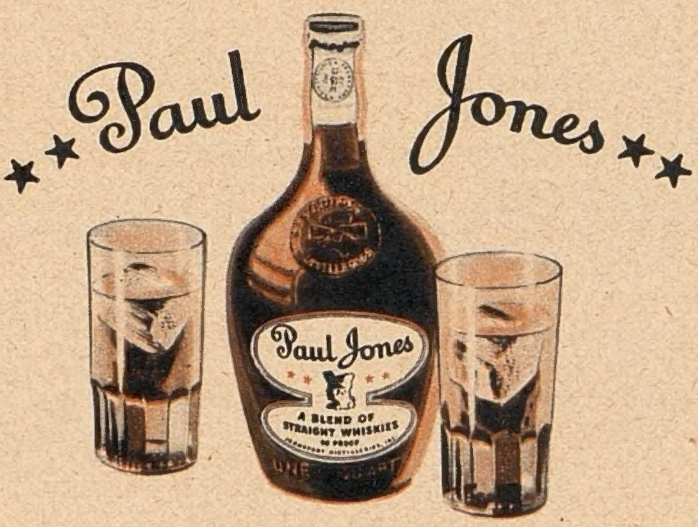
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A STUDY IN FORTUNE AND P

by the author of Napoleon, Lincoln, Cleopatra,

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A STRANGER coming for the first time into a family knows less about it than any one of its members, and he cannot tell them much that is new. And yet whatever he observes is fresh and without prejudgment, and so he sometimes obtains an insight into the life of this family which provokes its members to contradiction, and yet interests them when he speaks it out.

Although I am no longer quite a stranger in this country, for I have visited it several times during the last decade, I have not believed my ideas important enough to write the one thousand and first book on the United States.

What I am trying to do here is to make a picture of only one member of this great family, encouraged to this by the success of my book on Lincoln, which has been adopted in some schools here. Since I am a painter, I am in this case too concerned primarily with the portrait itself, and only secondarily with the development of the political conditions which the present President has called forth or made use of. There is as little about taxes in this book as there is about battles in my book on Napoleon: there is even less about the party.

Inasmuch as no one in this country has yet been able to make clear to me the difference between the two parties, I belong in spirit to neither, but I would declare for Roosevelt's human personality even if he were a conservative or a Communist. For the names of the parties seem to me to be worn-down old coins, with which every one continues to make payment without looking at them, and so no one notices how unrecognizable the symbols once stamped on them have become. Just as the Fascists and the Communists throughout the whole world are beginning to approximate each other in certain of their objectives, so the two old parties in this country are in process of reconstruction. Their future is closely bound up with the future of the European parties. In this respect, too, my effort is that of a European, and should be seen only as such.

The following pages incorporate a threefold aim: the psychology of Roosevelt's character, his position among contemporary men of power in Europe and among his historical predecessors.

The last two are not difficult for one who has gone for his knowledge of history to the documents, and for his knowledge of the leaders of Europe has gone almost without exception to the men themselves. In such comparisons as will be found in these pages between Roosevelt and Hoover, Roosevelt and Hitler, Franklin and Theodore Roosevelt, it is the character of the men which is the purpose of the study, for it is the character which decided the variety of ways in which these men reacted to definite, similar historic situations.

Whether it has to do with living men or men who have long since passed into history does not matter to me. Before painting the portrait of an historic figure I have conversed with it privately for years, as if it were actually before me; and I have looked at the living leaders as though they had been a hundred years dead.

When at my first meeting with President Roosevelt I told him that I was sorry he was still among the living, he laughed. He understood how much, because of that fact, I missed his private papers. Those provide the biographer with a key to so many riddles; for only the portraitist who takes the private papers of a life as e of

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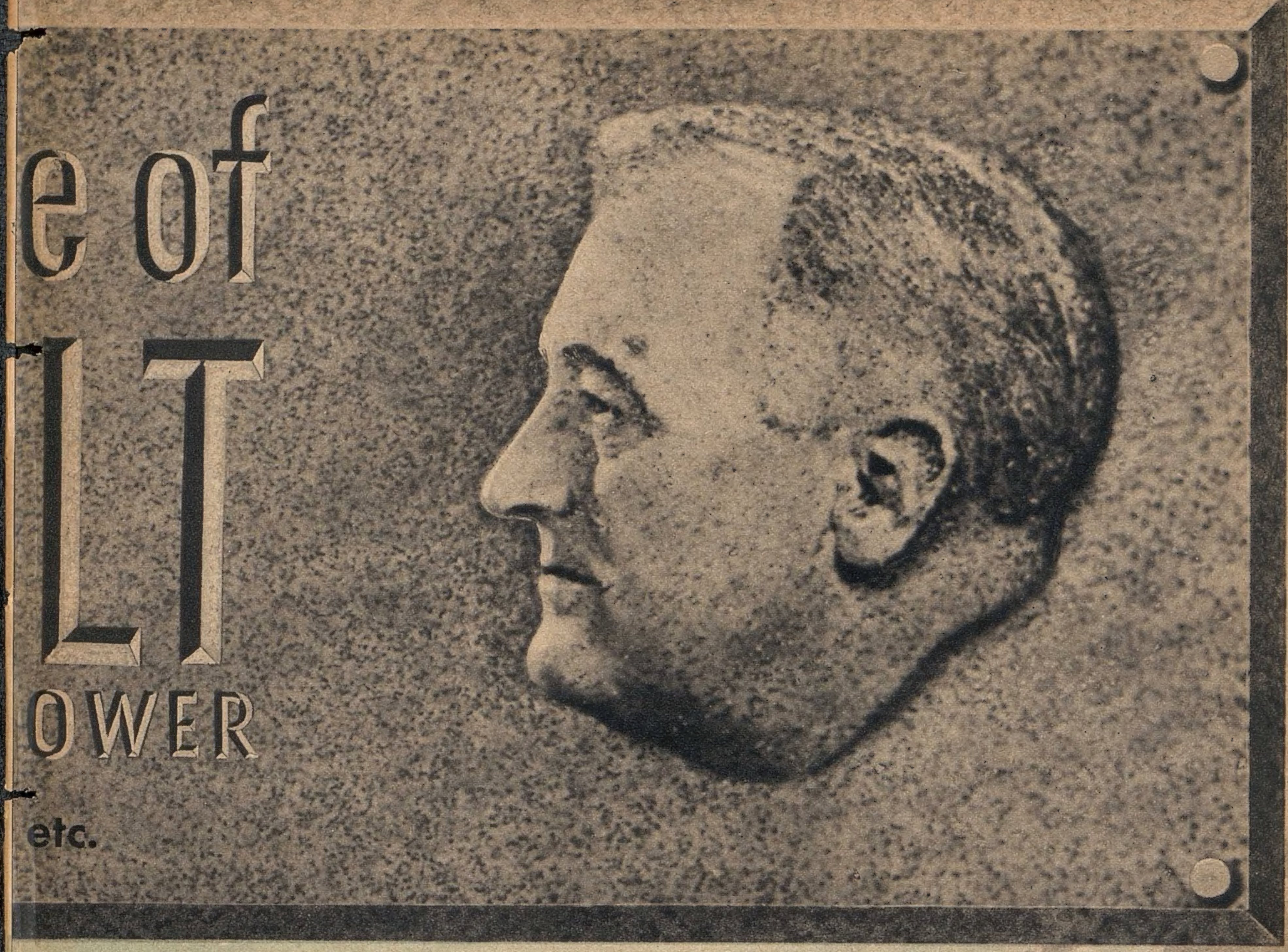
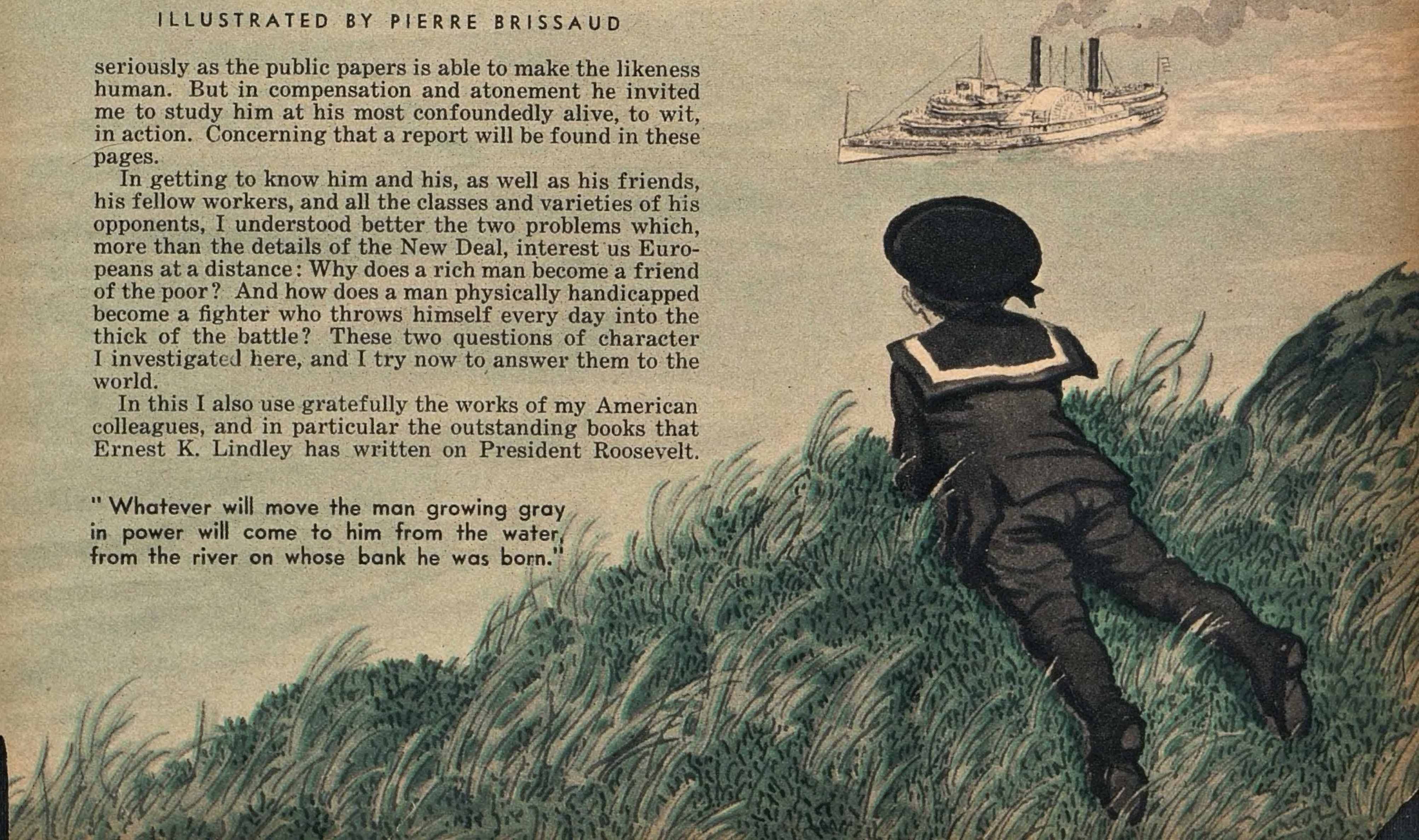


ILLUSTRATED BY PIERRE BRISSAUD

seriously as the public papers is able to make the likeness human. But in compensation and atonement he invited me to study him at his most confoundedly alive, to wit, in action. Concerning that a report will be found in these pages.

In getting to know him and his, as well as his friends, his fellow workers, and all the classes and varieties of his opponents, I understood better the two problems which, more than the details of the New Deal, interest us Europeans at a distance: Why does a rich man become a friend of the poor? And how does a man physically handicapped become a fighter who throws himself every day into the thick of the battle? These two questions of character I investigated here, and I try now to answer them to the world.

In this I also use gratefully the works of my American colleagues, and in particular the outstanding books that Ernest K. Lindley has written on President Roosevelt.



" Whatever will move the man growing gray in power will come to him from the water, from the river on whose bank he was born."

To pass judgment on Roosevelt's achievement is too early even for politicians, for the hero of this drama is still moving through the third act, and no one knows what the great playwright of human careers intends to do with him in the fourth. Without death no human life can be wholly understood, since it is a man's point in time, his own peculiar variety of being, which gives him symbolic significance and often fills out his whole character. That is why this book will close not with a digest of his most recent enactments but with a built-up character study of the man, corresponding to a musical intermezzo introducing the second part.

Roosevelt's significance for us Europeans is greater than that of any preceding President except Lincoln and Wilson. This is conditioned more by the world situation than by him. I even believe that he holds in his hand the key to peace, and I shall speak of that too. But should the great impending European war break out during Roosevelt's administration, then his authority may be great enough, in the hour of danger, to elect him a third time. Otherwise at the end of three years he will resign his office, though by no means his activity.

It is this activity which explains his essential being; and since it is likewise linked with a decisive sense of justice, it seems to me to be significant in the history of this country even where, as was clearly the case with the Supreme Court, he was wrong as to method. The spirit of our time compels the leader to be swift and strong in action, even where it entails a risk, instead of standing helplessly by. We do not in any way believe that he has discovered new ideas; what he is doing here in this country we have all had long ago in nearly all the European countries. It is how he does it that is significant for us. That impulse which he imparted to the country in the time of the crisis does not become a loss even if some of his enactments be repealed.

The biographer, his subject, and Mrs. Ludwig.

Here, from the historic point of view, is perhaps the last attempt to carry out the social revolution without resorting to force. The sons of those Americans who are opposing Roosevelt today will perhaps some day erect a monument to him as the last of those who fought to preserve their system. One thing certain is that the sons of the poor, for whom he took up the fight, will not forget him. For at bottom what is at issue here is nothing other than rich and poor.

That there should be so many to hate him disturbs me as little as it does him. Did not Lincoln, in his later years, have half the country against him, and that by no means only in the South? I have met Roosevelt's opponents throughout the whole country in all classes. When I put the question to them, they all began by admitting that in 1933 he had saved the country, but added that today he was playing the dictator. Only those can speak thus who have never had the misfortune to breathe the air of an unfree country.

And still I can imagine how this enmity grew up slowly in the souls of these men. It is the resentment of a proud people against the fact that it once made a gift of the highest powers to an individual; just as a proud woman can never quite forgive the man whom she once permitted to sweep her off her feet.

PART ONE—A BOY AND HIS FATHER

WHEN the boy opens his eyes the sun already stands high and throws its slanting beams across the wooded slope behind the house, down as far as the river. It shines likewise on the farther bank, with its hills and villages; but our bank is the only one that really counts, because it is here that father founded the house. It is here that, six years ago, the boy came into the world, here that he grows in health and joy.

Life and the future lie steeped in twilight. Perhaps they mean to lead him far away from the wood of his fathers; perhaps they mean to keep him here, bringing him always back from the glare of lone and dangerous roads, until one day his own light will flicker out in the stone vestibule where the wheel of fortune stands, silent and motionless, as though it could not turn.

What magic hovers above a still unfulfilled life, stirring up for it war and joy, fortune and power, while the carrier of this life strides on his way with cheerful step and firm glance toward a goal which he sometimes sees and sometimes must guess at across the mists of time!

Thoughts like these are remote from the boy, who in the morning leaps out of his bed and runs to the window. Decades will pass, and these thoughts will still be alien to him, for the man that grows in him is not the servant of ambition. He feels himself a child of fortune, but no one can foretell whether fate will not deceive him, too.

The boy probably looks with a less loving eye on the country house than on the park which surrounds it on the hilly river bank; for the park, with its ancient deep-shadowing acacias and its century-old yew hedges, is his first world. Down there, losing himself among the twisted paths of virgin forest, he gives rein to his fantasy. For down there he finds great insects and prickly beetles; down there the Indians used to live, the redskins who have now found a place a thousand miles away in the western part of the country. That was what his father told him.

But what draws the awakening boy most, what stirs his morning thoughts, is not the wood with all its creatures. It is the river glittering below, with its swift little boats, its heavy steamers beating against the current, its fishermen, its sails, and its long barges with their cargoes of grain and coal moving downstream from the Canadian lakes to the great city of New York. He can never have enough of looking at the river, at the streaming water and at the craft upon it. Whatever he asks and learns and observes comes back always to the stream on whose bank he was born.

WHY THE RIVER'S FLOW STILL MOVES HIM, MIND AND SOUL

A half century will pass, and all his thoughts and his influence on men and their activities, on history and its causes, on the present, on how to develop the dynamic energies of the mighty country—whatever will move the man growing gray in power—will come to him from the water, from the river on whose bank he was born and blossomed out of childhood.

This is the Hudson, his mother had told him. When he asked where the Hudson came from, his father took him by his little hand, pointed to the north, and told him about the high-lying source of the river and of the fourteen lakes from which it flowed. "Some day we shall take a trip across the border, over into Canada, and we shall go by boat as far as the St. Lawrence and the two big lakes which are connected with the Hudson by canals. You want to know what canals are?" And father shows him one in the garden: the two of them build it by pushing the earth into walls with their hands, and they make the water flow through it from the well to the door of the stables.

He learns to handle horses early, and at the age of seven he has his own pony; and his father makes him a present of two newborn puppies which he has to feed, wash, and take care of. He can make bows and arrows and play Indians. Then, when the boy has grown up a bit, his parents bring him marvelous

(*Continued on page 10*)

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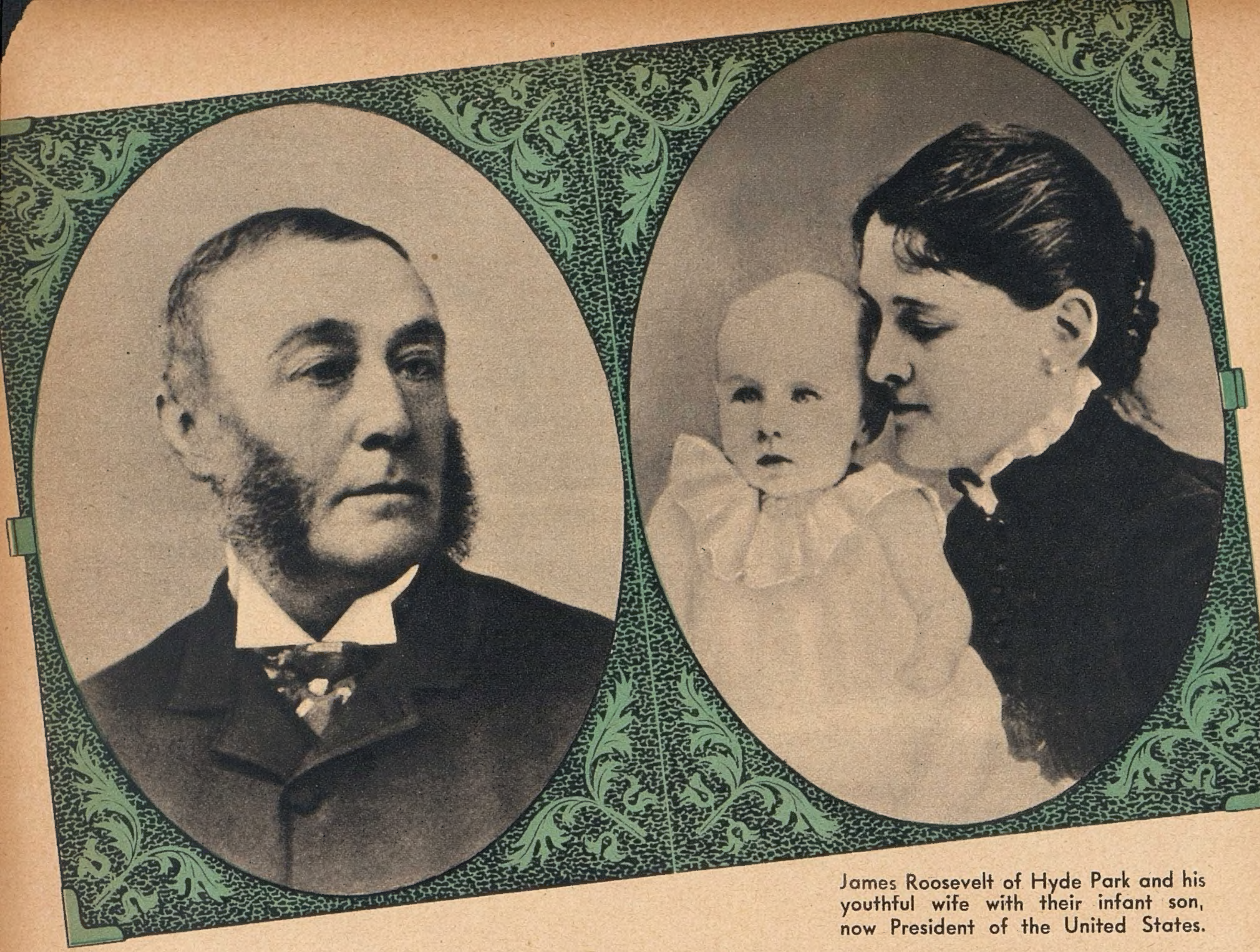


James Roosevelt of Hyde Park and his youthful wife with their infant son, now President of the United States.

(*Continued from page 8*) new toys from Europe, big things with which you smack a little ball up and down the meadows. That's golf, the new game. You know it because the eight-year-old boy writes the year 1890 laboriously into his exercise book. Before long they let him go riding out with his mother, and he is furious when they have a race and her horse gallops faster than his.

Living so closely with his parents, and almost only with them, must not the boy be filled with surprise when he compares his mother with his father? Don't they look like mother and grandfather? The young beautiful woman of thirty playing with her son could easily be the daughter of this man, who is nearly thirty years older; and Franklin observes that his stepbrother looks as old as his mother, especially when they dance together.

There's a picture, too—inside, in father's room—from the frame of which another woman looks out. She was father's wife for twenty years, until she died. He must have loved her a great deal, because seven years passed before the aging man decided to marry a second time. When mother goes riding out with father, she takes care not to gallop the way she does with the boy, because father may be strong and active but his hair is white just the same. When you look at a photograph of these three living people you think you see three generations.

WHAT A WHITE-HAIRED FATHER TAUGHT HIS LITTLE SON

What a lot you can learn from father! He always has time for his boy. When they go out walking and he teaches him about men and things in the big world, about seeds and trees and birds, a stranger overhearing would think that this old man had retired after many years of work to devote himself to his grandson, and to pass his last days comfortably on the land, more the farmer than the business man, and more the squire than either.

Would it be possible to have a gun? Yes, indeed; but a decent boy doesn't kill birds just for fun, so he learns that he can stalk and shoot down only one specimen of every species in the neighborhood, and then he must prepare it. In this way the eleven-year-old boy builds up a collection of three hundred specimens, and can tell you exactly what kinds of fowl live here in the woods on the Hudson.

WHY THE YOUNGSTER WAS NOT SENT TO SCHOOL

The morning is for lessons; but until he is fifteen years of age the boy doesn't know what the inside of a school looks like. Only once, when they went on a journey because father wanted to take the cure at a German watering place, he sent the boy for a couple of months to a sort of red-brick barracks. Otherwise he was driven over every morning to some neighbors, the Rogerses, who had become rich through Standard Oil, and together with their children he learned from a teacher whatever the governess in his own house had left out. Then the children come over to visit him. In the wide park they can play at hide-and-seek and prisoner's base and Indians and palefaces; but inside the garden, which is divided off from the park by the hundred-year-old hedge, you couldn't run around like that.

To the friends who come from the rich neighboring homes there's nothing wonderful about the country house. Father bought this house and farm when he sold his own, because he wanted to live farther up the river among the beautiful hills. He did a little rebuilding and enlarging, and the house, with its many nooks and corners and its gray old wooden stairs which still lead down to the lower park, stands there, countrified, comfortable and well worn, its black-red chimney sticking up into the sky.

Old wild vine covers one of the terraces. A pair of narrow iron Empire balconies recalls the period in which the house was built. The white wooden columns outside are of the Colonial style that we often encounter in the South today, and the confusion of brown timber and red brick testify to the work of various generations. Only the three high French doors, which were put in by mother, impart a certain lordliness to the whole; and the big library, which was not added until Franklin's childhood, strikes a cultural note, cozy rather than scholarly, somewhat stern, like the face of a grandfather appearing amid the bustle of a lively country house.

"Tomorrow we're going to ride up the Hudson," says father, "and before long we'll go down the river to New York."

And as the big steamer docks at Albany the eager-minded boy learns that here the Dutch founded the second oldest colony in America.

That castlelike building over there on the hill is the Capitol; that's where they govern. No, not the whole country; only the state we belong to. The governor sits there and governs. The meaning of that? He sees to it that order is maintained and things run smoothly, without too much wrangling; that the ten million get along with each other and conduct their various businesses, and that the big waterfall over there provides the power to make the factories go, so that the trees of the Hudson forests are turned into paper and the paper into books and newspapers.

The boy wants to know about Hudson, after whom they named the river. On the deck of the steamer which is now carrying them home father tells him that Hudson's experience was very much like Columbus': he set out for one place and arrived at another. Trying to get to the polar sea, he steered up the mouth of this river. That was three hundred years ago. Two years later his own sailors threw him overboard, together with his son; that was when he was well on in middle age.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVES! — HIS EARLIEST DREAMS OF IT

The boy wants to hear more about seafarers; that was an exciting story about old Hudson, whom they drowned in the end. It's dangerous to be a seaman, isn't it, even if you're a captain! But it's worth while being a captain, just the same, because then you can command a lot of men. You always stand up there on the bridge and when you want to change the course the others have to obey. But perhaps it's better, after all, to stay home, in the old white house of your father, where life is so good. You always feel sure there; the son just obeys the father.

The consciousness of social position and wealth, the freedom from care of a father who has practically retired from all work, the horses and carriages, golf links and hunting, the lovely pearls and lace pieces which mother wears, the way they travel every year to Europe—all this fills the boy with a feeling of security in life. If he exerts himself and tries to achieve something, it's only a game, like riding and fishing. Necessity remained something alien to the first thoughts of the child.

It's jolly and exciting to read about seafarers and ships and sailing, to get a boat and try it out with some friends, to capsize and swim ashore and laugh a lot. But these boys all know that when they get home there will always be fresh clothes and shoes to change into; there will be warm tea and plenty of butter on the bread, and when the grown-ups aren't looking you can dunk your bread in the tea.

This consciousness of family wealth is crossed by the thoughts which haunt the mind of an only and lonely child, and his appreciation of it is thus diminished. Perhaps the richer boys of the neighborhood are accustomed to more rooms and horses and silver; perhaps one of them made a disdainful gesture once, or let fall a few words of invidious comparison; perhaps Franklin heard the children of recent millionaires talk about the number of noughts which one of the neighbors writes after his name without realizing that nevertheless they are noughts. Then there awakens in this simple and happy child, whose wishes are so often fulfilled by his gentle parents, the first skepticism.

HOW A RICH BOY LEARNED TO SEE THROUGH A POOR BOY'S EYES

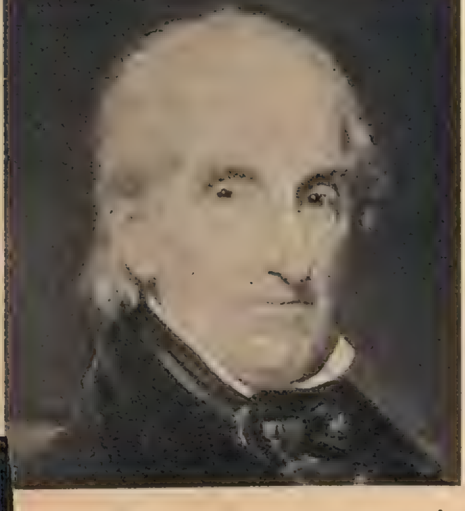
Were it not for his native good nature, this lonely life of his in the isolated country house, between parents and governess and without brothers or sisters, could easily develop in him a shyness which would change into dislike of people. He might then make it his conscious goal to wall himself off from the world with the money and possessions he inherited, and to think only of his own survival.

In that case the poor village boys whom he sometimes sees when he goes riding out with his mother, coming out of the little school which his father maintains, would look to him like the representatives of another, a nether world, which you must fear and perhaps fight if you want to hold fast to your precious possessions. For the awakened boy had early recognized what passes between rich boys and poor boys—the looks, the words, the pauses, the wordless comparison of clothes and shoes, the wonderment and the silence when they come into the house and compare the daily fare with their own.

But he is friendly by nature, and fundamentally thoroughly social; and so this carefully guarded child grows neither into a recluse nor a poet, neither a romantic nor a stoic—any one easily possible—but into a serene and realistic youth who takes for granted everything he finds in his father's house, yet never broods about the fact

The President's ancestral home, overlooking the Hudson, at Hyde Park, with an air view of the Hyde Park estate.

Stratton & Stratton photo



Grandfather Isaac Roosevelt.

that the neighboring Astors have a bigger boat and many more servants.

On the contrary, the loneliness of this childhood intensifies his social impulses, so that he looks everywhere for friends, and chooses them with greater eagerness when chance rather than his father brings them to him. The life on the land creates a natural bond with the little community, with the small farmers and artisans, and his parents do nothing to hinder it. Culture and tradition draw him much more to the children of the gardener and the coachman.

When he hears the chatter of the children of neighboring Standard Oil homes, the boy asks himself, Where does this wealth of ours come from? And so he asks his parents about their ancestors and the meaning of the portraits in the dining room. His mother is glad to tell him; for the Delanos of Holland came to America nearly three hundred years ago; for many generations they were seafaring men, and for the last hundred years they have been landed squires.

The future President at the age of seven

Her father had gone as his own captain on a big sailing ship to China, to buy tea; and when mother was a child she was on board when there was a big storm and it almost came to a shipwreck.

She also told the boy that in the seventeenth century a forefather of hers had one of the first inns in these parts; afterward they worked themselves up to wealth and fame, became richer than the Roosevelts. She herself, as he saw her, had been invited to the French court when she was still a young woman, and she had put on grand clothes and had been presented to the Emperor Napoleon III and the lovely Empress Eugénie.

It is easier for the growing boy to understand that he comes of Dutch stock, and on both sides, when he learns something about the nature of the Dutch; for when he begins to observe himself he will find that he is full of life but also rather obstinate. In the '90s there were no nonsensical nationalistic theories in the United States; so young Franklin has no prejudices and rejoices that he also has in him Swedish, French, English, and German blood.

THOSE RUMORS THAT HIS GRANDFATHER WAS A JEW

When he was asked, many years later, whether he was not of Jewish origin, the President of the United States answered that from the information he had he did not think so, but he would have nothing against it as long as his ancestors were God-fearing citizens.

Father is precise and can tell about his forebears in detail. As they sit before the fire in the dark library, which is flanked by two fireplaces, and watch the big logs from their own woods go up in flames, the old man tells his boy exactly who Claes Martensen was, who landed in the little town of New Amsterdam, at the mouth of the Hudson, in the year 1650. He tells him how this Claes moved up the river, how he took the additional name of " van Rosevelt," after his native village, and how, soon after, he died as a farmer somewhere in this neighborhood. Distinguished descendants of his got these facts out of the church registers.

There were many sons and grandsons, and after fifty years one of them went down the Hudson again to New Amsterdam, which had become English since and had changed its name to New York, and settled there as tailor and cloth merchant. He acquired wealth and became a citizen of dignity and an alderman; he signed himself " Rosevelt," and when he died in 1742 he had them engrave on his tombstone a coat of arms which he had chosen for himself: Three red roses on a silver field and, underneath, the legend, " Qui plantavit, curabit."

Strange ancestral choice of words! So young Franklin may well be thinking as he listens to this recital of his father's, for he already knows this much Latin. He who planted them shall tend them? Did the ancestor who had become rich and distinguished mean thereby to insure that the instrument of his happiness be maintained for all time and that his roses on their silver field never wither? Or was it rather an admonition to his descendants to go on fostering what had been planted? Or was there, in the last analysis, a skeptical implication that no man can know what happens to an inheritance; that God alone, who had made the roses grow, could water them?

But meanwhile father has arrived at his own great-grandfather, named Isaac Roosevelt, who set up the first sugar refinery in Manhattan and became the president of the Bank of New York. With him began the family's wealth, but also its definite passion for freedom; for it appears that not English taxes alone but oppression drove this man of money into the Revolutionary ranks in the War of Independence. He did not, however, become a soldier, and the young listener notes that soldiers did not occur in his stock.

As against this there now appear in father's story men with books. Isaac's son had business with Fulton, who tried out his first steamboat hereabouts on the Hudson; another great-uncle constructed organs; a third wrote on wild life, fowl and fish. Had Isaac's son held on to his land in Harlem the Roosevelts would today be as rich as the Astors, who later became millionaires—while the former sold his holdings round 110th Street for $25,000, and left the city to become a farmer again, just as old Martensen had done a hundred and fifty years before him.

And so we became country gentlemen, the boy reflects, and seems to bear his ancestors no ill will for having sold out so stupidly, choosing the freedom and calm of nature out here instead of becoming a millionaire in the city.

Suppose he had stayed on in the city, where would his great-grandson have been born? What would have emerged in the place of this slowly and serenely unfolding character?

His son—that is, the father's father—living in this quiet meditative retreat, turned his back on the acquisition of money. He became a doctor in the city, but soon found this profession distasteful and retired to the land with his wife and children and many books.

HIS OWN HERITAGE—AND HIS PLUTOCRATIC NEIGHBORS'

But the old instincts awoke again in his son, Franklin's father, the very person now sitting by the fireside telling his son the story of his ancestry. In the winter he did business in New York, became the vice-president of a railroad company, and saved up $300,000; but in the summer he lived a country squire's life up here on the river. No, he wasn't born in this house in Hyde Park, but a few miles downstream. He had, however, always wanted to move up here, where the woods and the bend in the river pleased him more. He was helped to his dream by a fire, because one day the old house burned down, and then it was easier for him to sell his inheritance and to settle up here on five hundred acres of field and forest.

He was helped by a fire, the boy reflects, marking the words well. He reckons out that father's first wife died soon after the fire; but Franklin does not linger over such thoughts.

He would rather compare his ancestral history with that of his rich neighbors.

He likes his own ancestors best. Here everything was founded and built up slowly. The piling up of money never became an ultimate goal. The grandson sees that clearly: mother's ancestors were after adventure and not just the importing of tea, for they went to sea themselves; and father's father retired to the land because he would rather live in comfort and freedom than enslave himself to riches in the tumult of the city. We've been living here, on our own piece of land on the Hudson, for nearly a hundred years.

When the growing boy pictures his forebears to himself he may well be contented with them.

He pictures them between a land life and a seafaring life, and both impress him more deeply than the struggle for possession. As a child this descendant of unruffled ancestors feels himself drawn neither by destiny nor tradition nor training toward money. His own father, an inheritor of money and estate which grew by slow increase, shows him what it means to live and let live.

BY FAMILY TRADITION, HIS NAME SHOULD BE ISAAC ROOSEVELT

The serene and practical world of his parents' house affects the boy much more profoundly than any book or art or philosophy. Moreover, there is still in the house a magnificent Bible which was the support of old Martensen van Rosevelt, *anno* 1644, when he transported himself to the New World; and the names of Isaac and Sara—that was the mother—speak of a God-fearing house.

Actually Franklin should have been named Isaac, after his grandfather, a circumstance which forty years later was to furnish certain rabid racialists with material for some delicious caricatures.

This is not the only cultural material in the house. There are the books of mother's grandfather, who was a judge; and sometimes there was music in the house.

But all this in no way dominated Franklin's early years. At most, the world of faith and of deeper thought emerged only on a Sunday, and the weekdays did not stand under the sign of money. It was neither the one nor the other; neither the money drive of most well-to-do citizens nor the spiritual urge of the small minority contributed to the atmosphere of Roosevelt's upbringing. If, on occasion, he looked into lists of stocks or the pages of Emerson, he learned little from either. What his father taught him before all else, out of his age and experience, was the living present—the present of water and land, and with it the history of its unfolding.

In his books on breeding he showed his son how, in 1848, he imported the first pure Alderney cattle, several cows and a bull. Hudson wind and weather were too rough for them, and their decadent European softness stood up as badly to the raw American climate as did that of many human immigrants who cowered under it. In 1870 he bought a sturdier bull in Jersey Island and a few years ago, in 1890, he crossed it with a third breed.

As the boy listens to his father, these dates, which to European fathers and mothers signify revolutions and wars, stamp themselves into his memory as high points in the history of the farm; and once, when a horse which they had bred won the first prize at a race, it was a more important event for Hyde Park than the Presidential election.

These landed gentlefolk, living their own comfortable lives, were seldom interested in politics and only a couple of rare branches on the Roosevelt family tree had pushed into the shadows of the dome in Washington.

The fact that it should have been the navy, of all departments, which an uncle of his once helped to direct as Under-Secretary of State, grips the boy, using his father's recital as a framework which he fills in with the history of his country. Besides, his grandmother, like his mother, was a seaman's daughter; and then there is the story of the grandfather who was a captain. All the waters between the Hudson and the Pacific stir his imagination, and at fourteen he already captains his own boat, complete with cabin, up and down the Hudson. Sometimes father comes along, and then they explore the Hudson down to its mouth.

He takes in almost the whole of American history through his eyes.

The new bridge, nearly a mile long, which they built a couple of years ago right over there, where they live, is a direct object lesson in what the state must do for its citizens and how transportation and commerce should expand.

Before long a steamer crowded with passengers from New York goes past their little York. It is Sunday, and the boy sees how the tormented inhabitants of the great city can escape only once a week, by way of holiday, into the open air.

Thus his first groping thoughts encounter the unequal structure of the classes—and that not from books and not by way of the passions, neither as the embryonic scholar nor as the embryonic political partisan: it comes simply from the living comparison between his own condition in the little yacht and that of the five hundred New Yorkers rushing past him on their Sunday steamer.

A moment later, as they pass Newburgh, his father shows him Washington's house, and no doubt he tells him how once, within its rooms, Washington's officers offered him a kingly crown. The wooden roof is still to be seen from the river; so is the flagpole and the victory tower. Looking up at the statue which rises there, the boy reflects that after all it is better, and in the last analysis cleverer too, to despise the outward symbols of power.

And as they continue downstream and come to Washington Irving's house, with its mantle of ivy, and his father tells him that the poet received this ivy as a present from Walter Scott's wall, Franklin reflects that perhaps it is only the poets and historians who immortalize the deeds of noisy men and the beauty of the world. Who in Europe or even on the shores of the Pacific would know about the Hudson if it were not for the poetry of Irving?

But Franklin is not the meditative youth to lose himself in the problem of action and thought. With his sense for the realities of life definitely fixed by his first fourteen years on the farm and on the river, among blooded cattle and boats, he clings to the past only to the extent that it explains the present to him.

Best of all, there is something to laugh about; then history goes down marvelously. That's what he likes about Anthony's Nose, across there on the deeper bank, and the story of the Dutch trumpeter who wanted to swim across—the fact that he was drowned in the attempt really doesn't matter much in the end.

As they move past West Point, where the boy glimpses the big parade ground on the west bank, he is more interested in the young officers who receive their training there than in their uniforms. When he learns that Congress chooses the five hundred aspirants and the President nominates them, he reflects once more on the question why birth and wealth make the road to distinction easier for some than for others who are perhaps abler.

WEST POINT — WITH "PRIVILEGE" ON PARADE?

Meanwhile his father shows him the spot where the traitor Benedict Arnold crossed the river to the British ships in order to hand over the fort, and a boyish rage grips his heart.

How much pleasanter it is to look at the spot near Gees Point where the Revolutionaries drew a tremendous chain across the river to hold the English off, or at the place of Fulton's first attempts, in which one of his forefathers co-operated here on the lower Hudson, nearly a hundred years ago.

Summer holidays in Europe; school days at Groton; Harvard, with the young Roosevelt's aristocratic championship, there, of true worth against mere moneyed snobbishness; early marriage to his sixth cousin, Eleanor . . . these momentous years and events of the future President's youth will be dealt with in next week's installment. The private influences which then did most to shape his character as we now know it will be brought to light by Emil Ludwig and interpreted. Among them were the companionship of his relatively youthful mother, the loss of his idolized father, and the swift spectacular rise of another Roosevelt—" T. R.," whose favorite niece Eleanor was, and who was her ideal.

NO SHADOWS

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THEY were sitting together in the patio, where feathery pepper trees made deep shade over the only green grass for miles about. Amethyst-colored cacti grew against the high pink cement wall, and two giant green cacti guarded the lavender gate.

Alan Lindsley saw the stranger first, a small figure crossing the dry yellow bed of the river.

"Hello—who's this?" he said.

Eleanor looked up and smiled. "Isn't it wonderful that it doesn't in the least matter who it is?" she murmured, and her blue eyes, accustomed to the desert and the bright white sunlight, watched the approaching figure. "He isn't a Mexican," she said at last. "Where do you suppose he's come from?"

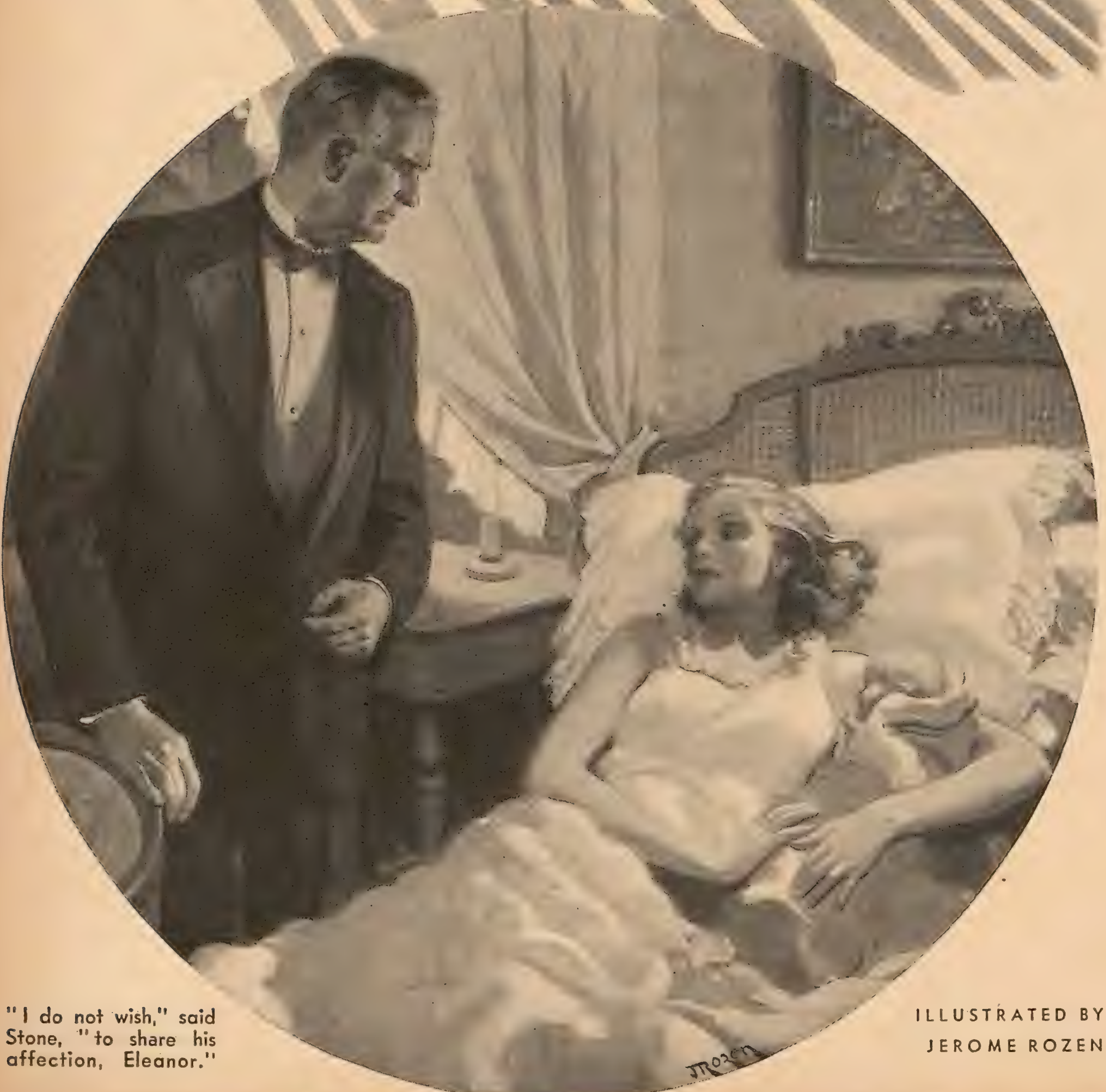
"Probably a motorist with motor trouble," Alan answered.

That he proved also to be a newspaperman made Eleanor's eyes sparkle with amusement. Six weeks ago how terrified she would have been by such a visitor! And now . . . .

"Yes, do stay for dinner with us," she seconded Alan's invitation cordially. "We don't have many people drop in unexpectedly out here on the desert."

José and Manuel had taken the station wagon and a towrope to rescue the stranger's car.

Estrella served dinner on the veranda. A large white pottery bowl of pale lilies which José had brought back from the market across the border made a sweet heavy perfume in the evening air. Eleanor had changed to a white dress, her own adaptation of the full many-ruffled skirts which the women of Tehuantepec wear, and her deeply tanned skin was strange and lovely in contrast to the whiteness of the muslin and the fairness of her hair Alan was still in riding breeches and a violet shirt. He poured the red wine from a Mexican glass decanter, and the newspaperman saw and envied the look which passed



"I do not wish," said Stone, "to share his affection, Eleanor."

ILLUSTRATED BY
JEROME ROZEN

Power, fear, haunting romance! A tale of a woman who died that she might live

between them as he handed Eleanor her glass. About them the desert was dark and still, except for a coyote far off toward the mountains, and the sound of a guitar, soft and sad, in the kitchen.

"This is about as near heaven as I can imagine on this earth," he told them appreciatively, and Alan and Eleanor nodded together.

"We've thought so for seven years," Eleanor added. It was so good, so gloriously good, to have nothing to be afraid of, not dates nor names of people or places. There was nothing they could not say, if they wished, nowhere they could not travel, now.

Later, before he returned to Tucson in the car which José had repaired, the reporter looked at Eleanor intently.

"I've been trying to remember all evening whom you reminded me of, and I've just got it," he said. "You're extraordinarily like the late Mrs. George Bennington Stone."

"People often tell me that," said Eleanor easily. "I have the same name, too."

The newspaperman lighted a cigarette and leaned back in his chair. "What a man he was!" he exclaimed. "I'll never forget his face at her funeral! As though he weren't so much grieved as outraged and incensed that at last he had met an enemy he couldn't defeat—not by bribery or force or any weapon he knew."

Eleanor smiled. "He was an amazing man," she agreed.

"And a wicked one," the reporter added. "Really wicked. I interviewed him several times, and I think I've never seen such utter ruthlessness in a human being."

The Stone legend would be rolling out in another minute, thought Eleanor. Did you ever hear about the time he altered the course of a river and flooded what had been the main square of an old town, because he wanted the river to flow by his flower garden? Did you ever hear how he bought a factory and had it torn down, throwing several hundred people out of work, merely because he did not like to pass it on the road he took from his house to his country club? Did you ever hear . . .

"It was curious how he went to pieces after his wife's death," the reporter was saying. "It never seemed to me that he was capable of such a human emotion as love. I tell you, he looked *angry* at her funeral!" His eyes, after seven years, were still puzzled in remembrance of George Bennington Stone's face.

After their guest had gone, with José driving ahead in the station wagon to lead him safely to the highway, Alan Lindsley smiled at Eleanor.

"Rather an astute young man, wasn't he?"

She nodded. "I suppose, in a way, I killed him, Alan." There was no compunction or regret in her voice. Here, on the desert, she killed tarantulas and centipedes whenever she saw them.

"Oh, well—" said Alan, dismissing the subject. "Are you going to pose for me tomorrow—Mrs. Lindsley?"

"Yes—Mr. Lindsley," she answered, and held up her left hand, with the exquisitely worked silver wedding ring they had bought in Old Mexico, for him to admire. "It's such fun to be married to you!" she told him. "Do I look like a bride?"

He kissed her. "Yes—and never was a bride more beloved," he answered huskily.

They had been married only a month. George Bennington Stone had been dead for six weeks, but they had been in the midst of repainting their house when he died, and it was two weeks before they got around to it. "Besides," Eleanor had said, grinning like a child, "it's scarcely decent, Alan. I really ought to be a widow for a few days!"

IT began, as the old story, with Eleanor's father dying when she was eighteen, and the insufficient inheritance to take care of the three of them—her mother, Patsy (her younger sister), and herself. Courtney Blaine got her the position in George Bennington Stone's office. Stone was out of town when she reported for work. On the third day he returned, passed quickly through the outer office, where more than a dozen girls sat at their desks, and disappeared into his private suite.

Later, when she knew him, Eleanor realized that the swift passing glance of his eyes across her had been sufficient. His memory, the instant detailed photographic impression which a casual glance made upon his brain, was prodigious.

The cashier stopped her on her way out at five o'clock.

"Mr. Stone says that you are to be dismissed," he said. "Two weeks' salary."

Eleanor accepted the envelope in stunned astonishment. "But what have I done?" she asked. "Why—"

The cashier smiled blandly. "Mr. Stone never gives reasons."

It was inexplicable, and she and her mother discussed it all evening.

"But it just doesn't make sense!" Eleanor cried.

She was wrong; it made excellent sense, as did most of George Bennington Stone's acts. He did not care to have his future wife a small-salaried employee in his business, and one glance had made him almost certain that Eleanor Carr was his future wife.

"It's like Providence!" Mrs. Carr exclaimed the next evening, when Courtney Blaine called at their apartment with the astounding news of unexpectedly discovered securities from her late husband's estate. Providence in the form of George Bennington Stone, Eleanor was to realize later, although he never admitted it.

When Courtney Blaine first brought Stone to call upon them, Eleanor attacked him with a directness and courage which she was never, but once, to have again in his presence.

"Why did you dismiss me, Mr. Stone? It doesn't matter now, of course, but what could you possibly have had against me?"

He did not answer. He looked at her slowly and smiled, and without knowing why, she was possessed by a fear like nothing she had ever known. Terror, blind icy terror . . . she was to know it, often, in the next years.

When she first realized that he wanted to marry her, she was so frightened that she did not sleep all that night.

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

She refused him twice. After her second refusal, the magic securities became almost immediately valueless, and the fact that they became equally valueless to hundreds of other investors meant nothing to George Bennington Stone. Even the paper-manufacturing company from which her mother received a small but certain income abruptly stopped paying any dividends . . . a matter which also affected unpleasantly many other people than themselves.

"You'd really better marry me, Eleanor," he told her. She looked up into his cold eyes and knew that nothing would stand in his way; not her mother nor her sister, not anything for which she cared.

"Very well," she answered quietly, and admiration stirred the stillness of his face for an instant.

He never expected her to pretend to love him; he wanted her, not love, and he got what he wanted. The huge wedding, with dozens of state troopers directing the traffic that poured toward Stone Hill, his country estate; the hundreds of distinguished guests; the fantastic array of wedding presents, were also what he wanted. And Eleanor was a beautiful bride.

He had both an astounding interest and knowledge of women's clothes; everything which she wore when she knelt beside him at the garden altar, he had selected and sent her. And during the five years of their marriage he continued to choose her clothes, to bring dressmakers and designers from Europe, and once a small slant-eyed Oriental to embroider for her beneath his personal supervision.

They went to Europe on their wedding trip, and, as Mrs. George Bennington Stone, Eleanor met the most distinguished men and women of her generation. He was generous with money, and he provided for Mrs. Carr and Patsy lavishly. He was pleasant, well mannered, and intelligent. There were moments in those first months when Eleanor almost enjoyed herself; then a glance from her husband's eyes destroyed any enjoyment. He wanted her to remember, to realize always, that at any moment he might do anything.

He pulled her into his arms and kissed her.

They returned to New York in September, and one evening, as they were having coffee alone in their drawing room, George Bennington Stone set down his brandy glass and looked at her.

"By the way, my dear, will you tell your mother and a few close friends that we are to have a child in June?"

Eleanor stared at him. "A child?" she repeated.

He nodded. "It's all arranged," he said. "Naturally I would not want you to go through such discomfort yourself." His eyes traveled over her, slender and lovely in a dark crimson dinner gown which accentuated the ivory pallor of her skin and made her eyes unexpectedly blue. "No, I should find that most offensive. But I want an heir, and I prefer people to think that it is yours as well as mine."

"I see," Eleanor murmured. "And you think that my own mother—"

"Your mother will believe what you tell her. And you will tell her that you are expecting a baby in June."

A WINTER cruise on his yacht kept Eleanor away from her mother and friends. When they returned, she was whisked to their country place, Stone Hill, and kept virtually prisoner there. He explained convincingly to Mrs. Carr that Eleanor had developed a curious complex about her condition and wished to see no one; the doctors assured him that after the child was born she would again be normal and unhysterical.

"Will the baby be born here?" she asked him one evening as he dined with her in her room. When he nodded, she smiled. "Shall I meet the mother of our child, George?"

"Would you care to?" he inquired.

Marian—Eleanor never knew her last name—arrived at Stone Hill in early June, and at Eleanor's wish—half curiosity, half loneliness—was installed in Eleanor's own suite. She was about Eleanor's own age, and much the same type, fair-haired, blue-eyed, a silent girl with a curious dignity and reserve. They never mentioned the child, and made only the most casual references to George Bennington Stone. They talked about books and places they had been, for the most part.

On June fifth a boy was born, and only the doctor and one nurse knew that it was not Mrs. George Bennington Stone who was his mother. Marian was driven away as quietly as she had arrived, and when Stone proudly brought Mrs. Carr to the house to see his son and her daughter, Eleanor was lying beneath a quilted chiffon cover of pale turquoise, with the baby asleep in the crook of her bare arm.

"Isn't he a lamb?" she asked her mother, and she did not have to simulate tenderness toward the small creature with its fuzz of fair hair.

Her husband lingered in her room after Mrs. Carr had gone to dress for dinner.

"A very pretty picture, my dear," he said. "But you must remember that he is not your son."

She looked up at him questioningly.

"I do not wish," said George Bennington Stone, "to share his affection, Eleanor."

Involuntarily her arm tightened about the baby, who awakened and wailed. Stone summoned the nurse.

"You will not forget, will you, my dear?" he said, as the baby was carried away.

She had planned to be a good mother to the child, had looked forward to a baby in the household.

"You're not a man at all, George," she said quietly. "You're inhuman!"

He smiled pleasantly. "Some people say superhuman."

Except for occasional photographs of Mrs. George Bennington Stone with her son, he saw to it that she had little contact with the baby.

The September after George junior was born, George Bennington Stone sent Mrs. Carr and Patsy to Europe, and Eleanor realized that he wanted no grandmother or youthful aunt for his son.

Two years later, when she met Alan Lindsley, she had not seen them again, and her loneliness showed in her face. She met him at a cocktail party in New York. "You ought to get Alan to paint your portrait," Claire English said, introducing them.

"I'd like to paint Mrs. Stone," he said.

"Portrait of a Stone woman," Eleanor murmured, and he looked at her intently.

"I really would like to paint you," he told her later. "Not because you're Mrs. George Bennington Stone, either!"

"But I am," she said. "You wouldn't find anything else."

He grinned. "Want to bet?"

That evening, at dinner, she suggested it casually. "Would you like a portrait of me, George? I met an artist at Claire's today—Langley or Lindley—"

"Alan Lindsley," he supplied. "He's very talented."

She had a moment of panic. George Bennington Stone knew everything. Alan Lindsley was nothing to her beyond a pleasant good-looking young man she had met that afternoon, yet she had almost a presentiment of fear for him. She hated to draw any one into Stone's circle.

"I thought his picture of Claire was good," she murmured diffidently. "He wants to paint me."

"Go ahead," said George Bennington Stone.

She posed at his studio in New York, sitting still and silent while he talked and laughed and painted, and her eyes watched him. It was so strange to see a face which changed as constantly as his, which revealed his thoughts and emotions so completely, after the constant immobility of her husband's face.

At the end of a week of sittings she watched irritation and almost anger grow in his eyes, tighten about his mouth as he painted, and suddenly he slammed his palette down with a clatter.

"You win!" he cried. "Portrait of a Stone woman!"

She came down from the model stand and stood beside him. "I think it's very good," she said.

"Blah!" he answered. "A photographer could do better!" He glared at the portrait and then at her, and then, abruptly, he pulled her into his arms and kissed her.

"Please!" she said sharply, drawing away.

He laughed and kissed her again, and when he released her, she stood, staring at him, her eyes darker than before, her lips slightly parted. "Get back there on the stand," he ordered, and picked up his brushes.

"Is this part of your professional routine, Mr. Lindsley?" she asked coldly.

"Used only when necessary," he retorted, and watched resentment flash in her eyes. "What did you ever marry Stone for, anyway? His money?" When she did not answer, he chuckled. "Portrait of an angry young woman! At that, it's getting better than that painted face I had before!"

It was good to be angry, if this was anger; it made her feel warmer, more alive.

"Hold that!" ordered Alan Lindsley sharply. "Keep your mouth like that!"

She did not obey, because she smiled.

"Oh, damn!" he said, and then stared at her as she laughed.

"I'm sorry," she told him penitently. "It doesn't happen often."

He continued to stare at her. "It doesn't matter," he said at last. "We'll call it off for today—get a fresh start tomorrow." There was bewilderment in his face. "Sit down a minute. I'm sorry I was rude."

"That's all right," said Eleanor, sitting down on the couch. "I didn't marry him for his money."

"Why, then?" he asked.

Her face grew still again. "Because he's a monster," she answered quietly, after a moment. "Because people have to do what he wants."

"How do you mean?" Alan demanded.

Her eyes turned slowly until they rested on his face. She had never discussed George Bennington Stone with any one. "My father died when I was eighteen," she said. "I had to go to work, and . . ."

Two hours later Alan Lindsley was holding both her hands in his, sitting rigidly beside her. She had told him everything, even about the child.

"It's incredible!" His voice was shocked.

She stood up. "I must go home. Tomorrow at ten?"

He nodded.

WHEN she arrived at the studio in the morning, he took her into his arms and she lifted her face for his kiss. Naturally, happily, without thought.

"I love you," he told her.

"I love you, too," she said, and stepped up on the model stand and took her pose. For three hours he painted intently, and they did not talk.

"I really do love you," he said, when she stood putting on her hat before the mirror.

She nodded. "I know. When will the portrait be finished?"

He took hold of her and swung her about sharply. "Eleanor! You've got to tell him, you know! He'll have to give you a divorce!"

"Oh, my dear!" She looked at him gently. "I thought you understood! You must finish the portrait quickly—and I'll never see you again!"

"I'll tell him myself!" he cried, and felt her tremble.

"Alan, he'd kill you!"

He laughed. "This isn't the Middle Ages, Eleanor!"

"It's anything George Bennington Stone wants it to be," she told him.

In the end they compromised. Alan was to go abroad, and after he was safely out of the way, so that George Bennington Stone would not suspect, Eleanor would ask him for a divorce.

"My *dear!*" George Bennington Stone exclaimed, when she asked him.

"I'm so unhappy," she said. "And I can't be much pleasure or comfort to you, George!"

"You're too modest," he told her, smiling. "You are just what I want."

She looked into his cold pale eyes. "You've got to let me go!" she cried. "I'll—" He waited, still smiling, like a patient adult waiting to hear an angry child's threat. "I'll bring suit myself! I'll tell about the baby!"

"Eleanor—Eleanor!" he murmured softly. "I'd have to have you judged insane if you told such a story!"

Her breath caught. Insane! He could do it, too.

He laughed. "So you did fall in love with Lindsley, after all!" he said reflectively. "His portrait told me how he felt about you!" He glanced up at it, hanging on the wall. "An exquisite thing!" he said dispassionately. "He could go far."

She did not miss the faint emphasis on the conditional, and her face was suddenly paler than before. "Don't you think he *will* go far, George?"

Her husband shrugged. "Barring accidents—the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," he answered.

SHE bowed her head. "I will never see him again," she said.

"I think you are very wise, my dear," he approved. "You have intelligence and discretion."

"And in return, you'll promise—"

He interrupted her: "My dear, I never bargain."

George Bennington Stone's wife flung back her head and laughed. "I think you'll bargain with me!" she told him. "I've not lived with you for four years without learning something!" Her voice was soft and steady. "If anything happens to Alan Lindsley, I will kill your son," she said distinctly.

His face did not change, but for a long full minute he looked at her, and then he bowed. "I make an exception," he told her politely. "I will bargain with you, Eleanor."

She was trembling now; his conviction that she would have carried out her threat frightened her. Was she really growing to be like him? Inhuman, ruthless, stopping at nothing? Could she have meant what she said? The boy was her one weapon, and she had used it, and from that moment on she used to look at him curiously when his nurse brought him into the drawing room to say good night.

"Good night, mother." She would brush her lips lightly against his forehead, and then he would turn to his father, climb up on his lap.

Eleanor could never decide what it was that George Bennington Stone felt for his son. Immortality perhaps; the continuation of his own ego. When the boy developed measles, his father paced the house like a crazy man. And when he was again well, Stone said, "I think, my darling, that we will have another child."

She looked at him curiously and shrugged her shoulders. All his eggs in one basket, she thought; another son would be double security.

So once again she went through the farce of pretended motherhood. Seclusion, solitude, loneliness. That winter her mother died in Paris, and Patsy remained in school in Switzerland. Alan Lindsley returned to New York, but even if he were still rebellious at her decision he was helpless in his rebellion. She returned his letters unopened. . . . "Read them if you like, my dear," her husband told her. "A bargain is a bargain, and I know that I can trust you!"

"You can, George," she said, with a harsh ring to her voice.

This time the child was to be born in New York, and Eleanor greeted Marian like an old friend when she arrived at the house for her confinement. George junior was sent away with his governess; George Bennington Stone would risk no meeting between mother and son. The doctor, mysterious and secretive and aloof, came in and out. Miss Farragut, the nurse, moved briskly about, equally uncommunicative. Eleanor wondered idly what weapon her husband held over these two silent people; Miss Farragut, she was certain, hated him.

Newspaper reporters hovered about the lower hall; the household waited, while Eleanor and Marian talked together, George Bennington Stone's wife and the mother of his children. Marian looked at photographs of her son without comment; strange, mysterious girl; and again Eleanor wondered what Stone knew, to force her to his will. Money perhaps, in her case. Eleanor never asked.

It was money which sent him reluctantly away on a rushed plane trip to Chicago, so that he was out of the city when the child was born. Eleanor paced nervously in her own room, listening, waiting; she looked up quickly when Miss Farragut came in and closed the door behind her.

"Oh—Mrs. Stone!" Her face was ashen.

"The baby?" asked Eleanor.

The nurse shook her head. "The mother."

"Dead?" Eleanor asked.

Miss Farragut nodded. "I don't know what he'll say. Or do."

For an instant they stared at each other. So Marian was dead . . . and even George Bennington Stone might find some difficulty in disposing of a dead girl. Suddenly Eleanor laughed, and the nurse clutched her arm and shook her warningly.

"Hush! There's reporters downstairs!"

"Wonderful!" cried Eleanor. She held the nurse's gaze. "Listen to me! Give me one of your uniforms—quick! And your cape!"

The nurse stared at her.

"*Quick!*" Eleanor repeated.

"What are you going to do?" Miss Farragut's voice was terrified, even while she obeyed. "He'll kill me, Mrs. Stone!"

"Oh, no, he won't!" Eleanor was tearing off her negligee with shaking fingers, pulling on the white uniform.

She had learned from George Bennington Stone! She could act swiftly, ruthlessly, too! It was her life, her one chance, and she was not going to miss it! She brushed past the nurse, and her heels clattered on the broad stairway. Two waiting reporters looked up at her quickly, a flushed excited young woman in nurse's uniform.

"She's dead!" she cried to them hysterically. "Mrs. Stone's dead! Oh, what will he say?"

She turned and sped back, and they followed her, as she had known that they would. The doctor's face, when she flung open a door and let the press see Mrs. George Bennington Stone, was terrible.

"Oh, poor Mrs. Stone!" cried Eleanor. "Poor, poor woman!"

The doctor's voice, arguing with the reporters, was behind her. "This is an outrage! This is unpardonable!" he was crying shrilly. Eleanor ran down the steps of the house, up the street, with her cape blowing behind her, and down into the first subway. At One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street she emerged and found a telephone booth.

"Alan!" He was there. "Do you still want me?"

"Eleanor!" His voice answered her question. "But what's happened? Is he dead?"

Her laughter filled the receiver. "No. *I* am! Mrs. George Bennington Stone is no more!"

Before George Bennington Stone landed from his private plane at Newark, they were on their way west.

"I'll have no name, and we can't really be married," she told him. "But I don't think he'll ever try to find us. Two reporters saw me lying dead!"

"Revenge?" suggested Alan. "He can't get you back, of course, but he might try to find us for that."

"I don't think so," Eleanor answered slowly. The happiness left her face. The only ineradicably ugly thing which would remain was George Bennington Stone's belief that she had meant her threat against his son. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth: he understood that sort of bargaining. "Don't let's talk about it!" she said quickly.

Seven years later Alan found her weeping hysterically over the newspaper which brought them the announcement of Stone's death.

"We're free, Alan! He can never hurt us now!"

He held her close. "Eleanor—darling—you *have* worried all these years!"

She nodded. She had never told him about that bargain, and for seven years it had lain on her conscience, troubled her dreams. Had she possibly meant it? Could she possibly have carried it out? She would never know. . . .

"Eleanor!" Alan lifted her face. "What is it?"

She told him, not meeting his eyes. "He believed—that I would," she said. "He honestly believed it!"

Alan Lindsley's eyes were hard. "What an evil man!" Alan said slowly. "Darling—you don't really think he believed it, do you?" She looked at him mutely. "He was more intelligent than that, Eleanor, and more subtle. He must have known exactly how you'd suffer, with the threat of murder locked in your heart!" Suddenly he laughed. "You little idiot! You didn't ever think for one minute that you could do such a thing!"

"If he'd hurt you—" she began, and he interrupted her.

"No, not even then!" His voice was certain, confident, and she looked up at him, into his steady reassuring eyes.

"Not even then!" she echoed. It was true; she must have known it really, always. "If only I'd told you before!" she cried.

He smiled. "It's over now, darling. Forever."

George Bennington Stone was dead, and the dead can cast no shadows.

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

Edited by Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth

1—The hero of this week's early photo took orders from a man named McGraw. In 1903 he was "right" thirty times, the next year thirty-three times, and in 1905 thirty-one times. He was great, but no Alexander! Who?

2—Where is the Hall of Fame for Great Americans?

3—A prickly pear, an eel, and a larger fish share what name?

4—U. S. workers make what regular payments without receiving receipts?

5—When did Napoleon place his hand inside his coat?

6—Which two countries were belligerents in the Chaco War?

7—Do those who live in New York have to go West to see thousands of Indians?

8—In what hall in Philadelphia did the first Continental Congress meet?

9—Which major game originated at Springfield, Massachusetts?

10—What is wrong with the sentence: "He was drowned by the undertow?"

11—The first coeds were enrolled a century ago at which college?

12—How many ounces are in a nebuchadnezzar of champagne?

13—In England, what goes with roast beef?

14—What Washington structure did Robert Mills design?

15—Is fresh fruit, meat, or sea food an alkaline food?

16—The words *kebbuck*, *lown*, and *hame* mean what in which dialect?

17—Was last July the seventieth, seventy-fifth, or one hundredth anniversary of Canadian Confederation?

18—Who wrote the book If I Have Four Apples?

19—What words complete these trite figures of speech: As poor as a —— mouse; As brown as a ——; As stiff as a ——?

20—If the Governor of North Carolina wanted to say, "It's a long time between drinks," whom would he address?

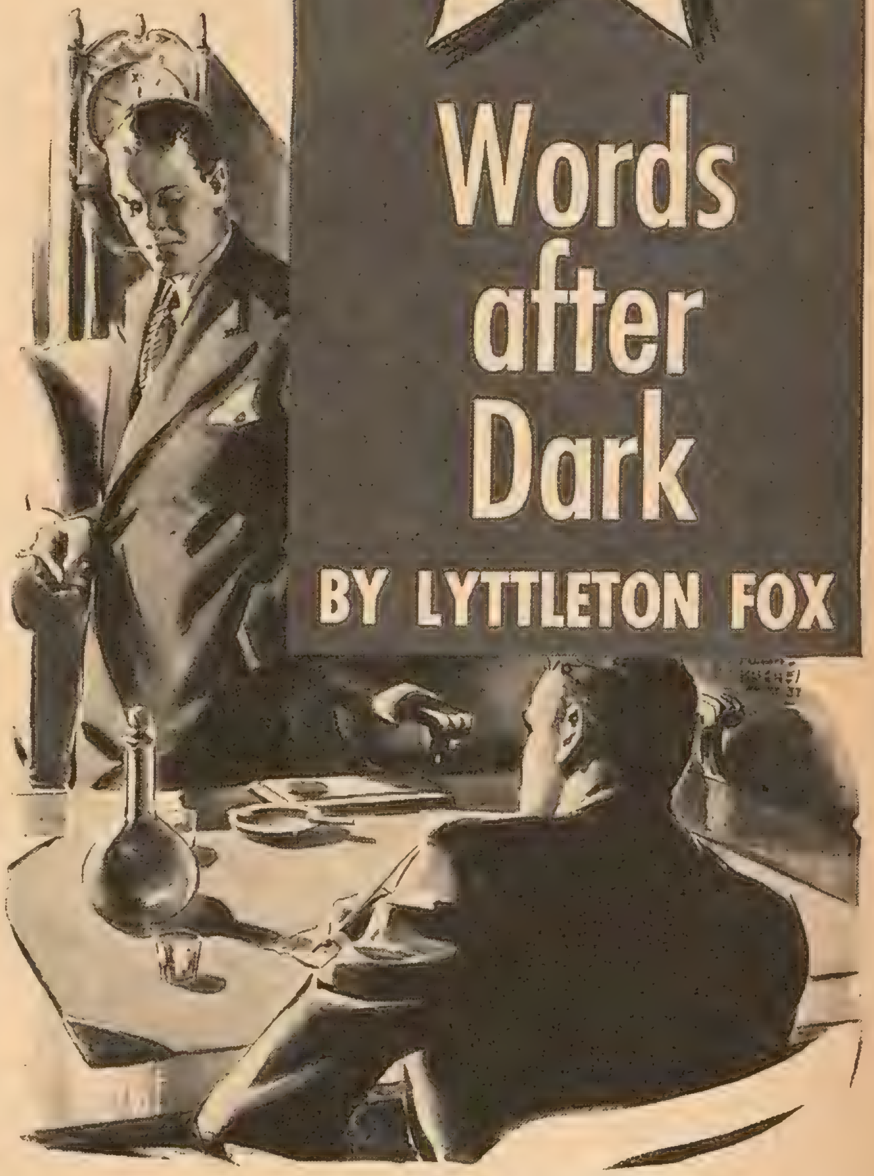
(Answers will be found on page 31)

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 52 SECONDS

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT

Words after Dark

BY LYTTLETON FOX



"YOU notice the clock ticking more," Charles said, "don't you? I mean—"

"You always had more imagination than I have, Charles," James said. He was obviously enjoying his cigar and Charles obviously wasn't. "The ticking of the clock sounds to me about as usual."

"Good God, James! How can you be so rotten! You don't even seem to feel badly about it."

"Have a drink," James said. "I'm going to have one. No—sit where you are. I'll get it for you."

Charles started sipping nervously at his glass and James sat back tranquilly with his own drink.

"Now, about my being so rotten," James resumed. "You haven't been rotten about this at all, have you? No. All you did was to plan the whole thing. Quite an ingenious plan, too, I might add."

There was tremulous anger in Charles' voice: "That's not true and you know it. I just planned how it would be done. It was your idea to kill him."

James looked approvingly at his smoke ring. It held its shape almost to the ceiling. "I admit you were more sentimental about it," he said. "Only you did show a rather unfilial enthusiasm when it came to figuring out how much each of us would inherit. You seemed to think it made everything all right to say, 'Poor father, it's kind of tough on him,' every so often while you were arranging the details of poisoning him."

"Will you please shut up!" Charles said. Then his voice seemed to break to pieces. His eyes were riveted on the clock. "Only ten minutes more."

"Well, yes and no," James replied. "He'll be dead in ten minutes, but of course we're not going to do anything about it tonight. What's-his-name, the butler, will discover the body, but that won't be till breakfast time. So we might just as well continue our brotherly chat as long as we like, then saunter up to bed."

"Maybe he's—maybe it's happened already."

"You're better qualified to express an opinion on that than I am," James allowed. "You're a chemist and I'm not. Quite a brilliant chemist, in fact. Anybody who can invent a slow poison that leaves no traces whatever is certainly entitled to that compliment."

"They'll attribute death to heart failure, I suppose," Charles said vacantly. "They usually do when they can't figure out the reason."

"Well, now, Charles, since you bring it up, I don't believe they will," James said. "By the way, can I get you another drink?"

"No; it tasted horrible," Charles said. "Say, what do you mean, you don't think they will?"

"Because," James explained, "they're going to attribute it to that poison you invented."

"That's very funny," Charles said. "I like your idea of humor."

"You don't get the joke," James said. "You haven't much time, so I'll explain it. Easy steps for little feet. Look, when father's dead you and I share his estate equally, don't we? Five hundred thousand apiece. All right. Now, if you were dead, too, I'd get the whole estate, wouldn't I?"

Charles stood up, quivering. "What the hell are you talking about, James?"

"You're sure you won't change your mind and join me?" James said, holding up the decanter. "Well, I'm talking about just this: In twenty minutes you're going to be dead, too. I've poisoned you—with that drink."

Charles' words came weakly, dazedly. James was not given to joking. "How do you think you'll get away with it? They'll know you were here and they'll never believe that two people died in the same house the same night of heart failure."

"You've forgotten what I told you," James said. "The police are going to know all about your poison. I've typed out a note over your signature telling about the poison and saying that you and father decided to end it all in a suicide pact."

"You'll never fool them with a forged signature," Charles exulted grimly. "Too bad, James."

"It isn't forged," James said. "If you *will* write your name idly on the telephone pad, you mustn't be surprised if some one else types a message above— Sit down, Charles. You know I can knock you over with my little finger."

Charles settled back. His desperation seemed to sweep him with a strange calmness. He took a letter out of his pocket and tore off the blank half of the sheet. "Lend me your fountain pen, will you, James?"

"So you can write a note saying I poisoned you? Sure. Here. Only I can't promise that the message will be delivered."

He watched Charles write. "Of course I'm not going to let you out of this room," he said casually. "I have the key in my pocket. But if it gives you any satisfaction to write the letter, go to it. Even if you throw it out the window, it will be easy for me to retrieve it."

Charles kept on writing rapidly, then started to fold the note.

"Nothing remains except the problem of delivery," James remarked. "I'm afraid I can't help you out on that."

Charles folded the paper until it was very small. Then he went to the grog table and poured himself a half tumbler of Scotch-and-water.

He raised his glass. "Well, James, here's how"—with lightning motion he thrust the wad of paper into his mouth and washed it down—"you deliver it." He smiled. "Don't bother, James. You're too late. You've got to admit my joke's better than yours. There'll be an autopsy, of course, and I think the police will find the contents of my stomach interesting. Please get out of here now, James, and let me die in peace."

THE END

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Will these *Mysterious*

The Case of

BY FRED

THERE was nothing about this chap that asked for a second glance. He was definitely "white collar." He might have been a storekeeper or a salesman. He was a tall man, well built, and not older than forty. His clothes, fairly good, were of stylish cut and conservative pattern. He wore a reddish-brown mustache, but this was in a time when mustaches, far from uncommon, attracted little notice.

The day he came into the office of Shainwald and Buckbee, one of the largest real-estate firms in San Francisco, two decisions occupied his mind. He announced one of them:

He wanted to lease a house.

He told no one, naturally, of the other:

He had decided to commit a murder.

The rental broker whom he had approached began the usual process of elimination. "Do you require a furnished or an unfurnished house, Mr.—er—"

"Hawkins. An unfurnished house."

"And what rental would you pay, Mr. Hawkins?"

The tall man named, in a voice that was calm and refined and funereally low, the price he wished to pay. It was not very much.

"Would a small house suit?"

"A small house would serve my purpose admirably."

The broker brightened with relief, produced a list of available houses, began describing them. He could see that this fellow Hawkins seemed most interested in houses located near the outskirts of San Francisco. He consulted his list.

It was such a house that the tall man finally decided to inspect—a two-story frame house, somewhat isolated from its neighbors on a huge lawn—far out, at 2111 Sutter Street. He returned promptly from his trip of inspection to announce that he would take it.

A lease for one year was drawn and the broker inserted the date, January 8, 1902. He handed it to his tall customer to sign. With something of a flourish the man with the brown mustache signed: "C. B. Hawkins."

He paid a month's rent in advance, was given the key to the premises.

As he was about to leave, the broker told him:

"I am sure you will find that house everything that you desire, Mr. Hawkins."

For the first time that day the tall Mr. Hawkins smiled —a faint, almost ironic smile.

"I am sure," he said softly, "that it will suit my needs very well."

And then he was gone.

ON the day that Nora Fuller vanished—January 11, 1902—she was in unusually excellent spirits. That was because of the advertisement.

She saw it when she came downstairs in the morning and before she had breakfast. It was in the classifieds of the San Francisco Chronicle. It promised work; work that for weeks she had been unable to find; work of the kind she could do well, had been doing since she was fourteen years old. She was sixteen now.

Under the heading "Female Help Wanted" she found it: "Nursemaid. Young. To care for . . ."

She went into the kitchen to show it to her mother.

"Look," she said. "It's just what I want. It will be easy, too, caring for only one child."

Mrs. Fuller nodded. She was proud of Nora, eldest of her three children. It was good that the girl was so willing to work. Lord knew, they needed every cent!

It hadn't been easy since she and Mr. Fuller—a proofreader for the Chronicle, the same paper in which this ad appeared—had separated. There were times when they had just the bare necessities of life in the little house they occupied in San Francisco's Mission section. Times when Nora had no money for the violin lessons she wanted so.

Mrs. Fuller interrupted her reverie to exclaim:

"I hope the job won't be taken, Nora!"

Nora turned to look at a clock on the kitchen shelf.

"Oh, I must fly!" She hurried out of the kitchen.

"But your breakfast . . ."

From the next room, where she was putting on hat and coat, Nora called:

"I can't take time, mother. It would be horrid if some one got there before I did."

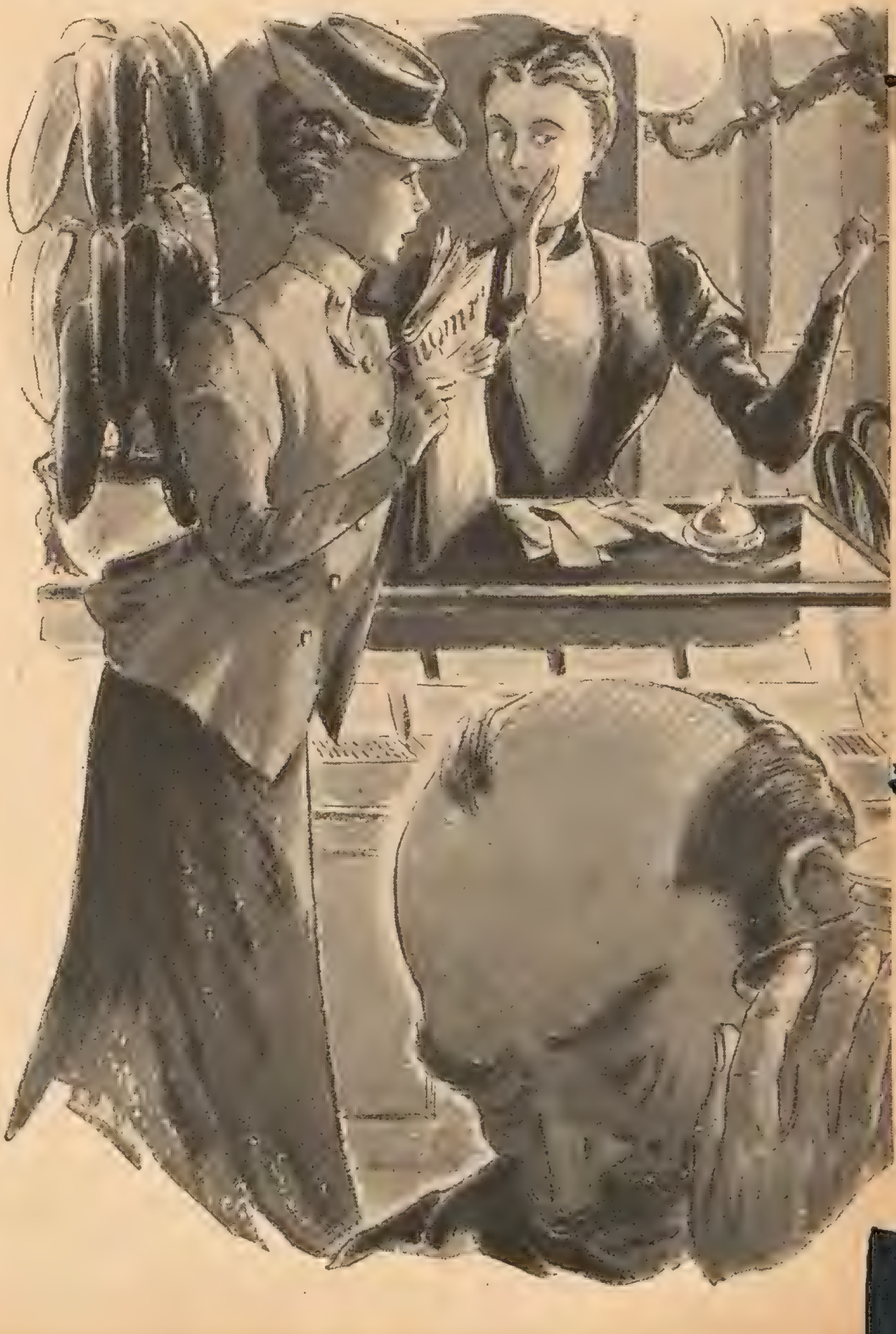
Mrs. Fuller took up an apple from a basket near the sink. She polished it on her apron.

"Here, Nora," she said. "You must eat something."

The girl took the apple, smiled, kissed her mother. She bit into the apple, gave her hair a final pat.

"Wish me luck, mother."

The door opened and closed, and she was gone. Mrs. Fuller went to the living-room window, pulled the curtain aside, and peeped out. She saw Nora walking rapidly down the street. Her stride had the free swing of youth to it. She was a young woman now. Young and pretty.



Crimes ever be Solved?

Nora Fuller

ALLHOFF

ILLUSTRATED BY J. GRAHAM KAYE

Yes, and good, too. Before she let the window curtain fall back into place, Mrs. Fuller noticed with satisfaction that Nora still was eating the apple.

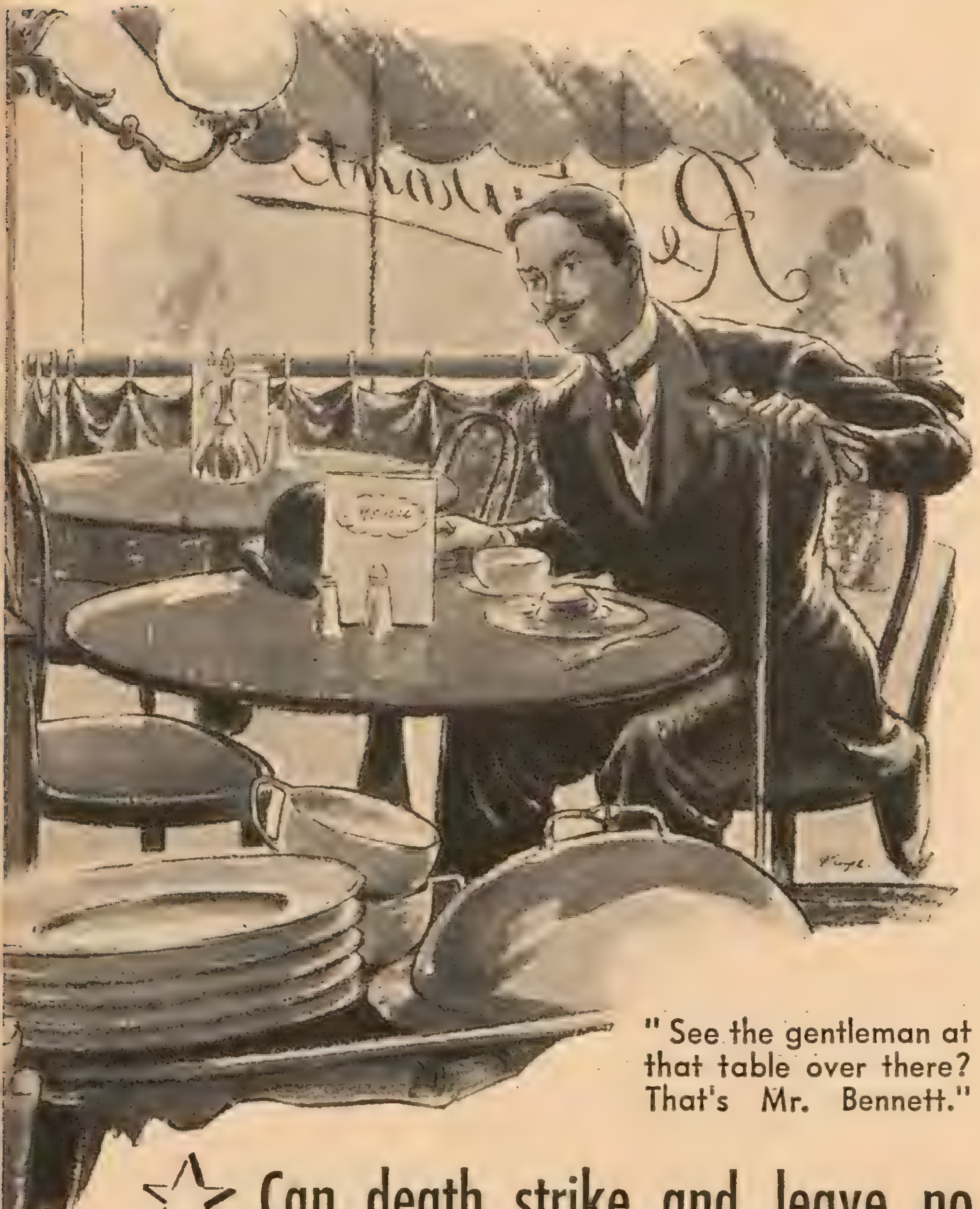
The ad in the Chronicle said to apply at a restaurant. Nora knew the restaurant. It was a large place, popular and inexpensive. She reached it and halted for a moment outside the door. Who was it that the ad said to ask for? She took the newspaper clipping from her coat pocket. "Bennett." That was it. Probably the proprietor of the restaurant. Maybe she'd get all her meals, too.

She entered the place. There was a girl seated on the cashier's stool. She approached her.

"Is there a Mr. Bennett here?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Bennett—John Bennett. He advertised . . ."



"See the gentleman at that table over there? That's Mr. Bennett."

☆ Can death strike and leave no mark behind? Here, from real life, is a strange detective classic

"Oh, that. See the gentleman at that table over there? That's Mr. Bennett."

"Thank you," said Nora Fuller.

She walked toward the table where the man sat. He seemed a nice man, a kindly featured man. She walked hurriedly because she was eager.

She was smiling as she walked toward her doom—a doom horrible and final, yet so baffling that to this day—three and one half decades later—it remains an utterly impenetrable mystery.

Mrs. Fuller, when her daughter failed to return that night, was disturbed. She reassured herself with the thought that Nora had obtained the situation, had been immediately put to work, and had not yet had a chance to let her know.

When the second day passed, bringing no word from her daughter, she was genuinely alarmed. This was not like Nora. Never before had the girl been out overnight. If all were well with her, she would surely have sent word by now to explain her absence.

Fortunately Mrs. Fuller had read the advertisement and recalled the name of the restaurant. She remembered, too, the name "Bennett." She dressed hurriedly and set out for the restaurant.

There she was told that no one by the name of Bennett was in any way connected with the restaurant. However, one of the employees recalled that a man who had for years been an occasional patron of the place had left word two days before that if any one asked for him, he would be sitting at a corner table.

Though Bennett seemed to have been dropping into the restaurant, on and off, for fifteen years or so, no one there knew where he lived or just what he did. A waiter recalled that he had once remarked that he was a printer.

Mrs. Fuller thought of the husband from whom she had separated. He was a proofreader on a newspaper. He knew many printers. Perhaps he would know this man Bennett.

Mr. Fuller knew no printer by the name of Bennett. He did, however, upon hearing his wife's story and looking at the ad in the Chronicle, know that something was seriously wrong.

It obviously was a "blind ad" of the type used, before and since, as bait for young girls.

THOUGH Nora Fuller was not his own daughter—she had been born to Mrs. Fuller of a previous marriage—Fuller had a sincere affection for his pretty stepdaughter. He swung into immediate action by notifying police of the disappearance and by using his newspaper contacts to get stories, illustrated with pictures of the missing girl, into all the San Francisco newspapers.

Police went, of course, to the restaurant. But they were unable to obtain much more information about John Bennett than Mrs. Fuller had. They did learn that he was between thirty-five and forty, that he weighed about 175 pounds, that he had occasionally appeared wearing clerical clothes, explaining that he had studied for the ministry.

They learned two other things about him: he was tall and he wore a reddish-brown mustache.

None of this helped, however. Weeks passed. John Bennett still remained a vague, mysterious figure. And Nora Fuller still was missing.

Early in February the second month's rent for the small two-story house at 2111 Sutter Street fell due. On February 6 an agent of Shainwald and Buckbee appeared at the house to collect it.

He knocked at the front door and got no answer. He went around to the back. Still no answer. He tried the knob of the locked door, and, when that did not work, peered into the gloomy interior.

He was surprised to see that there was not a piece of furniture in the kitchen. He went around to the front of the house again and peered in. There was no furniture in the front rooms either.

Puzzled, he stepped back on the lawn and looked the whole house over. The "To Let" signs were missing from the windows. All the upstairs shades were drawn and, though the weather was quite cool, the windows of one back room upstairs were open and the shades were flapping in the breeze.

He returned to the real-estate office and reported that the tenant, C. B. Hawkins, had moved from the house and that it was now vacant. A check of the records showed that the tenant had not announced his removal, nor had he turned in the key that had been given him.

On the following day a key fitter went to the house. He made new keys for both front and rear doors, made sure that they worked well, but did not enter.

The next day—February 8, 1902—a clerk from the office of Shainwald and Buckbee was sent to place new "To Let" signs in the windows and inspect the premises.

As he walked through the rooms of the first floor he saw little to show for the place having recently been occupied. A few old and dirty newspapers lay on the floor. That was all.

The second floor was equally bare, until he opened the door to a rear bedroom. Drawn shades at open windows flapped dismally, and the clerk paused, puzzled, as he saw in the half-light that this room contained furniture.

He saw the outlines of bed, table, and chair as he walked to one of the windows to put up a shade. He was surprised, too, to notice upon the chair near the window a woman's clothing, dusty now but neatly folded and carefully placed on the chair beside the window.

He turned and looked around, and his hand went to his mouth in an involuntary gesture of horror.

On the bed, as if asleep, lay the naked body of a young woman. Something in her utter stillness and in the more than musty smell of this room told him, before he fled the place, that she was dead.

Police came. So did newspaper reporters, who immediately sensed that this story had everything.

The girl was young and she was beautiful. Her clothes, worn but conservative, indicated that she was respectable. Who was she, and how did she come to be lying dead in the one shabbily furnished room of an empty house?

Not only was there no clue to her murderer; there was nothing to indicate how death had come to her. Her pretty face, in death, was relaxed and peaceful. Cursory examination revealed that there were no wounds anywhere upon her body.

Obviously she had been dead for some time, for decomposition had set in. Even so, the body was remarkably well preserved; but that could be explained by the fact that unseasonably cool weather had prevailed for a month, and that whoever had left the girl in this deserted house had not closed the windows of the bedroom.

Neighbors were of little assistance. One recalled seeing a man and girl enter the house nearly a month before, shortly after the house had been leased. But this neighbor could not describe either the man or the girl; had seen neither of them after that.

A check with the office of Shainwald and Buckbee revealed that the house had been leased to a man who gave the name C. B. Hawkins. But the broker who had done the leasing could remember only that the man had been tall, well dressed, and obviously refined and intelligent, and had worn a reddish-brown mustache. And, since he had paid a month's rent in advance, there were no references, no business address recorded.

IT was a reporter for the San Francisco Examiner who established, before police and rival reporters, the identity of the dead girl.

She was Nora Fuller.

Recalling the month-old story of Nora's disappearance, he looked back through the files of his paper and found that the picture of her strongly resembled the girl found in the vacant house on Sutter Street.

He had looked at the body of the dead girl, and it seemed incredible to him that she could have been dead so long.

He took Mrs. Fuller to the morgue with him and verified his hunch. Then, rounding up relatives and intimate friends of the Fuller family, he took them to the office of the Examiner, where for several days they were well paid to remain voluntary prisoners.

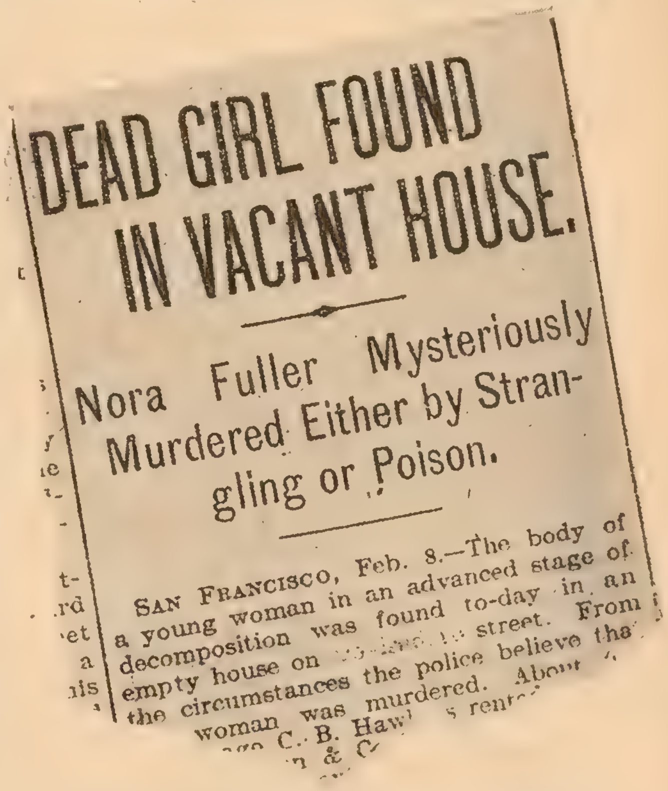
The Examiner printed its scoop—identification of the dead girl—bolstering it with exclusive statements from members of the family, and gleefully pointing out that the stepfather of the girl was a proofreader for the rival Chronicle.

Reporters of the Examiner had visited the restaurant and learned of the mysterious John Bennett.

Meanwhile the Chronicle was concentrating on the equally mysterious C. B. Hawkins who had leased the Sutter Street house. Both men, it became obvious, were the same person. Neither name, it seemed equally obvious, was the real name of the only person in the world who could explain and who undoubtedly was responsible for the strange fate of Nora Fuller.

For the girl's fate was indeed strange. Reporters and police had been puzzled by the fact that nowhere on the body of the dead girl was there a single visible indication of how she had come to her death. On her neck were one or two slight areas of discoloration that might have been caused by strangling fingers but were more likely to be evidence of decomposition. The autopsy would disclose which.

The autopsy only served to make the puzzle more baffling. The marks on the throat were due to decomposition. Nora Fuller, in the opinion of the coroner's physicians, had not been strangled. The city chemist who examined her lungs confirmed this conclusion by reporting there was no evidence of congestion.



DEAD GIRL FOUND IN VACANT HOUSE.

Nora Fuller Mysteriously Murdered Either by Strangling or Poison.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 8.—The body of a young woman in an advanced stage of decomposition was found to-day in an empty house on [illegible] street. From the circumstances the police believe tha[illegible] woman was murdered. About [illegible] C. B. Haw[illegible] rent[illegible]

The news of Nora Fuller's death as it appeared in the New York World.

There was no evidence of anything. All her organs were intact and in normal condition. There was no sign of an illegal operation, no indication of pregnancy. Not a bone in her body had been broken; her skin showed no abrasions.

No trace of poisoning was found. There was nothing to indicate heart failure or apoplexy. A check-back showed she had been a healthy normal girl of sixteen—and well built and strong for her age.

Altogether, her sudden death was as mysterious as were the identity and whereabouts of the strange quiet man who called himself "John Bennett" and "C. B. Hawkins," and who, every circumstance shouted, was her murderer.

The autopsy accomplished only one thing: It threw light upon the puzzle of *when* Nora Fuller had died.

In her stomach, undigested, was found only one kind of food—particles of apple.

Nora Fuller had been eating an apple on the morning of January 11, when she had left home. Since no other food was found in her stomach, it was obvious that she had eaten nothing else since leaving home that morning. Hence she must have died not many hours after leaving; must have lain undiscovered for nearly a month in the vacant house on Sutter Street.

The crime became a sensation in San Francisco. Crowds swarmed to the morgue in a futile attempt to view the body, then rushed off to stand staring at the vacant house. But no one volunteered any information about the tall man with the mustache, who by now had a start of nearly a month on his pursuers.

For days the newspapers filled pages with details and theories of the crime. The Examiner offered a substantial reward for "exclusive" information. Not since Theodore Durrant, seven years before, had hidden Blanche Lamont, girl victim of his sadistic whims, in the deserted belfry of the Bartlett Street church they both attended, had San Francisco been so stirred.

Though the Nora Fuller case and the Durrant case were daily referred to as parallels, there was little justification for this, except that Durrant had escaped detection for two weeks—during which he had murdered a second girl.

But Durrant's warped motive was plainly indicated by the knife work he had done on his victims. Method as well as motive was obvious. In the church library, where one of his victims was found, floor, walls, and even ceiling were blood-spattered.

The murderer of Nora Fuller was more subtle. In the death room was not a drop of blood. He had left absolutely no clue—unless the medical analysis of that time was hasty or incompetent—to show how he had killed.

It was the Durrant-Nora Fuller analogy, perhaps, that influenced the early police investigation of the latter case. For one thing, Durrant, the young churchgoing medical student, had known and been friendly with both of his girl victims. This may have been why police began looking among Nora Fuller's male friends for the murderer. They half inclined, as did one newspaper, to the theory that the advertisement had been put in the Chronicle with Nora's knowledge by a man with whom she was intimate, so that she could show it to her mother and thus obtain permission to get away from her home and join him.

Further baffling yet fascinating stories of celebrated crimes that have defied solution will be told by Mr. Allhoff in early issues.

The theory of the secret lover, however, did not stand up well. A diligent investigation of Nora Fuller's boy friends indicated that, almost without exception, they were lads not yet in long pants. Her only passion had been her love of music—and it seemed unlikely that, if planning a secret elopement, she would have left her beloved violin behind.

By far the better theory was the eventual one that this had been a cleverly planned, deliberately executed murder by a stranger to the girl.

Bennett, or Hawkins, had put the ad in the newspaper to bring a pretty girl within his reach. He had leased the house and paid a month's rent because he knew in advance that he would murder her, and wanted time to make a getaway.

In the house on Sutter Street, then, lay the best clue to him—the furniture in the upstairs bedroom.

The furniture was not new. Had it been brought here from some house in which he had lived before the crime? If so, could it be traced back to that house?

This possibility had obvious flaws. Even if the murderer had previously lived in only one room, that room would have held more furniture than had been found in Sutter Street. Therefore it seemed logical to infer that he had bought this furniture secondhand for the occasion. The fact that sheets and pillowcases on the bed were new seemed to confirm this reasoning.

A YOUNG reporter and editor of the Chronicle began a canvass of secondhand stores. That reporter and editor, now a famous author whose articles you have enjoyed in Liberty, was Will Irwin. In each store he managed to check the sales record covering the period of Nora Fuller's disappearance. At last, in one store, he found that for which he had been searching—a notation indicating that, on January 8, 1902, a sale had been made of a kitchen table, chair, bedstead and spring.

January 8 was the day that C. B. Hawkins had leased the house on Sutter Street.

The storekeeper, however, had not the faintest recollection of the man who had purchased these articles.

" Who makes your deliveries for you? " Irwin asked, and then sought out the owner of the delivery wagon, an honest open-faced Irishman, who finally—and distinctly—recalled delivering the small load of furniture to the house on Sutter Street.

After some thought, too, he recalled the man who had admitted him to the house. He remembered the incident because the man had given him a tip for helping set up the bed in the upstairs rear room.

" He was a tall man in his late thirties. He had a brown mustache. Spoke like a gentleman and was well dressed. I'd know him if I saw him again."

A further search of secondhand stores located one that had, on January 8, sold a mattress delivered to 2111 Sutter Street. This storekeeper recalled that his tall customer had penciled his initials on the mattress he had purchased, to assure himself, apparently, that he would get the one for which he paid.

The mattress on which Nora Fuller had been found dead was inspected. Exactly where the storekeeper had said they would be found were the initials " C. B. H."

The handwriting on the mattress was compared with the signature, " C. B. Hawkins," on the lease signed at the office of Shainwald and Buckbee.

It was the same.

But neither the best efforts of shrewd reporters nor diligent police work could push the case further than that. In the weeks to follow, it dropped—as all insoluble murder cases do—out of the newspapers.

Yet during all that time one woman in San Francisco knew who the murderer of pretty Nora Fuller was.

SHE kept the information locked tightly within her, until one day she could hold it no longer. She went to the police. They were frankly skeptical when she began her story. For it was a familiar story:

" I've been living with a man. He left me just after Nora Fuller disappeared."

It was always that way. Jealous women, deserted by their men, came to the police after every famous unsolved murder to report that the man who had left them must surely be the murderer. And the rest of her story followed the usual pattern. She had noticed that this man, when the newspapers had first told of the disappearance of Nora Fuller, had seemed strangely unnerved.

" They always do," thought the detective to whom she was talking. Then, more out of politeness than curiosity, he asked: " And what was the name of this man with whom you were living? "

She told him—and for the first time he showed active interest.

For the initials of the man she gave him were the same as the initials on the mattress: C. B. H. He pointed out that fact to her.

" I know it," she said. " That's how I was sure he must be the man. I know his handwriting as well as I know my own. And one of the newspapers printed a picture of the lease this murderer signed when he took the house on Sutter Street. The signature on that lease is in the handwriting of the man I lived with."

She told them where the man had worked. Another strange coincidence. For Nora Fuller's stepfather had worked as a proofreader on the Chronicle, and this woman's lover had worked in the cashier's department of the rival Examiner.

An immediate check at the office of the Examiner showed that the man in question had vanished from there on the day that the newspapers had reported Nora Fuller's disappearance. With him had vanished some of the paper's funds.

Hastily employees were put to work to dig out some of the pay checks that had been issued to the missing man during his employment there. Carefully the endorsement signatures on the reverse side of those checks were compared with the signature on the Shainwald and Buckbee lease and the penciled initialing on the murder mattress.

All were indisputably in the handwriting of the same man.

With a new field of investigation open, police went eagerly to work. They traced their man to South America. There they lost him. No further trace of the embezzler-murderer was ever uncovered, and if he still lives today, he must feel reasonably safe and—if his conscience does not disturb him—extremely clever.

If he lives, too, he must realize that it would be extremely gratifying, even after all these years, to know just what *did* happen to little Nora Fuller.

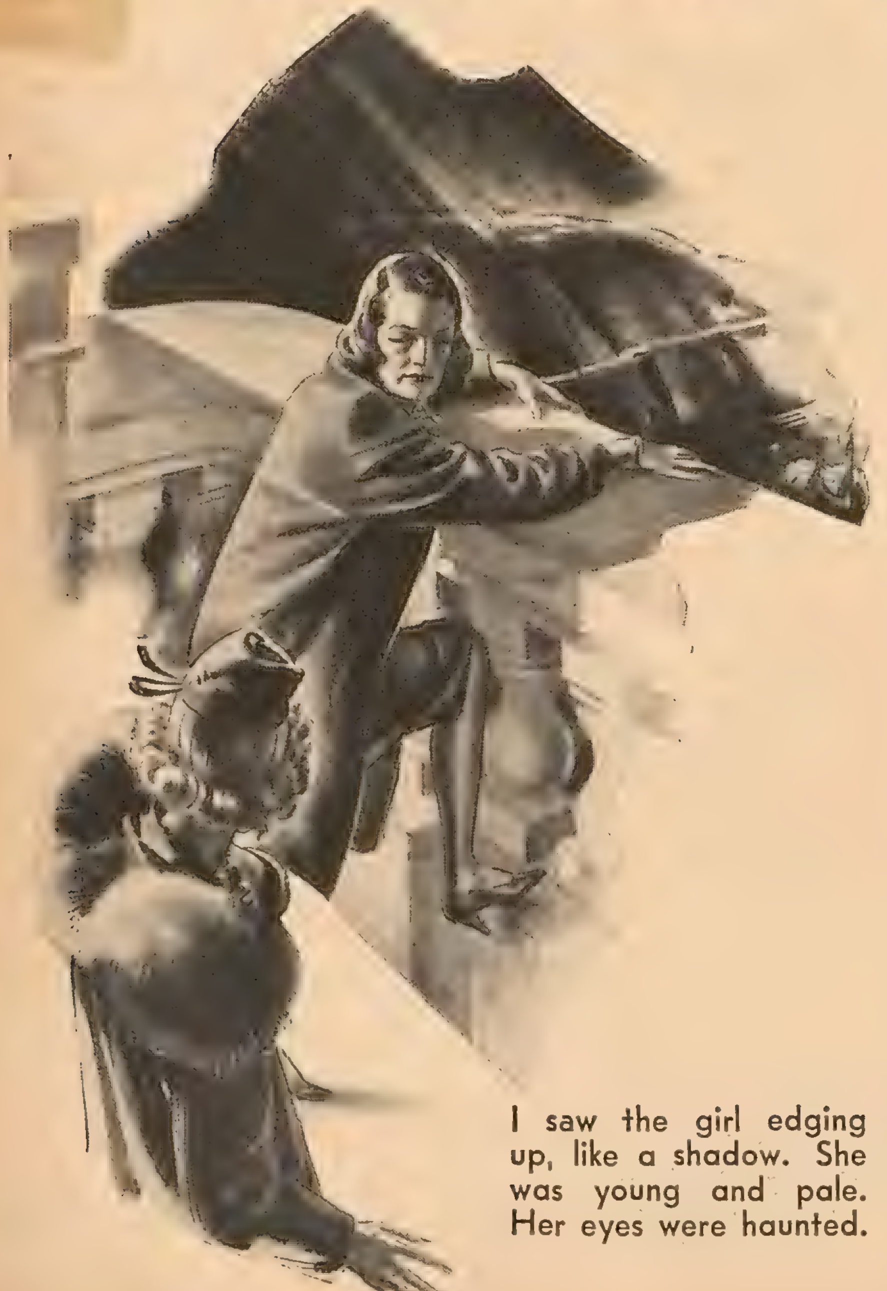
THE END

Beginning

HOLLYWOOD Woman

The swift, dramatic story of a soul's rebirth—A colorful novel of youthful hearts and a fallen star of yesterday

BY EDWARD DOHERTY



I saw the girl edging up, like a shadow. She was young and pale. Her eyes were haunted.

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART ONE—"THE BRIDGE FOOLS JUMP FROM"

I COULD have strangled her, the first time I saw her. Only it would have been an exertion. I wasn't high. Not then. I was almost cold sober, and feeling lower than my grandmother's arches. My head was splitting. My feet were aching in their high-heeled shoes. My insides felt like somebody was using them for a cocktail shaker. And it was all I could do to stand up and hang on. I should strangle anybody?

You know that long bridge leading out of Pasadena? The one crossing the Arroyo Seco? The bridge so many poor fools have jumped from? That's where I was. About midway, on the side that looks toward the Rose Bowl.

How I got there I don't know. Maybe I just wanted to look at the Rose Bowl again. We'd been there to a football game one New Year's Day. We had fun that day. We went home laughing like a couple of crazy kids. And that night Ian was paralyzed.

I was thinking of that night, and the night Ian died—remembering little things about him. The way he used to smile, even in his wheel chair. The snatch of song he used to sing when things went wrong: "We got six years to do this in. Tum ditty umpt tum tum!" The way his face lighted up as he watched me doing my stuff under the old klieg lights. Things like that.

And I was looking down at the rocks and the dust in the dried-up river bed below now and then. But I couldn't see them. My eyes were fuzzy. I saw the girl edging up to me, like a shadow. Then I got a close-up, and I saw she was young and thin and pale and scared.

Scared? Her eyes were haunted by blue ghosts.

"I'm afraid," she said—and turned on a teeth-chattering exhibition that gave me the jimjams. "The rocks are so sharp. And so far down."

"What do you want?" I said. "A feather bed? Jump and get it over with. You won't feel it—once you light."

She leaned against me, and I couldn't do anything about it. I was gripping the rail so tight my fingerprints must be there yet.

"I'm not afraid of dying," she said. "I'm afraid of hell."

"What have you got against hell?" I said. "I got friends down there. They send me post cards: 'Having a swell time; wish you were here.'"

"Don't joke," she said. "Please don't joke! How can you—at a time like this?"

"'You got six years to do this in. Tum ditty umpt tum tum!'" I tried to sing it, but it was a mess. The girl stepped back. Quick.

"Look, kid," I said. "There's only one man who ever lived that was worth killing yourself for. And you never knew him. Go on home now and let an old woman alone."

"Ian Hall?" she asked.

"Ian Hall!" I said.

"You loved him? As much as that?"

"What do you think I'm doing here?" I said. "Waiting for a streetcar?"

"Ian Hall," she said again. Her voice was little more than a whisper, but it went through me like a cold wind off a grave. And something else went through me.

"You're a phony," I screamed at her. "You're a sob sister. Trying to pry my heart out for a lousy newspaper story. Putting on an act for me. Me, Hera Lavelle!"

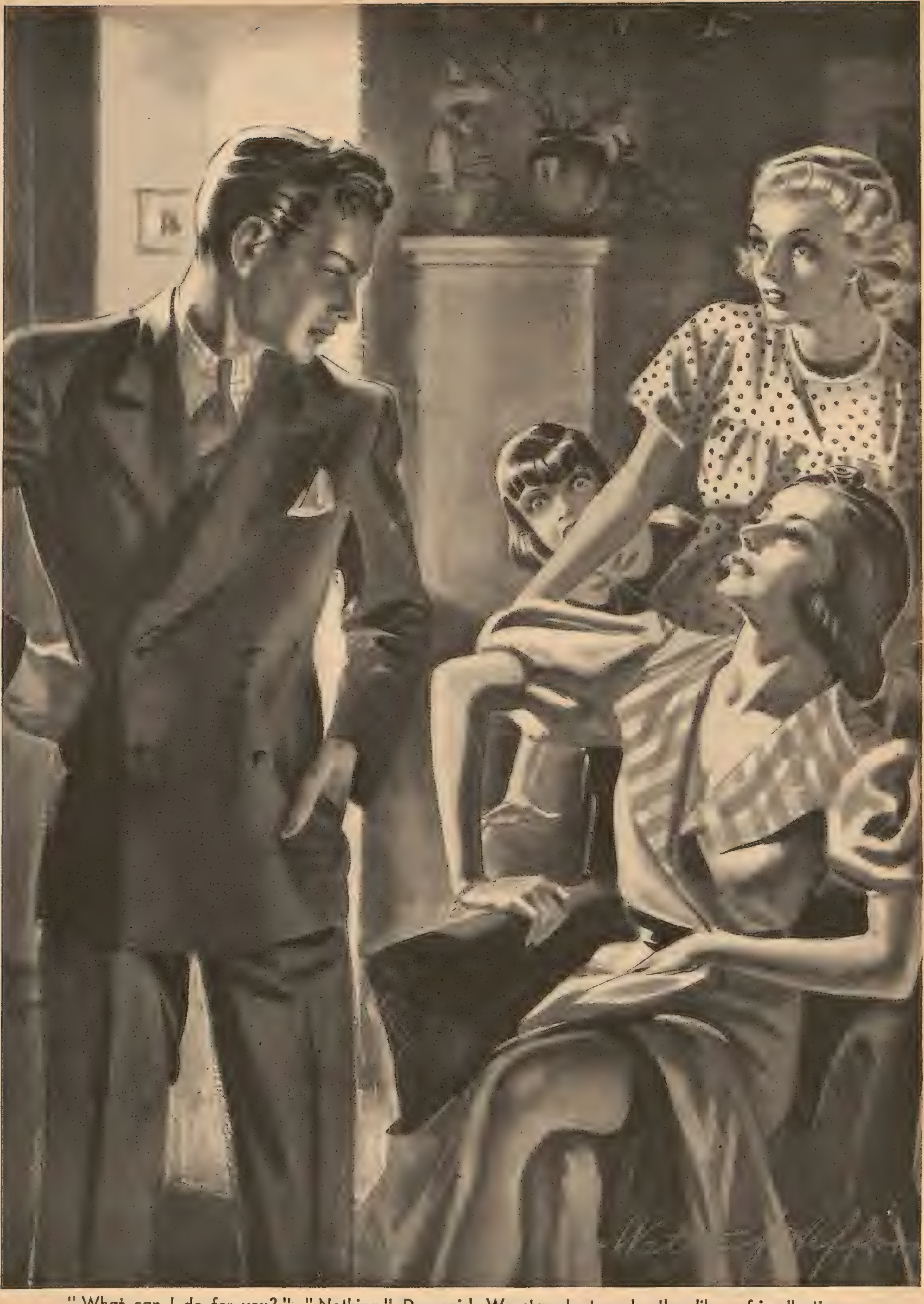
She didn't scream back, and she quit chattering. Her eyes were soft, pitying. I couldn't stand them.

"All right," I said. "You got your story. Print it. Tell the world Hera Lavelle, down and out, did it at last." I wasn't screaming now. I was too weary, too numb to scream. "You got your story. I gave it to you. Now do something for me. Help me get over the rail."

She put her arms about me gently, began tearing my fingers one by one from the rail. I'll bet that job was as hard as tearing abalones from the rocks at low tide. And she was murmuring, "Poor Hera, poor Hera!" And once I heard something that sounded like "To think I've hated you all these years!"

"All right," I said. "Cut. I was just putting on an act. I just wanted to show you a real actress."

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER HEFFRON



" What can I do for you? " " Nothing," Don said. We stared at each other like unfriendly tigers.

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I thought maybe she'd fall for that and go away and let me alone. But she wouldn't. She started leading me off the bridge, away from Pasadena.

"Thank God we found you in time," she said.

"We?" I said. I looked all around, but didn't see anybody with her.

"We went to your address in Pasadena a week ago. But you'd gone. The landlady said . . ."

"The old battle-ax threw me out," I said. "Why are you looking for me? You *are* a reporter, then?"

"No; I'm your friend."

"That's funny," I said. "I haven't got a friend in the world. You're a bill collector. Go on—sue me. I haven't a dime. Look at these rags. Paris, but all I have. And these shoes—broke as I am. I don't care. The hoosegow will be a rest."

"I'm not a bill collector, either," she said.

"I got you now," I said. "You're going to take me for a nice ride, to meet another friend. A nice man who'll want to know if I think people are haunting me, and wouldn't I like a nice rest in some crumby insane asylum where other idiots can scream all night in my ears."

All this time I was walking. I saw the car waiting, and somebody in it; but I didn't think I'd make it.

I knew the man in the car, but couldn't place him. He reminded me of something I'd read of, or dreamed of, long ago and far away.

"Hera!" he cried. He had a funny little accent, as familiar to me as Main Street in my home town. But I hadn't been home in years.

He reached out and almost hit me.

"Watch out, you fool," I said. "Are you blind?"

"Pretty nearly, Hera," he said. "Pretty nearly. Another year or so and Solano will be blind as stone. But thank God I can see you now, a little bit, Hera. Ach! You are still beautiful as ever."

I stood there, swaying. "Solano," I said. "Solano!"

OLD days on the Essanay lots in Chicago, old days in California, came back and hit me in the face. Days of Solano, the greatest clown in the world, and Wally Beery, and Charlie Chaplin, and John Bunny, and Flora Finch, and Mack Sennett, and Ian, and how many others!

I got into the car, and held tight to his hand.

"Don't let them put me in jail, Solano," I said, "or in a madhouse or an old ladies' home. Just give me a cigarette and a drink, and I'll be all right."

I guess I passed out then for a time. The car stopped for a red light, and I came to. I didn't know where we were, and I was scared, especially when I saw the great white-stone building on the corner.

"That's the madhouse," I said. "Don't let her take me there!"

I was still clinging to Solano's hand.

"Now, now, Hera," he said. "That's your own house, Hera. Don't you remember?"

Yes—I remembered then. I'd built that house. Ian had lived there with me. We'd been happy there. Ian had died there. I'd sold the place. I got a million for it—and spent the million on booze.

I passed out again, thinking of people who used to come to that house—who used to love us. The Talmadges, Mary and Doug, Jack Pickford and Olive Thomas, Rapley and Girda Holmes, Wally Reid, Wally Beery and Gloria Swanson, Mae Marsh, Anita Stewart, Bill Hart, Ruth Stonehouse, "Broncho Billy" Anderson. . . . Where were they now?

The car stopped at a bungalow court, and the girl helped me out, and she and Solano led me into a little white house, a bungalow with roses growing up its sides. The girl undressed me and bathed me and put me to bed.

WHY are you doing this for me?" I asked her. "Who are you?"

"My name is Sharon Halliday," she said. "We'll talk when you are better."

She put the soft blue lights on me, and I felt a peace so real I could taste it. I guess I slept twenty hours.

It was dark when I woke up. I must be in some hotel, I thought. The bed was soft. The sheets and pillowcases smelled fresh and clean. But what hotel? In what city? New York, Seattle, Budapest, Deauville, Cannes?

There was a garden or a park outside the window. I could smell it. It smelled like dusty palms. No; there were orange blossoms somewhere near. Maybe palms and orange blossoms. That might mean Mentone.

Well, I thought, what do I care? The hell with Mentone. So long as Ian wasn't with me, the hell with everything!

I'd pack in the morning. I'd go to Alexandria. To Sicily. Any place but Pasadena.

And then I thought, Why, I've been dreaming. I've never been to Pasadena. I'm still young and rich. I still have my looks. All these things—they never really happened to me. They were just a nightmare.

The sheer relief of it! The ache went out of my heart, and the pain out of my head. I wasn't tired any more.

I jumped up, fumbled around for the light switch, found it, turned it on, and started across the room.

And there was a woman staring at me. She was an old hag with sunken yellow cheeks and swollen red eyes that squinted at me through their scarlet lids—an ugly old witch in a clean nightgown. Her hands—she threw them up at me as I watched—were more like a bird's claws than a woman's hands.

"Get out of here, you old hag," I said.

She was as startled and scared as I was. And I could see her mouth moving, and I could read what it said: "Get out of here, you old hag."

But I couldn't hear her. And then I got it. That was me—in the looking glass. That was Hera Lavelle!

I was out for a long time after that, waking up sometimes to see a doctor; and maybe a little girl of eight or nine who sat in a corner and drew pictures, and wheezed until I could kill her; or maybe Sharon Halliday or Solano.

Once it was pitch-dark and I could smell something burning. It smelled like rubber and sugar, and maybe a little wet hay mixed in with it, and the flowers off the landlady's hat. I groped around under the bed, and found a shoe, and banged on the floor with it.

"This is a hell of a time to burn up your duds, you old harpy," I hollered. "Are you trying to smother me?"

Sharon came into my room. I knew her at once.

"It's all right," she said. "You're not in Pasadena. You're with friends, in Hollywood."

"That isn't Hollywood burning," I said. "I don't smell sulphur or brimstone."

"It's medicine. A powder we burn for my niece. She has asthma. She has to breathe in the fumes. She had a pretty bad attack tonight, poor darling. I'm sorry the odor woke you. We're so used to it around here we don't notice it any more."

"Imagine that," I said.

"I'm so glad you're better," she went on. "We were all so worried about you. You've been very sick, but you'll be well soon."

SICK my eye," I said. "Drunk and disorderly, you mean. How long have I been here?"

"A week. And it wasn't anything like that. You've nearly starved yourself, and you must have been walking all around, day and night, for many days—even in the rain. You should have seen the expression on your face when I took your shoes off!"

"Pantomime," I said. "High art. Nobody was better at it than I was—except, of course, Solano."

"Solano's been sick with worry about you. Even his dog was sick with worry."

"Grimaldi?" I said.

"No. Grimaldi's dead. This is a new one—Clown."

"Solano's really going blind?"

"So the doctors say. I wonder how he lives. The studios won't give him any work. And he never did save any money. He was always giving it away."

I was tired and didn't want to talk any more.

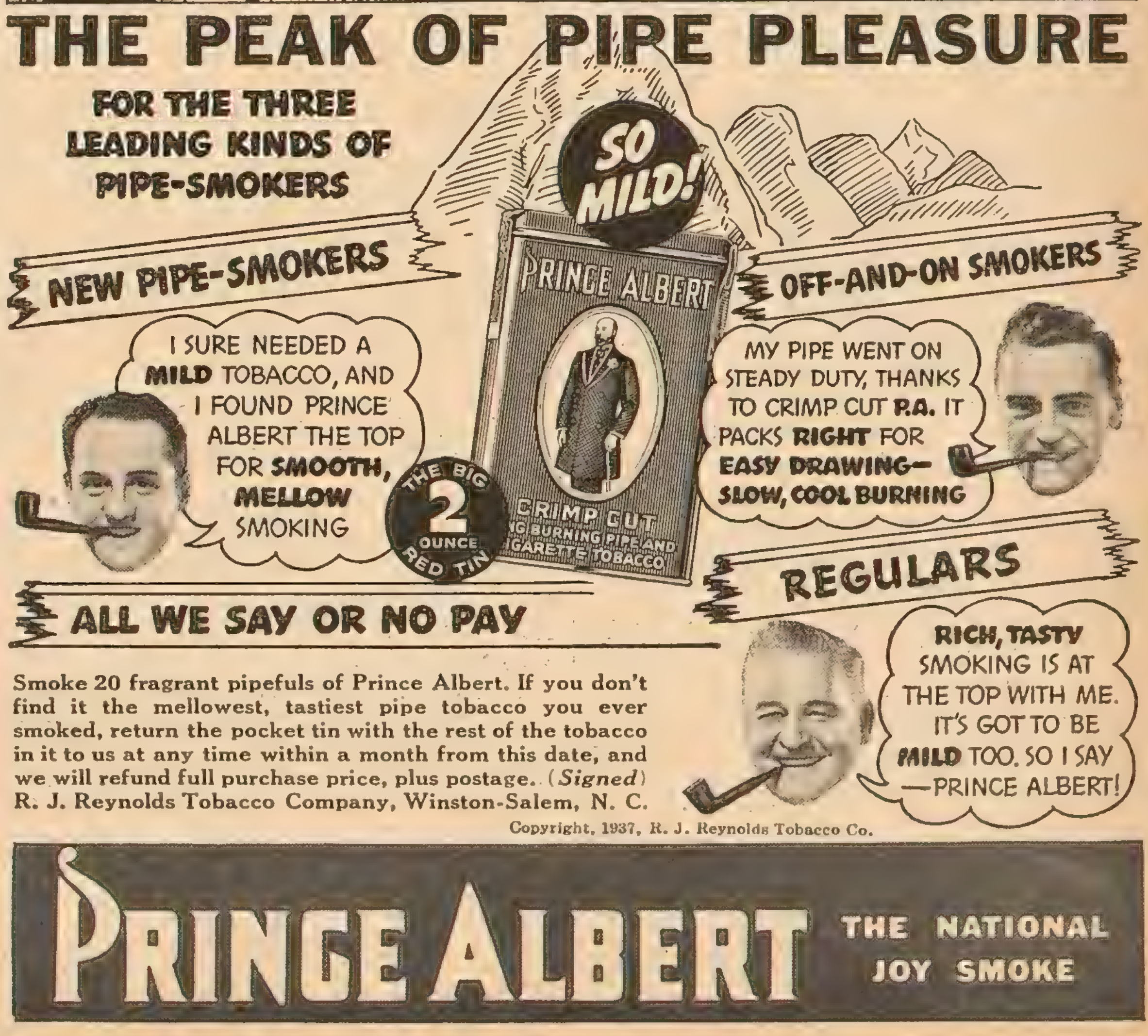
"I'm going to sleep again," I said. "Let Hollywood burn if it will."

She tiptoed out, and I lay for some time, wondering about her. Why was she in any way concerned with me? I gave it up; I went back to sleep.

It was bright and early when I woke the next morning. I felt pretty good. And pretty rotten too.

"Back to Pasadena for you today, Hera," I thought. "Or Griffith Park and the other squirrels. Or maybe

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
WE'LL SOON BE AT UNCLE BEN'S RANCH, CHUBBINS. YOU KNOW, HE WAS AN EARLY SETTLER IN THIS PART OF CALIFORNIA
HELLO, BEN, YOU OLD RASCAL
WELL-WELL, YOUNG FELLA-HERE AT LAST-AND IF IT ISN'T CHUBBINS!
MY, CHUBBINS, YOU'RE QUITE THE YOUNG LADY!
WELCOME, COUSIN ROB.
AND THERE'S AUNT HATTY, COUSIN RUTH, AND-AND
WELL, ROB, WE'RE CERTAINLY GLAD YOU GOT HERE IN TIME TO SPEND THE HOLIDAYS
THANKS — I'VE BEEN HANKERING FOR SOME OF HATTY'S OLD-TIME COOKING
THAT'S A MIGHTY SLICK TRAILER JOB YOU'VE GOT THERE, ROB
AND THIS IS A SPLENDID RANCH YOU'VE GOT. I SUPPOSE YOU GROW EVERYTHING HERE
EVERYTHING BUT PRINCE ALBERT, ROB. HA-HA-HA. EVEN WE SCIENTIFIC FARMERS KNOW OUR LIMITATIONS -
SAY, SON, YOU KNOW IT'S JUST 20 YEARS NOW SINCE ROB FIRST GOT US ENJOYIN' P.A. CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION, EH?
AFTER DINNER THAT NIGHT
CERTAINLY SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES TO SEE YOU LOADING UP WITH GOOD OLD PRINCE ALBERT, JUDGE
MOST EVERYBODY AROUND THESE PARTS GOES FOR P.A. THAT NO-BITE PROCESS SURE MAKES PRINCE ALBERT THE FAVORITE FOR EXTRA MILDNESS WITH GOOD BODY
AND DON'T OVERLOOK PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT, EITHER, FOR GOOD PACKING, EASY DRAWING, AND COOL, SLOW BURNING!


THE PEAK OF PIPE PLEASURE
FOR THE THREE LEADING KINDS OF PIPE-SMOKERS
SO MILD!
NEW PIPE-SMOKERS
I SURE NEEDED A MILD TOBACCO, AND I FOUND PRINCE ALBERT THE TOP FOR SMOOTH, MELLOW SMOKING
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
OFF-AND-ON SMOKERS
MY PIPE WENT ON STEADY DUTY, THANKS TO CRIMP CUT P.A. IT PACKS RIGHT FOR EASY DRAWING—SLOW, COOL BURNING
REGULARS
RICH, TASTY SMOKING IS AT THE TOP WITH ME. IT'S GOT TO BE MILD TOO. SO I SAY —PRINCE ALBERT!
ALL WE SAY OR NO PAY

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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bumming dimes from your old pals in Hollywood."

How they'd love that!

"My dear, I couldn't believe it myself when I saw her. She looked like she'd just come down off her broomstick. But it was Hera Lavelle. In person. She wanted a little loan. Can you imagine that? Hera Lavelle begging! Well, I always said she was a bum at heart."

There was a bird outside the window, singing. Some one was getting breakfast in the kitchen. Soon I'd have to get up and go. Go where? I didn't know.

I looked around and saw pictures of me, tacked up. They covered all the walls. Me in every role I'd ever played! And some had been autographed by my secretary: "To my little friend, Holly Fane. With love."

For a long time I didn't see anything else. It was wonderful to have fans, people who still adored you though they'd never seen you. I got up and started to walk around. But I had to sit down. I was weak.

It was a little girl's room, and there were dozens of dolls in it, all kinds and all nationalities. It was a pretty room. The walls were a light blue. The cheap furniture had been painted white. There were blue-and-white curtains on the wide windows. And the rug was blue and white. Outside I could see a couple of moth-eaten palms, a fig tree, and some orange trees.

Near the bed was a stand loaded with medical junk: bottles, boxes, a thermometer in a glass of water, things like that. I guess I'd been sick, all right.

While I was looking around I saw the door open but didn't see anybody come in. Then I heard a laugh, a glassy laugh. You know, like the tinkle of a glass chandelier. And then I saw her.

She was no bigger than a mouse. Her shoulder blades stuck out of her like wings sprouting. She had a round sallow little face, dark hair that fell in a bang over her eyes—she threw it out of the way with a quick little gesture of thin arm and little wrist, and it fell right back again—and bright black eyes. Bright? Say, those eyes looked right through you and never missed a thing. And there was such joy in them! Just looking at her made me feel happy.

"I'm Holly Fane, Sharon's niece," she said. "And I'm positively thrilled to see you looking so well again."

"I'm Hera Lavelle," I said.

"Oh, I know you are," she cried.

COMING
COMING

LIBERTY'S ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM FOR 1937
BY NORMAN L. SPER

WHAT players from what schools will be honored by the players themselves and named on Liberty's All-Players All-America first, second, and third football teams for 1937? Who will be accorded the distinction of being named on the All-Sectional teams?

Will the country's foremost players come only from its nationally important football schools, or will the lesser known football schools have their All-America candidates receive recognition?

All these questions will be answered when Norman L. Sper, the nation's outstanding football reporter, who is Liberty's football authority, completes compiling the All-Players All-America returns from the 115 major football schools in the country.

Twenty-three hundred players who have participated in more than 1,000 football games are selecting the team for Liberty. All these football players are Liberty's playing judges. Who but these playing judges know the values of the players they have played against? They know the abilities and weaknesses of all the players because they have had direct bodily contact with the men they name.

In every one of these 1,000 games the twenty-two players were Liberty's playing judges. In every play and in every game these judges weighed their opponents' abilities. Each position has different fundamentals. All these fundamentals are judged.

To be named on the All-Players All-America team is the ambition of every football player in the United States. To be accorded that honor assures the player that he has satisfied his opponents, every Saturday, of his ability. For every Saturday a new set of opponents judged him. Being selected on the All-Players All-America team warrants that he played better football for his position than any other player his opponent met during the season.

These filled-in ratings from these playing judges are now in the hands of Norman Sper, under whose directorship the All-Players All-America teams are compiled. The resulting percentages—and nothing else—will decide who has "made" Liberty's All-Players All-America Team for 1937.

For the answer to the most potent question now before the sports fans of America—"Who have earned the right to be known as the *real* All-America football players?"—

READ LIBERTY

positively flabbergasted." the kids, especially smart little brats. But this one? I fell in love with her. Like that. And I was scared, too. She was so little, and so brittle, and so frail. Fey, they call it, don't they?

"I love your name, Hera Lavelle," she said. "I used to say it over and over again—it's like poetry: 'Hera Lavelle, Hera Lavelle.' And you're lovely. And I know you're just dying for coffee and something solid to eat. Please let me stay and watch you eat. The doctor said you could eat solids this morning, and Sharon's fixing breakfast. And it's wonderful. You'll love it. You must be ravenious."

Words just poured out of her, and cheer and love.

"I never could walk much the first day after I got out of bed," she went on. "I know exactly how you feel. And so does Sharon, and she's coming in any minute. We heard you get out of bed, and she put the food on the stove immediately. Don't you think Sharon's lovely? She's so lovely I can't put her on paper. Nor you. I tried the other night, when you were sleeping. But your face is too big for me."

"Big?" I said.

"In character," she explained. "Sharon too."

"You're an artist?" I said.

And then for the first time I noticed the cute little painter's smock she wore.

"Sharon bought it for me," she said. "I'm so proud of it! But I haven't any pigments on it yet. So it isn't a real smock yet. But you just wait."

I BEGAN to ask about her dolls. Each one of them had a name, and a personality of its own. And each one had a dialect and a life story. Sharon supplied that.

"You see, when I was too sick to get up out of bed," Holly said, "Sharon would have to entertain me. She made up all the characters. I couldn't do that. I'm not smart. And Sharon's an actress too. She plays every one of those dolls when I'm sick."

The kid would break your heart.

The telephone began to ring, and there was a crash of dishes, and quick steps running out of the kitchen.

Holly looked at me soberly for a minute, then laughed and decided to confide a secret.

"It's Don," she said. "Sharon's in love with Don. Positively, radiantly, exquisitively in love with him. So, you see, I have to answer the phone."

And she laughed again and she skipped out of the room.

The phone stopped ringing presently; but it was a long time before I heard Sharon's voice. And then Holly came softly in again.

"It's the funniest, weiridest thing," she said. "Every time Don calls, Sharon goes all in a jelly. She can't answer the phone. And she trembles. Are all women in love like that, Hera Lavelle? Do they run away? Do they weep? You never see

Life Begins At 40

Most Surgeons Do Best Work After 40, declares High Medical Authority

Courage, Steady Nerves and Unwavering Judgment More Developed in Older Men

"ALTHOUGH SURGERY is one of the most exacting of all professions—demanding courage without rashness, steady nerves, physical endurance and unwavering judgment—it is one in which the laurels have nearly always gone to men in their 40's, 50's and 60's," declared a high medical authority recently.

Dr. George D. Stewart, the great surgeon of Bellevue Hospital, known for his superb skill, untiring energy, and devotion to multitudes of poor patients, worked as head of the Bellevue surgical clinic until two weeks before his death, at 70.

Dr. William W. Keen, famous for his lightning speed as an operator, was on the job for over 50 years. He was 56 when he helped perform a critical operation on President Grover Cleveland.

—"and the Constitution of a Mule." Dr. John Blair Deaver, Philadelphia's great surgeon, did two or three men's work almost up to the time of his death at 76. To the old formula for a surgeon—"heart of a lion, eye of an eagle, hand of a woman"—Dr. Deaver once added, "and the constitution of a mule."

Great numbers of instances like these show that a man can continue to do a creative job of the highest order long after 40, provided he keeps his HEALTH and PHYSICAL ENERGY.

They Feel Young, Full of Energy After 40—So Can YOU

At 52—Has High-Pressure Job

EDWARD LESTER

Dear Life Begins:

My work is in the theatre and on the radio. I used to tour a great deal.

Irregular meals led to indigestion and stomach troubles which had me nearly at my wits' end. I had difficulty memorizing my parts. Of course, I worried about it.

Then a friend persuaded me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. My appetite began to return, my digestion and nerves improved. As a result, I felt mentally alert again. My memorizing ability was renewed. I felt years younger.

I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast, because I find it a good digestive stimulant when I am under nervous tension in my radio work.

EDWARD LESTER

43—Can Work 20 Hours at a Stretch

RICHARD HOLMES

Dear Life Begins:

I am a chef. It's a hard and strenuous job.

I have to test food all day long, and my own meals are irregular. I had stomach trouble for years.

Finally a nervous breakdown sent me to the hospital. The doctor prescribed yeast. It began to help me almost immediately. My nerves steadied and my appetite returned.

I've eaten Fleischmann's Yeast every day now, for the last seven years, and it helps keep my system in good working order. I'm always sure of being well. I can face a special banquet or wedding party with the confidence that my nerves and strength will be equal to a 20-hour stretch of hard work.

RICHARD HOLMES

Slow Digestion Often Causes Too-Early Aging

Around 40, the gastric juices often begin to be scantier and weaker. Digestion slows down.

If unchecked, this slowing down can result in ill health and loss of energy—a feeling of age.

Fleischmann's Yeast brings people over 40 just the special help so many of them need, by *stimulating* the digestive juices to a more *plentiful, more potent* flow.

A generous supply of 4 vitamins in Fleischmann's Yeast adds to its tonic action. These vitamins are commonly called the NERVE VITAMIN, the COLD-RESISTANCE VITAMIN, the BONE VITAMIN and the VITALITY VITAMIN.

Get into the way of eating 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—one cake ½ hour before each meal—plain or in a little water. It's very little trouble and you'll be many times repaid by restored health, renewed energy.

$25 WILL BE PAID FOR LETTERS of success after 40—so helpful to others we wish to print them. If you can truly credit to Fleischmann's Yeast some part of the health that made your success possible—write us—enclosing your picture. (Letters and pictures cannot be returned.) Life Begins, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

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Telegram
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Sharon weep until Don calls. He—he shatters her!"

Holly beamed and laughed.

"She was so excited this time she ruined your breakfast," she said. "Don hasn't called in over ten days. He's been away. So, no wonder, is it?"

Her cunning little face was thrust close to mine. She looked at me through her bang, like a conspirator.

"She's so full of love for Don Lent, she splashes," she said.

I didn't say anything. I just leaned back and shut my eyes. Like I'd had a dizzy spell. And it sure *was* a dizzy spell!

Holly scampered out of the room, scared to death, and I could hear her excited voice talking to Sharon, saying I was white as a ghost. Maybe I was. But I was O. K. when Sharon came in.

"I'm all right," I said. "I just want some water."

She hurried out for it.

So that's it, I thought. She wants to marry Don. She knows who I am. That's why she's so good to me. And me a bum! They want me. In spite of everything, they want me.

I almost splashed, myself. But I didn't. I was all right after a while. I managed to eat a good breakfast. I managed to pull a few wisecracks.

"We're going to have a visitor today," Sharon said. Her voice fairly sang!

All that morning her feet never felt the floor. Her blue eyes shone so they hurt you.

I've seen a lot of beauties in my day. And I'm telling you that Sharon Halliday, in a simple little gingham house dress, and her blonde hair tied up with the yellow ribbon off a candy box, and moccasins on her bare feet, was, that morning, the loveliest thing God ever made. And maybe the happiest.

It was the first time I got a good look at her. And I thought to myself, Baby, if you're in pictures, I'll make you a star or break your neck.

SHE ran through the house, tidying up the rooms. She came dancing into my room half a dozen times, forgetting she'd been there before. She was getting ready for him when I heard a car stop out in front.

"He's here!" Holly screamed. "He's getting out of the car! Take the ribbon off your hair. He's coming up the walk. Hurry, Sharon. And be calm. You must be calm. Don't reveal your agitation, darling. Don't cry, Sharon. Remember you mustn't cry even if you *are* shattered. He's at the palm tree, walking fast. He's at the door."

The doorbell rang, and there were voices. I listened but couldn't make anything out of them.

"The old hokum ending," I said to myself. "The story of a prodigal mother. She deserts her child when he's only a baby. She lives for years with another man. She forgets she has a child. Her lover dies, and she goes on a bender that winds her up in the gutter. So what? So a tle girl who wants to marry t finds the old bag of bones, brings home, and then—and then the climax. He'll come rushing in, crying 'Mammy!' Clinch and fade-out. The dawn of another day."

It made me sick to my stomach.

"Well," I said, "they haven't written my part for me. So I'll play it my own way. Dear old mammy is going to steal this show. I'll show those hams a thing or two!"

But it didn't turn out that way. Before I could get up and go looking for my clothes, some one knocked on the door, and I shouted, "Come in!"

And there they were. Lights. Camera. Turn 'em over. Where's that lousy orchestra playing Hearts and Flowers? Come on, musicians. Play. Pianissimo. Break their hearts for them.

I SAW Don first, and knew him. He was big and tall and swarthy. Like Sam. He didn't look like Sam. He looked more like me. Yes, he was a handsome kid. But he had a weak, spoiled mouth. And there was a surly look on his face. My son—my only son. He meant no more to me than any other kid.

I looked from him to Sharon. And then I looked down at Holly. She was holding her bang up on top of her head, holding it with both her hands so it wouldn't get in the way of her eyes for a second. She seemed to be holding her breath.

"What can I do for you?" I said.

"Nothing," Don said.

We stared at each other like a couple of unfriendly tigers. But his eyes were the first to drop.

He turned to Sharon.

"I haven't seen her in fifteen years," he said, "but she's my mother. And what I said goes."

"Don't blame him for hating me," I said. "He has reason to, you know."

She looked at me as if she didn't see me, and then she looked at Don.

"It's either her or me," Don said. "I mean it."

"Good-by, Don," she said.

She didn't raise her voice, didn't change it in any way; but there was something in it that whipped white welts on his cheeks.

"Oh, don't be so damn melodramatic," I said. I started to get up. Sharon, not looking at me, pushed me back in the chair—gently but with plenty of strength.

"Quit shoving me around," I said. "I'm leaving this dump as soon as I can. The bed's hard as a rock. You burn stink powder every night. The baby wheezes until I want to choke her. You're a rotten cook. And you haven't offered me a drink from the moment you carried me in here. Not one little drink."

"Shut up," Sharon said.

"I told you what she was," Don said. "I won't have her in the same house with you."

"Get out," Sharon said.

He couldn't believe it at first. But there was no mistaking her meaning.

Her tone was soft and dulcet sweet, but it was implacable as the closing of the door of a steel cell.

The white patches on his face went red, then white again. And, for the first time since he was a baby, I felt some emotion toward him. I felt sorry for him. And I felt angry at him.

Is the whelp going to stand for that? I wondered.

"He's a young pup," I said aloud. "But he's right. What the hell do you want with me? You know I'm a bum. Why don't you kick me out?"

Nobody said anything for a long awful moment. Don made Sharon a stiff little bow, made a stiffer bow to me, then turned and ran away. Holly came tearing into my lap, to throw her arms around me and kiss me.

"That was magnificent!" she cried. "That was stupendious. That was wonderful. To sacrifice yourself for him and Sharon! It was positively almost divine, Hera Lavelle. And the way you did it—"

She started that little tinkle of a laugh, and looked suddenly stricken. She fought for breath. Sharon snatched her and rushed her away.

And for a long, long time I sat there, smelling the odor of burning asthma powder, wondering—wishing I could pray.

Will Hera's son drive her from the first home she has known in years? Must she slink back to misery and loneliness to save Sharon's happiness? Don't miss the second part of this amazing human story of a faded star's fight to come back. In next week's Liberty!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 18

1—Christy Mathewson.
2—At New York University, University Heights, the Bronx, New York, N. Y.
3—Tuna.
4—Social Security deductions, for which the government does not issue receipts to contributing employees.
5—When troubled with indigestion, according to research made for the motion picture Conquest.
6—Bolivia and Paraguay.
7—No, since there were 6,973 Indians in New York State, according to the 1930 census.
8—Carpenters Hall.
9—Basketball, invented by Dr. James A. Naismith in 1891.
10—According to investigations made by scientists, an "undertow" is a popular myth; since there is no such phenomenon, an "undertow" could not be the cause of drowning.
11—Oberlin, at Oberlin, Ohio.
12—Five hundred and twenty.
13—Yorkshire pudding.
14—The Washington Monument.
15—Fresh fruit.
16—A large cheese, quiet or sheltered, and home—in the Scottish dialect.
17—Seventieth.
18—Josephine Lawrence.
19—Church; nut; poker.
20—

Olin D. Johnston

Governor of South Carolina

MRS. JEKYLL & MRS. HYDE

Believe it or not, the above two photographs are pictures of the same woman, taken a few days apart

Most women are acting two parts all the time.

A friendly, gentle, tender Mrs. Jekyll one day—

A nervous, irritable, snapping Mrs. Hyde the next.

And men cannot understand it! They never think of the ordeals women undergo. It makes no sense to them when the peppy girl of the last party insists on going home early the next time she is out. Or when yesterday's sweetheart acts like a shrew today.

And so, acquaintances drift away. Friends are lost by a few hasty words spoken in pain. Dear ones are driven away by disagreements that finally turn to quarrels.

And it's usually so needless. More than 60 years ago, Lydia Pinkham demonstrated that women were not meant to suffer. The dizzy spells, the listlessness, the throbbing heads that bring about this unhappiness, do not have to be endured. *They can be very materially decreased.**

Next time you feel miserable as only a woman can—weak, depressed and nervous—take a lesson from the millions who have tried and have proved the real help to be found in Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For three generations one woman has told another how this famous product helps them to go "smiling through." Indeed, more than a million grateful users have written letters of thanks for the way it has helped to soothe their jangled nerves and helped to tone them up generally.

Why not share in the happier, fuller life that these women have found? Why not try Lydia Pinkham's today?

*For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts (functional disorders) which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

IT takes a philosophical humorist, I guess, to tell the difference between style and fashion. Gelett Burgess is a very funny philosopher, and this is how he explained the difference to me:

"Style," he said, "is the way you dress, or walk, or talk, or do anything at all, when you do it with every possible effort of your *own* intelligence and taste and judgment. . . . Fashion, on the other hand, is your reflection of a *style* set by some one brighter and more energetically creative than you."

To demonstrate his point, Mr. Burgess told me a wartime story of Paul Poiret, the great French dress designer. Mr. Burgess said: "I once saw Poiret walk into his Paris shop, on leave from the trenches. He had a five-day beard on his face, and his ragged uniform was black with mud. His shop was crowded with wealthy women in gorgeous white silk gowns —white was the rage that year. Yet Poiret, in his dirt and rags, dominated the room from the moment he entered it. He was style. The women were fashion."

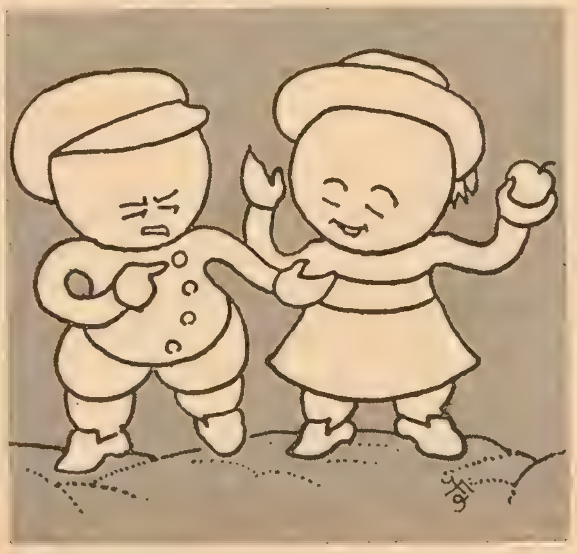
We can follow fashion, says Mr. Burgess, but we cannot follow style. If we want style we must buckle down to work and create it for ourselves. These are wise words, I think, for any woman to remember.

Born in Boston, Gelett Burgess has wandered widely over America and Europe; has authored many books; contributed to many magazines. He it was who wrote that celebrated nonsense rhyme about the Purple Cow which he would rather see than be. As an artist he also originated those famous little people, the Goops. His early training as an engineer (graduated from M. I. T.) probably accounts for his latest and craziest hobby: To poke sharp fun at our mechanized civilization, he builds complicated machines that run by electric power, go through every motion known to the laws of mechanics—yet accomplish absolutely nothing.

☆ Time to begin getting nervous about your Christmas shopping. Here are seven suggestions for novelty gifts priced at $1 or under: Perfumed ink, gardenia or rose—just the thing for sweet notes. . . . Package of fifty paper cocktail napkins that look like linen and have three-letter monograms on 'em. . . . Good desk gift for a man—a paper knife made to serve also as a scales for weighing letters. . . . Daintiest cigarette holder, fitted into an imitation lipstick, five colors to choose from. . . . Bridge rules printed on paper coasters—enough in the set to lay eight tables and prevent any number of squabbles. . . . Elegant leaf-shaped titbit server of chrome with fork to match. . . . Cotton thread on wooden spools carved in animal shapes.

Here are three ideas for gifts that cost about $1.50: Pine-odor air purifier with atomizer—excellent for people who smoke a lot. . . . Metal baggage tags engraved with name and address, and furnished with a padlock to make sure they stay put. . . . Seventeen-piece whisky-and-soda set, or seven-piece cocktail set, in the attractive new filet-pattern glass that looks like old-fashioned embroidery.

And four $3 gifts: Handmade bed jacket of pure silk. . . . Brooch in the form of a small gilt balloon man holding bunch of colored rhinestone balloons arranged to spell "Dearest." . . . Perfumed lingerie case of pastel satin. . . . Magnifying glass with crystal handle.



Gelett Burgess' own illustration to show his idea of fashion—style denatured and with corners worn off.

☆ Carried away by the picturesque appeal of an old-fashioned English yuletide with "the goose hanging high" *à la* Charles Dickens, a Baltimore lady of my acquaintance bought a nice fat goose last Christmas Eve and hung it up from a high hook in her kitchen. Only, she hung it by the neck instead of by the feet. Christmas morning she found her goose on the floor, pulled down by its own weight, with its neck stretched out about three yards long, from where the head was tied to that high hook near the ceiling. The bird was *all* neck. To cook it, she had to coil its neck around and around its body like a fire hose. On the table it looked more like a roast boa constrictor than a Christmas goose.

☆ Roast goose makes a fine Christmas dinner, but there are several tricks to be learned about it—in addition to *not* hanging your goose by the neck. The best of the old English recipes call for two separate stuffings and roastings. . . . Stuff first with 2 large peeled apples, and give the goose 30 minutes of preliminary roasting in a hot oven. Remove apples, pour off all excess fat, let goose cool a little. Now restuff with the following: Soak 3 cups diced stale bread in water; squeeze dry and fry brown in goose fat. Mix with 1 cup cold boiled rice, 5 chopped apples, ½ cup chopped prunes, 1 minced onion, and the goose liver and gizzard (fried and chopped). Season with 1 teaspoon sage, pinch of nutmeg, pinch of ginger, plenty pepper and salt. Dredge goose with flour and salt. Roast 30 minutes in hot oven; reduce heat and cook 2 hours more, basting only during last hour. . . . May be served with the customary Christmas-dinner trimmings. . . . Goose costs less than turkey.

☆ When Eugene Lyons was a little boy he thought electric-light bulbs were made of glass to save the moths from burning their wings. Later on he believed in Communism. . . . Went to Soviet Russia as an American newspaper correspondent; learned the truth there. . . . His new book, Assignment in Utopia, vividly tells the story of his disillusionment. (Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

☆ A clergyman, eighty-four years old, says he has kept himself young in heart by trying to cultivate blue primroses. All primroses were yellow before he succeeded in producing pink ones some years ago. Blue ones have been his dream since the age of eighty. He hoped to achieve them this year about Christmas time, but something went wrong. Now he expects to grow them by next Christmas. Science, truly, can be *the* most enduring Santa Claus.

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Make all remittances payable to Treasurer of the United States.

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TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, DEPT. L-12, WASHINGTON, D.C.

☐ Please send me, without obligation, your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft or money order

NUMBER
.... $25 U. S. Savings Bonds at $18.75 $..........
.... $50 U. S. Savings Bonds at $37.50 $..........
.... $100 U. S. Savings Bonds at $75.00 $..........
.... $500 U. S. Savings Bonds at $375.00 $..........
..........$1000 U. S. Savings Bonds at $750.00 $..........
Total $..........

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—fused solidly together, top, bottom and sides—providing safety with style which glorifies steel construction

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—the true gliding ride—makes every mile you travel more comfortable and assures better control of steering in emergency

HYDRAULIC BRAKES

—improved in design to match the flashing performance of the new cars with the safety of smooth and powerfully sure straight-line stops

ANY man who puts his best into the job of building General Motors cars is serving the homely truth that it pays to give good measure. That is a General Motors watchword, to deliver *extra value*—and you find it expressed, year after year, in our cars. It is evident in greater comfort, increased safety, more pleasing style, a

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—puts the safety of solid steel over your head in every closed car of the General Motors family

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—keeps the air you breathe healthfully free from drafts and makes driving safer by keeping the inside of the windshield and windows fog-free

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—matched to the popular taste, and approved by millions of car-owners as the expression of modern beauty of design

BECAUSE RESEARCH *never ceases, the General Motors product of tomorrow will likewise offer a generous margin of extra merit.*

better ride — the results of such General Motors features as Knee-Action — the Turret Top — perfected Hydraulic Brakes — No Draft Ventilation — the Unisteel Body by Fisher. Each of these features serves some human need better than it has been served before. And they all add up to this plain fact — General Motors means Good Measure.

EANS GOOD MEASURE

Gordon Wright

LEKTROLITE

WIND-PROOF, FLAMELESS CIGARETTE LIGHTERS

LEKTROCASE:
Streamlined, generous-sized cigarette case with built-in Lektrolite that goes three months on a filling. Enamel and chrome (Illustrated), $15. Others $10 to $35.

DE LUXE CHAIN GLOLITE—
handy pocket lighter with snake chain and monogram plate and fine link key-holder. Fills once in two weeks. Chrome or with Plaskon cap, $5. Others to $12.50.

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★

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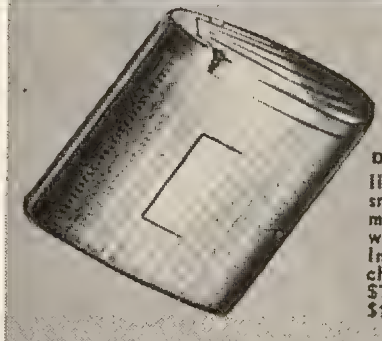

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GARBO LOVES NAPOLEON

and (in the person of Mr. Boyer) he steals a picture from her—Comedy and a footlight romance engage a trio of stars

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★½ CONQUEST

THE PLAYERS: Greta Garbo, Charles Boyer, Reginald Owen, Allan Marshal, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erikson, Dame May Whitty, C. Henry Gordon, Maria Ouspenskaya, Claude Gillingwater, George Houston, George Zucco, Noble Johnson, George Givot, Scotty Beckett, Henry Kolker, Ivan Lebedeff, Bodil Rosing, Lois Meredith, Oscar Apfel, Betty Blythe, Vladimir Sokoloff. Screen play by Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel, and S. N. Behrman, based on a novel by Waclaw Gasiorowski and an English play adaptation by Helen Jerome. Directed by Clarence Brown. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 112 minutes.

NOW that egomaniacs are again in the saddle in foreign lands, this study of the supermonomaniac of all time, Napoleon, has a certain timely interest.

Here you have a romantic phase in the career of the Man of Destiny: his infatuation for a Polish countess, Marie Walewska, who gave up her elderly wealthy husband to enjoy her few stolen moments with him. Napoleon met the Countess—she was eighteen, he was thirty-seven—in the old Prussian castle of Finckenstein, and he paused momentarily in his bloody path across Europe. The film exaggerates her bit in his career of turning the world topsy-turvy, but on the whole it does not wander overfar from fact.

The role of the countess who first used her wiles to aid her homeland, Poland, and then fell in love with the invader provides an interesting character for Greta Garbo. She plays her sympathetically—but Walewska is not her best part. Charles Boyer steals the picture as Napoleon. Indeed, he is the first real Bonaparte your Beverly Hills has ever glimpsed on stage or screen. He makes the stormy Corsican's consuming passion for power very real; he vividly pictures the lonely, burning fire that made it possible for the young officer of artillery to shake the thrones of the world.

In brief: The bad actor of 1800 becomes a best performance of 1937. The film itself is a little too long.

VITAL STATISTICS: Before we go any further: It's Vahlevska, so don't go around saying Walooska. Studio almost called it Mme. Walewska, but Conquest is easier on the tongue and the marquee. . . . Conquest cost $3,800,000—Garbo getting her trifling $250,000, and Boyer a mere $100,000; Clarence Brown about $75,000 for holding the megaphone. . . . They flung up 91 sets—from a tiny room to a castle—for this; used 2,000 extras in the ballroom scene and all the Hollywood army in the war scenes. . . . Boyer is Garbo's 18th screen boy friend. The Swedish sphinx likes milk, and the milkman who delivers milk to her on the set morning and afternoon is privileged to see her. Between scenes she wears an old Swedish shawl; for exercise strides up and down back of the sound stages like a man on stilts. She hates to dress up; laments she has to make her living doing it. She drinks coffee every morning at 10, is almost a vegetarian, seldom touches meat. She never starts a picture on Monday; it's a superstition with her. She just changed her cameraman for the first time in 11 years. Chose fat, genial, Teutonic ex-megger Karl Freund because he doesn't believe in shooting women with haloes round their curls but just as they are in natural lighting. This is the first Polish woman she's ever played; she reads avidly to keep up with the modern world. . . . Clarence Brown and Chollie Boyer (rented from Walt Wanger) had an agreement that each would give the other a swift kick in the pants if caught inserting the fingers under the third button of the Napoleonic vest on screen or off. The idea was to humanize Napoleon, and the story is that Napoleon didn't keep his hand there for dignity but because he had the stomach-ache most of the time—thanks to chronic indigestion. Rubbed it a lot. Boyer was chosen to play Napoleon partly because their heights vary by only a half inch, they both knew French, their heads are 98 per cent identical. Boyer lived entirely surrounded by Napoleon pictures for weeks, in an effort to get to look like the Little Corporal. . . . Brown is Hollywood's quietest, least exhibitionistic, most successful director; has a deft quiet way with Garbo, who trusts him, never argues with him, gets confidence from him.

★ ★½ IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER

THE PLAYERS: Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Eric Blore, George Barbier, Patric Knowles, Spring Byington, Georgia Caine, Veda Ann Borg, Bonita Granville, Valerie Bergere, E. E. Clive, Thomas Pogue, Sarah Edwards, Harvey Clark, Grace Fields, Thomas Mills, Ed Mortimer. Screen play by Casey Robinson from a story by Maurice Hanline. Directed by Archie Mayo. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 90 minutes.

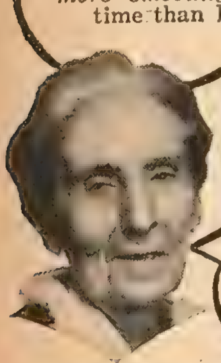
HOLLYWOOD is trying hard to make a comedian out of Leslie Howard, but with the returns in from only two thirds of the precincts, I am afraid the result shows the erstwhile Romeo has not been elected a farceur.

Here he plays a hammish Shakespearean star actually in love with his Juliet, but continually quarreling with her and cheating on her when he dares. The wordy battles continue from Juliet's bier to hotel suites, from hotel suites to the canvas gardens of fair Verona. Then a lovesick Pasadena heiress, bent upon acquiring the star, breaks into the field of action.

The events are only fairly amusing. Mr. Howard is passably diverting as the roving Romeo, Eric Blore helps considerably as the actor's harassed valet who goes in for bird calls. But the talented Bette Davis is wasted completely in the part of the Juliet who almost loses her Romeo in Pasadena.

VITAL STATISTICS: Eric Blore is probably the leading scene stealer of Hollywood, yet he was once booed off the London music-hall stage because his number held up the appearance of favorite headliner Harry Lauder. Blore started being funny in touring vodvil troupes, known as

Countess and Conqueror—a scene from the film Conquest, co-starring Garbo and Boyer.



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concert parties. These played inside or outside of theaters all over the English provinces. In time his restrained mugging landed him on the first-rate stage, then all over the English colonies. He came to Hollywood via New York musicomedy; has rarely played anything but butlers. . . . This is the third time Davis & Howard have been teamed! . . . Bette was born Ruth Elizabeth; had a drab, plain girlhood. There is French-Huguenot blood in her, strict Calvinism in her stock from way back. Bette likes the simple life, hates posing for stills, doesn't mind interviews, plays a fast game of tennis, and her only hobby is raising gardenias and collecting press clippings. . . . All the leading film queens like playing opposite Lezz Howard—he has that sympatico touch, y'know. Lezz is a fine photographer. Likes polo best of all sports; is quite the fox hunter. . . . Olivia de Havilland and George Brent are rumored that way; she can't cook, but doesn't let it worry her. She goes in heavily for clay modeling; says she doesn't know what it is to be blue, broke, or married; spends most of her spare money on flowers; was born in Tokyo; is only 21; is careful about what she puts in her mind; likes her solitude; is a Reinhardt American product; likes to sit in public parks with an easel and water colors; insists on being interviewed at lunch because the food takes her mind off herself.

★ ★½ NON STOP NEW YORK

THE PLAYERS: Anna Lee, John Loder, Francis Sullivan, Frank Cellier, Desmond Tester, Athene Seyler, William Dewhurst, Drusilla Wills, Jerry Verno, James Pirrie, Ellen Pollock, Arthur Goullett, Peter Ball, Tony Quinn, H. G. Stoker. Screen play by Roland Pertwee and J. O. C. Orton from a novel, Sky Steward, by Ken Attiwill. Directed by Robert Stevenson. Produced by Gaumont-British. Running time, 70 minutes.

HIGH excitement on a vast three-deck transatlantic plane of the future. There is a stowaway—a pretty English chorus girl—trying to get back to America to testify and save the life of a man unjustly convicted of murder. The other passengers include a New York gangster posing as a South American general and bent upon erasing the chorine, a handsome Scotland Yard man, a blackmailer, and a boy violin prodigy. They all get mixed up in the adventures.

Unfortunately, the early part of this thriller is unreasonable and far-fetched. But once murderous events get under way on the speeding ocean plane, action picks up. You almost find yourself believing the yarn.

VITAL STATISTICS: For this Gaumont built a giant air liner, being careful, however, not to let imagination run riot. Only in size does studio claim it's excessive, but thinks it's the ship of tomorrow and a conservative one at that. The plane was built boner-proof, and studio defies any aviator or radioman to detect a flaw in it. It is perfect in every detail but one: it cannot leave the ground. . . . Carrot-topped 18-year-old Desmond Tester's an English screen boy prodigy; usually plays prodigy roles. Started as a legit actor at 12. His best part was that of the boy King Edward VI in Nine Days a Queen. He's a big shot on the British wireless; has wowed them with his radiolization of Oliver Twist. He lives in the country with his mother, who acts as his business manager, agent, adviser, money saver, laundry sender outer, inspirer. He wants to be a gentleman farmer, emphasizing the breeding of game birds. He has lots of freckles; is a polished actor, well educated. . . . John Loder's big, powerful, pleasant-mugged, hard-working, sensitive. He's also England's most constant leading man. An Eton boy, he stepped from the playing fields to the battlefields, joined the Hussars at 17 and saw service in Gallipoli, Egypt. Later he got a taste of the Somme at war's end. Was wounded, taken prisoner by the Germans, kept in a prison camp till 1918. After release he was made a military courier and did dangerous diplomatic work around the Balkans. Korda made a movie actor of him in that star maker Henry VIII. Loder's had a crack at Hollywood; didn't care much for it; is married to Micheline Cheirel, a popular French Lombard; makes French versions as easily as English; likes to ride, ski, swim, fish, sail. . . . Anna Lee has wavy silken hair, a matchless figure, and what it takes, but she confesses always as having been in rebellion against her beauty, and fought against being called England's Glamor Girl.

★ ★ MERRY-GO-ROUND OF 1938

THE PLAYERS: Bert Lahr, Jimmie Savo, Billy House, Mischa Auer, Alice Brady, Joy Hodges, Louise Fazenda, John King, Barbara Read, Beverly Ann, Dave Apollon and his orchestra, Howard Cantonwine, Charley Williams. Screen play by Dorian Otvos and Monte Brice, based on a story by Mr. Brice and Henry Myers. Directed by Irving Cummings. Produced by Universal. Running time, 87 minutes.

ALL the Hollywood producers are trying their hands at the song-and-dance film, with a more or less complete lack of success. For one thing, there aren't enough comics to go around. This has four, three of them comparatively new to celluloid.

The early story sounds promising. The members of the Grand Street Comedy Four adopt a little girl when her mother, an aerialist, is killed on the stage. Here you see what happens when little Sally has grown to young womanhood and the Comedy Four, gray in the dying world of vaudeville, has a tough time making all ends meet.

Mischa Auer is the only member of the vaudeville quartet you will recognize easily—and he isn't at his best here. The other three—Bert Lahr, Jimmie Savo, and Billy House—are far from funny and pretty much at sea in knowing how to get a film laugh. Joy Hodges, as the grown-up ward, isn't a movie type, either.

VITAL STATISTICS: The chorus ladies broke 600 lbs. of china plate in the You're My Dish number. Putting on four dances cost the studio about $1,000 a minute—in salaries alone! . . . The Brady screen house is the largest indoor house ever built in Hollywood, and they tell me the designers went simply mad with cellophane on the charity-show set, stringing up 5 million yards of it. . . . Inside dope: All the cigarette smoke you see on the screen is supplied by Bee Smokers—tin cans squipped with spout, bellows, and white smudge goo. . . . Born in New York, Bert (Gong Gong) Lahr failed as a bundle caddie, office boy, and truck driver; nasalized his tenor way into burlesque, wearing the whiskers of a Scotch comic before he could shave. Then batted his cockeyed way around the burlesque, vodvil, musicomedy wheels until he became a big radio star. . . . Jimmie Savo is from New York; had a tough time fighting his way up through burlesque, vodvil, and musicomedy to the heights. . . . Billy House is a cute little thing of 290 lbs., but surprisingly agile in getting it around. He's really William Howard Comstock of Mankato, Minn. The Shuberts made him a Bway fixture. He is a summer native of Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, a whale of a port, where he is an authority on how to cut up a whale, antique furniture and gags. . . . Beverly Ann is only 4 and drums that way because her great-gramper drummed in the Civil War. . . . Joy Hodges has sung for Ozzie Nelson's, Carl Lofner's, Dave Apollon's swingsters and was busy chorusing for Jimmy Greer's tinpanatics when she got the screen call for this.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola.

★★★½—Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad.

★★★—The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole.

FREE AIR *from a* TAXI PILOT

Shorty runs into a streak of luck—all bad—What a man!

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

HIYA, Mazie?

Slip me a order of spare ribbs and a pot of Boston's, eh, kid? How's the ham and hash racket? Fine? That's too bad. Why? Well, I was in hopes it would be on the fritz so me and you could go against the Lohengren like I said. Theys no future in this beanery business for a neat little job like you. Holy smoke, you don't want to become a mop-mary all your life, do you? What *you* need is a swell husband like *me.* Get it? I'm telling you kid, we could be as happy as two fleas on a Great Dane if you'd only say the word.

By the way, I was up to see that cut-rate furniture outfit that blasts on the air and they welcomed me with open arms. They showed me that "Louie the Fourteenth Special" I told you about, and when I gave them a peek at your pitcher in the bathing suit they offered to throw in a clothe's wringer free of charge if I could persuade you to go for the Love, Honor, and Oh Boy stuff before their "clearence sale" runs out. Honest, Mazie, that Louie the Fourteenth bed is a honey. It has a clothes pole on each corner and a awning over the top to keep the flies out and everything. Oh-h-h-h, and is it *soft!* Phew! Honest, it's just like laying in a rice pudding.

Hey, Mazie you're not even listening to me. What's that? You don't want to settle down and get married—yet? You're stuck on some one else? Who? That big prarie comedian who works on the docks? On the square, Mazie, I had you pegged for more sense. What d'y' mean, he went to college? Say, he's full of irium! Just because he hurled you a smile and poured you a lunch is no reason for you to go hook, line, sinker, clams, and half the lake. Pass the mustard, please, while I steam!

Of course I ain't jealous or nothing, but *I* went to college once myself. A *real* college—"Mulligan's Auto College." Believe me, they was no barging around in sport coups or smootching debbies in that knowledge box, take it from me. When I got through majoring in crankcases and mufflers I looked like a hostess from the business end of a coal mine, don't think I didn't. I may not have won a goatskin for a graduation prize, Mazie, but when I start to pitch and fling woo, Tyronie's Power has nothing on me. Get it? Gimme a kiss!

Say, while I'm at it, let me tell you what happened to me last week. Talk about your bum breaks, give a listen!

The other morning, I was sitting in my cab trying to figure out my taxi installments, when who trucked out of the Ritz-Plaza but an old dame I took for a dowager. Gee whizz, she had a pearl-handled gravy strainer in one of her dukes with shatterproof cheaters hooked to it. From the look of the six pounds of sparklers wrapped around her neck I knew she was filthy with dough. To add to her scenery, she was dripping with sables.

With her was a chalk-faced juvenile about eighty with one leg in a creamatory and the other on an empty banana. He sported a pair of plus fours and a floorwalker's shiver sheet that fit him like a plasterer's apron. To top the fun, he smoked a merchum pipe as big as a stewpot. Let's have a pot of hot water and drop one of those tea tonsils in it, hey?

Well, the old pair waddled over to my cab and hopped in.

"I say, old chappie," said the old bird, "take us for a jaunt about the park, will you?"

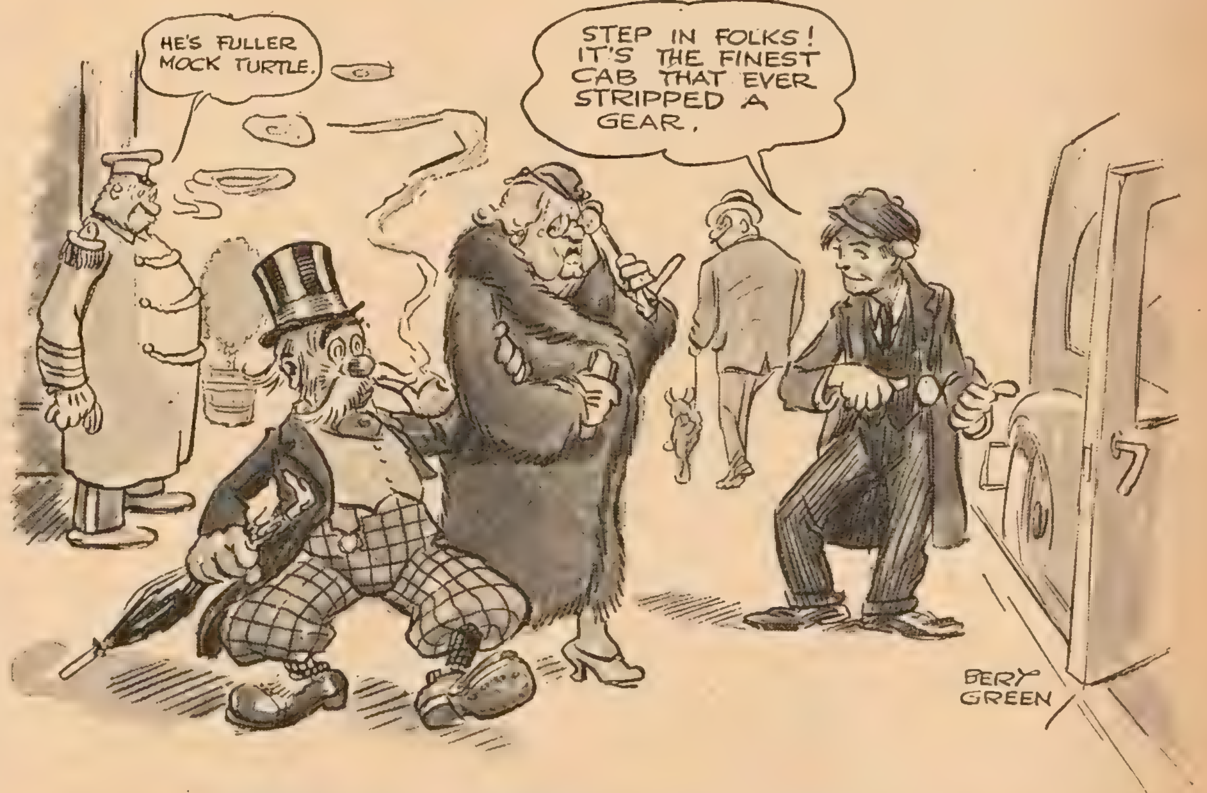
"With the greatest of pleasure," I told him.

So I threw in what remained of my second gear and started on my merry way. Before I had gotten to the park, he told me to "tyke it easy as the madam was ailing and 'e was 'ighly nervous."

Well, Maze, feeling *sure* of a swell tip, I settled down for a nice ride. As I was sniffing the morning dew and listening to the birds sing I was patting myself on the back for having picked up such a swell old pair of fossils. I had just gotten opposite Al Smith's zoo when I heard a hell of an explosion in the rear. Holy mackerel, without thinking, I stepped on the brakes. Come to find out, one of the rear tires had a hole in it you could toss a lounge through. Not only that, but when I looked *inside,* the two old cronies were *out* as stiff as a board. So I hailed another cab and asked the driver if he'd beat it to a drugstore and get me some Automatic Spirits of Amonia. When the sap returned, he put the bite on me for six bits for his trouble. Between reviving the couple and changing the flat, I had *some* party. When they came too, they threatened to take a run-out powder on me, so I gave them the number two sales talk and begged them to stick, saying I had eight starving kids and expected to be streeted that night. The pay-off was, the guy slipped me a sawbuck and asked me to call for them *every morning at ten.* Whata break!

Leave me have a bowl of that Cottage Pudding, Mazie, and never mind the porch!

Anyhoo, later in the afternoon—as I was delivering a fat dame in Brooklyn—who came up to me but four dutchmen with fishing poles, bate boxes, and enough junk to sink a Glouster fishing smack. They wanted to know if I would reduce the rap and take them to Sheepshead Bay, as they wanted to do a little moonlight fishing.


HE'S FULLER MOCK TURTLE.
STEP IN FOLKS! IT'S THE FINEST CAB THAT EVER STRIPPED A GEAR.
BERT GREEN

With her was a chalk-faced juvenile about eighty.

Words and picture by BERT GREEN

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VICKS medicated COUGH DROP

Thinking I could horn in myself, I pulled down the iyron flag and made the rap fifty cents the each.

When we reached the dock we went aboard a little tub called the "Maggie McNasty," and they promised they wouldn't be gone long. Well, kid, when we got where the fishing grounds were I never had so much fun since I buried my uncle. I caught eels, flounders, skates, dogfish, and a pair of corsets. As for the others, they hooked enough stuff to feed the navy. Oh, but when we started home, that was the beginning of the end. The damned motor wouldn't start! To make things worse, a storm came up and the little tub did the Lindy Hop all over the drink. As for me, all I did was banquet the sardines. Between the tub rolling and the gang trying to crank the cream seperator, we had a lovely time.

Well, Mazie for four hours all we did was bounce around on the frantic Atlantic. All I could think of was my date with the millionares. Rather than blow that, I would have done a Wisemuller through Hell Gate. The upshot was, *I* was tagged to take the engine apart, and that was *some* job. When I finally got the sandworm out of the carburetor, the darned thing went off as sweet as you please. If it hadn't been for the edication I got at Mulligan's Auto College, the gang would have been out there yet.

BY the time we reached the dock it was six bells in the ayem. As soon as I got ashore, I beat it for a pack of butts and when I returned, there were the four dutchmen *cleaning* the *herrings* on my *running boards.* Honest, I was fit to be chained.

Well, to make a short story longer, I finally delivered the gang and by the time I got home I was ample all in. Instead of bathing the cab like usual, I threw it under the shed and quilted myself down for an hour's shut-eye. For some reason the drug-store ticker failed to go off, and when I woke up it was 9.30. Hot damn, I jumped in the trap and put everything to the floor. When I reached the Ritz-Plaza the old cronies were just coming out. Sister, was I lucky.

"Good morning," he said, as fresh as a daisy.

"Good morning," I tossed back, trying to hide the Gladstone bags under my lamps.

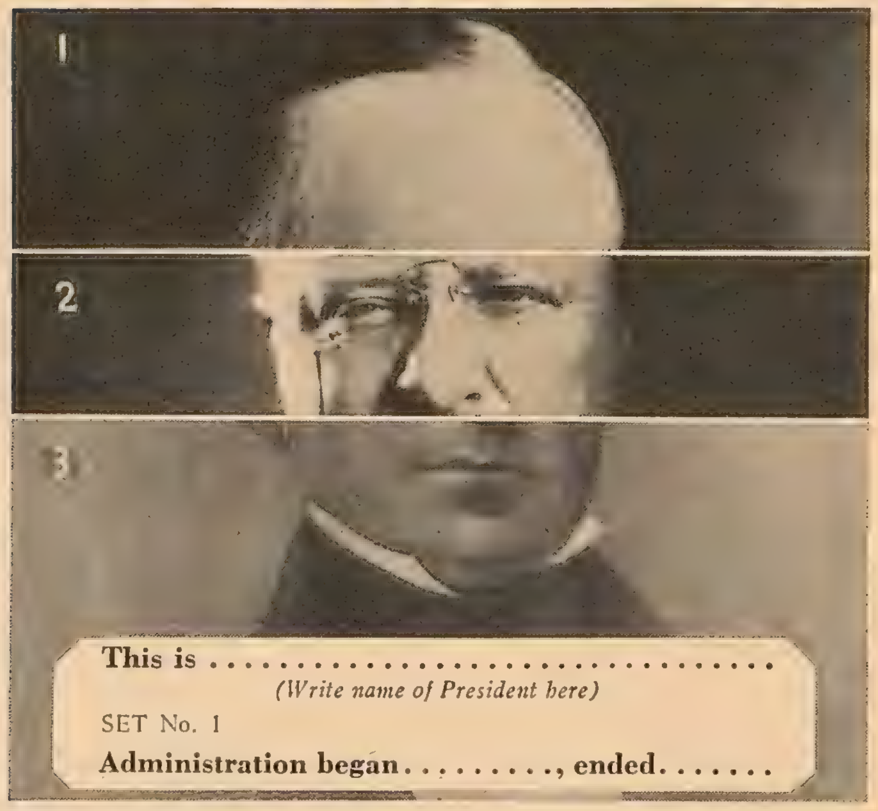
Without saying more, I opened the door of the hack and out popped *sixteen alley cats, four eels,* and *enough flies* to *fog a fish market.* When the pair saw *that,* they gave me a terrible look and copped a sneak.

What are yer laffin at, Mazie? That ain't funny.

Listen, kid. From now on if any tomatoes tries to take me fishing, I'm going to give the tire iron a workout. G-r-r-r! So long, kid. I've got to screw along and find some new customers. Cheerio.

More mirthful moments in the life of our hero will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

LIBERTY'S $2,500 CASH PRIZE
GAME OF PRESIDENTS



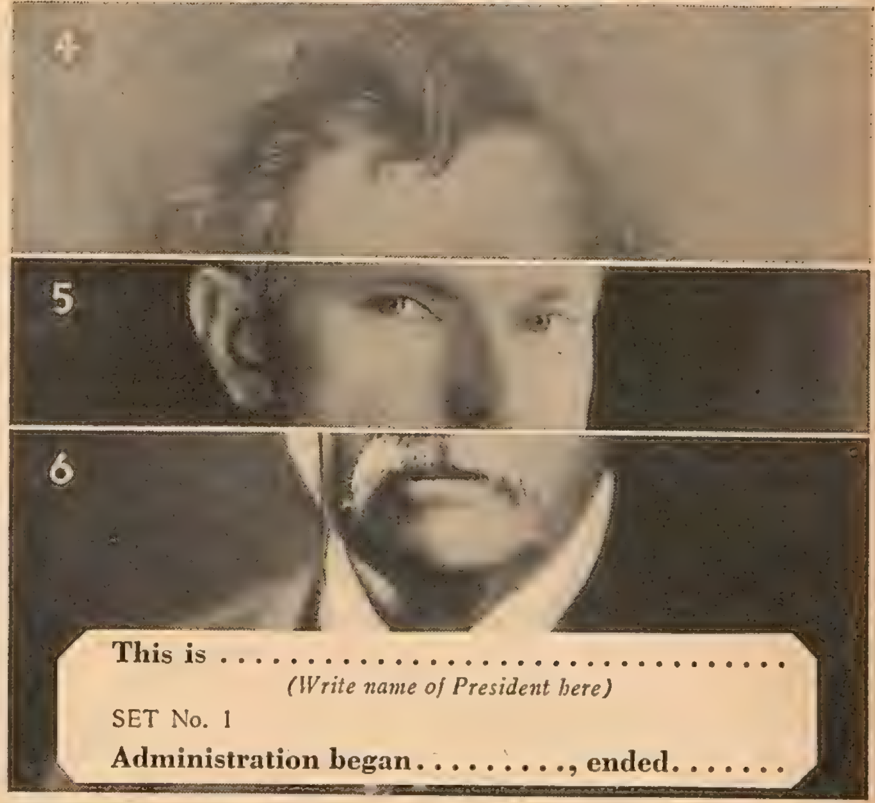
This is ....
(Write name of President here)
SET No. 1
Administration began.........., **ended**.......

The forehead is of one who took the oath of office twice in one month; the eyes and nose are of one who was famous as an explorer as well as an officer of volunteers; the mouth and chin are of a brigadier general.

IDENTIFY the Presidents and win a share of Liberty's $2,500 cash-prize fund! Your chance to be among the 273 winners of worth-while sums of money is excellent. You can win the $500 cash first prize! Get into this instructive, entertaining game right now! The rules tell exactly what to do in order to win. The clues supplied under each composite will put you on the right track and make your identifications accurate. Perhaps you will not even need to refer to the clues. So much the better. Be sure you save all identifications until your set of thirty is complete. Watch for the next three composites next week in Liberty!

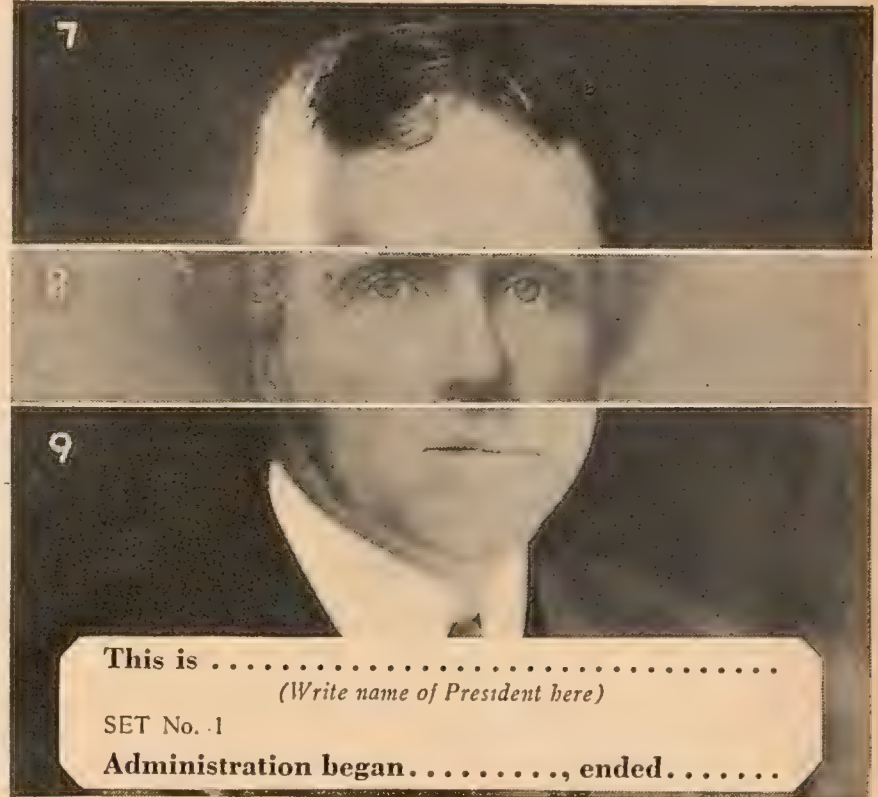
PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.
2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.
3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.
5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.
6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.
9. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, February 23, 1938, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.



This is ....
(Write name of President here)
SET No. 1
Administration began.........., **ended**.......

The forehead is of a son of the governor of a New England state; the eyes and nose are of a native of the Green Mountain State; the mouth and chin are of one who lived on a North Dakota ranch and hunted.



This is ....
(Write name of President here)
SET No. 1
Administration began.........., **ended**.......

The forehead is of a relative of a Collector of the Port of New York; the eyes and nose are of one who was a native of New Hampshire; the mouth and chin are of a New England storekeeper's son.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	**$500**
SECOND PRIZE	**200**
THIRD PRIZE	**100**
70 PRIZES, each $10	**700**
200 PRIZES, each $5	**1,000**
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	**$2,500**

Or ELSE!

By Scott Littleton

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

A GUY can't help it if he looks like somebody else, can he?

I'd been kidded so much because I looked like Geoffrey Ford that I'd almost gotten used to it. Not that I had anything against Ford; I'd never met him personally, and he was supposed to be one of the most regular guys in Hollywood, even if he did draw down ten grand a week as America's top screen lover.

But, you see, I was a police officer. A young dick. And it's no asset in this business to look pretty. The only way I didn't look like Ford, people used to say, was that he had a mustache and I didn't. One of those little black sheik zitzes.

All of which will give you a rough idea of how I felt the day Cap Zimmerman of the Extortion Detail sent for me and, just as serious as you please, told me I'd have to grow one.

" One of those little ones," he said.

I couldn't figure what the old boy was getting at. Then there was a knock at his office door and he called, " Come in! " I turned around. There, standing in the doorway, was *me,* if you get what I mean.

" Good morning, Mr. Ford," Cap said, getting up to meet him.

Except for tailor-made clothes and the mustache, *me!*

" This is the officer I was telling you about, Mr. Ford," I heard Cap say. " Meet Officer Shawhan, Mr. Ford."

He gave a big grin and stuck out his hand like I'd seen him do it a lot of times on the screen. I stuck out mine and we shook. America's Great Lover and me!

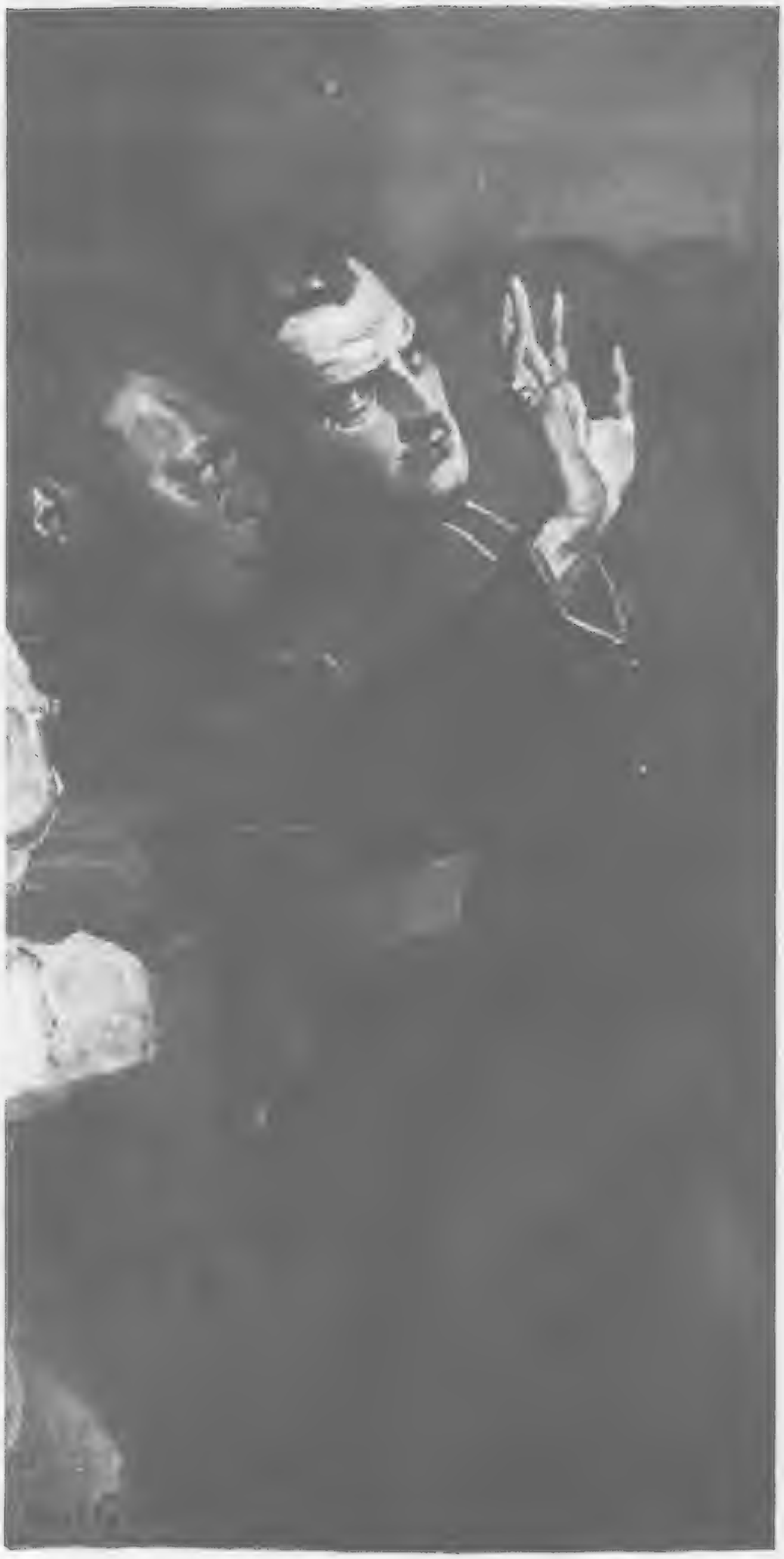
Then we all started laughing and sat down. Cap hadn't talked a minute before I realized I was in for a job of work. Hollywood, you know, is the happy hunting ground for shakedown artists. They were trying to take Ford, Cap explained. No sex angle. Acid was going to be thrown in Ford's face if he didn't lay ten grand on the line!

The extortion notes hadn't come to him through the mail, or it would have been a case for the F. B. I. They'd been wrapped around weights and thrown on to the terrace of his place in the Hollywood hills, so it was a case for us. One of them—there were three in all—had been tied on to a bottle of vitriol which had broken and eaten a hole in his lawn. No handwriting or typewriting check on the notes was possible, because the words had been cut out of newspapers and magazines and pasted together to make the messages.

" I still haven't the slightest idea where they came from, captain," Ford said. " But I'll admit they've gotten me worried."

" They've got us worried, too," Cap said. He said he'd had two men on duty out at Ford's place day and night since Ford reported the thing, but that there hadn't been any more notes and nothing out of the way since they'd been there. He said he'd made a thorough check of all of Ford's personal and studio contacts, without result.

All that was left to do, he said, was to go through with the pay-off and try to pick up the extortioner that way. And that, it seemed, was where *I* was going to come in! All I needed was the mustache.



He pulled me away from the windows. The wall was a curtain of white smoke. Vitriol!

A detective-author gives you another gripping tale—of a Hollywood mystery and a hero's reward

I'll say this for Ford: he was perfectly willing to go through with the thing himself. The notes told him just where he was to be at a certain time—still a week off—with the dough, and he was all set to be there with it, if we wanted him to.

"Mr. Shawhan's face means just as much to him as mine does to me, captain."

"Not by ten thousand a week," Cap came back at him. "Besides, this kind of thing is his business, just like acting is yours."

"It isn't fair—"

"We're the best judges of that, Mr. Ford," Cap said. "The main thing is to grab the sender of those notes; and that's going to take a man who knows what he is doing."

Cap was just trying to make me feel good, I guess. But I could see how Ford felt about it. He was a nice guy; he was all right. Finally he gave in.

Besides the way the notes were gotten up, the arrangement made for the pay-off showed that the extortioner was pretty smart, even if he should turn out to be a nut. A week from then—which would just give me time enough to raise that zitz—Ford was to take his car and colored chauffeur and drive up to a certain swanky dude ranch in the northern part of the state and stay there as a guest for ten days. He was to lead the daily life of the other dudes, and at some unspecified time during the ten days he would be contacted for the dough. He was always to have it on his person or near at hand, even though ten grand in small denominations made up quite a bulky package, and it would be just too bad for him if he hesitated when the demand came.

On a big piece of open country like that there'd be every opportunity for the extortioner—or extortioners—to see if the coast was clear before they struck. Certainly a flock of dicks couldn't be set in as guests at a place like that without sticking out like sore thumbs, and certainly they couldn't be set in as cow hands, either, without arousing suspicion. For all we knew, the extortioner might be a cow hand. He might be anybody up there.

The sheriff of the county where the ranch was had cooperated one hundred per cent in checking over the people connected with it. But, outside of revealing that a dozen of the ranch people had been in and around Los Angeles at the time the vitriol had been thrown on Ford's lawn, it had turned up nothing. As far as we could find out, not a soul up there knew Ford personally. The guests were a lot of rich Easterners mostly.

IN the week that followed, Ford, bodyguarded night and day, stayed inside his house. At Cap's orders, he gave his colored chauffeur a month's vacation and hired in his place one of our men—a young colored officer named Jimmy Burton, who had been making a good reputation for himself on a beat down in the colored district. Jimmy was unmarried, like I was. He was a good officer and a good guy, and I was tickled to death he was going to play the thing through with me.

Mr. Geoffrey Ford and his man James!

I'll never forget the morning Jimmy and I started out of Ford's place in his Rolls-Royce, headed for that ranch, with a dummy package that was supposed to contain ten grand, and a thousand dollars—real dollars—in my kick that Ford had insisted on giving me for spending money.

"It's all yours, and I don't care what you do with it," he said. "Get the idea?"

I got the idea all right, and it was O. K. by me. It was O. K. by Jimmy, too, when I slipped him crap money out of it.

We got up there in the late afternoon; it was about a three-hundred-mile drive. And we arrived there cold sober, too, believe it or not. Because both of us knew that from there on out it was going to be no kidding.

There was a gatekeeper's house at the gate across the dirt road leading from the highway to the ranch house proper about a mile farther on. I remember how, as we approached it, Jimmy and I got our rods out and put them handy just inside our belts, and how I put the dummy package across my knees in plain sight. For all we knew, the play might begin then and there; the gatekeeper was on our list as one who'd been away from the ranch at the time the vitriol had been thrown.

But he was just an old Buffalo Bill kind of a guy with a mouth full of chewing tobacco—although he certainly acted a little suspiciously, at that. He had a funny glint in what looked like his good eye, which he kept right on the package I was holding while he asked us who we were and if we had reservations. Then he stopped looking at it and opened the gate for us. I was disappointed. Not so much because he wasn't our man as because he hadn't recognized me as America's Sweetheart. Had just taken a big spit for himself and gone on back inside his house.

But they recognized me when we got to that ranch house! Hell—you'd have thought Jimmy and me were Edward and Wallie. Jimmy drew up to the porch and jumped out and opened the door for me like nobody's business. I climbed out. You could almost hear the bosoms of all the gals there heaving. The old gals too.

There was no use worrying much about extortioners at that point; there were too many people there. Jimmy and I had both slipped our rods back into our pants pockets.

I guess I'd signed six autographs before I got through that crowd to the ranch office to register. Yes, I'd practiced Ford's signature.

Jimmy followed me in with part of our hand luggage, and they showed us a suite of rooms that would have been tops in any hotel; it was that kind of a dude ranch. And I say "us" because right off I insisted that Jimmy was my valet as well as my chauffeur, and that he always stayed with me everywhere, and that he was to live in my suite with me instead of out in the servants' quarters. He was also my groom, I told them, and would probably ride with me daily.

They probably thought I was crazy, but it got over. *Somebody* on that ranch wasn't going to think I was crazy before those ten days were up, if things worked out right!

The dudes soon got used to having Geoffrey Ford in their midst, and settled down, I guess, to writing home about what a queer duck he was about a lot of things. Nice and democratic and a big spender, but queer. Always being tagged after by a colored groom—you should have seen Jimmy in jodhpurs or whatever it is they call those things—and always carrying around with him a package of something, like he was afraid he was going to lose it. Scenarios, probably. . . .

One day, out riding, a guy whose looks I hadn't liked from the first got me off by myself and started asking me about it in a way I thought was sure-fire. But by the time Jimmy had ridden up alongside I could see it was no go. The guy had only been curious, like the rest.

I just went on carrying it, and kidding about it, and waiting. Sometimes Jimmy carried it for a change, when we were out riding together. It was always in plain sight on the table of my living room when I threw parties there. And believe you me, I threw parties!

I concentrated on the dudes, and Jimmy concentrated on the cow hands and the hired help. He concentrated pretty well, too. The hundred I'd given him for crap money had become two hundred by the third day we were there, and he was throwing parties himself, out in the bunkhouses. A great guy, Jimmy Burton. You should have seen him at my parties, in his white coat, doing his James act—with his rod always tucked just out of sight inside his pants, like mine was!

At the end of the sixth day you might say we were getting a little worried. Nothing had happened, and the question was—was it going to? In an extortion case you have to make the guy come right out in the open and declare himself—say "Or else!"—otherwise you've got nothing but a circumstantial case, with a jury to worry about.

Late in the afternoon of that sixth day, after we'd come in from our usual ride, Jimmy and I locked ourselves in our suite and talked things over.

We decided the time had come to force the guy's hand, if we could. And we thought our best bet was a doctor about sixty years old, named Byram. He was a kind of slinky old party who wore thick-lensed glasses and was always looking over the top of them at you, like he was sizing you up, and then looking away quickly when you caught his eye. In the second place, he kept pretty much to himself—riding by himself most of the time in out-of-the-way places on the ranch. He never came to any of my parties. In the third place, he was from Los Angeles and had only been up there a week before we got there.

The guy *could* have done it. The only trouble was, I'd had a check run on him down home which had turned up nothing.

"He's it," Jimmy insisted.

"I'd bet on it, but I'm not sure," I said.

We decided we'd start the smoking-out process by giving a farewell party that evening, at which I'd announce I was leaving next day. That would give the guy a reason for trying to stop me. Anyhow, Jimmy went out to get ready for the shindig, and I picked up our package and went out to round up the customers.

Damned if the first guy I ran into wasn't Doc, coming in from his usual afternoon ride alone! And, as usual, it seemed like he was trying to avoid me. I followed him to where we were out of sight and hearing of anybody else, and just about stuck that package under his nose.

"I'm giving a farewell party tonight, doctor," I said, "and I sure wish you could come."

"You mean—you are leaving us?" he said. I thought he sounded kind of worried.

"Yes," I said. "I've been up here six days—and not much has happened."

He looked away from me kind of nervously, I thought. I was practically handing that package to him, and—always discounting for imagination—it sure looked as though he was interested as hell in it.

I got all set for the approach, even though Jimmy wasn't on hand as an additional witness. Then:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Ford," he said, "but I'm afraid I shall have to decline your invitation—tonight."

The way he hit that "tonight" certainly sounded like the business!

"I'm very sorry, too," I said. "I was counting on you."

He mumbled something, then turned and walked off, leaving me standing there. For just a second I had a notion to run after him and tell him to cut out the monkey business and ask for his dough. But just then a crowd of dudes came out on the porch and called to me, and that was that. . . .

I THREW my farewell party that night, and it was a humdinger. Practically everybody in the place was there except Byram, and the thing didn't break up until the small hours. It was about three in the morning, I guess, when our last drunk staggered off to his room and Jimmy and I were left alone. I'll have to admit that I was just about able to navigate myself at that point.

I was in my pajamas and stumbling toward my bed from the bathroom when the thing whistled past my ear and smashed with a loud pop against the wall. It came through one of the open bedroom windows. Jimmy had just opened them and had gone to his room next door.

He heard it and came running. He dove for the light switch and pulled me away from the windows.

The wall where the thing had hit was a curtain of white smoke, drifting slowly toward us. And I'm telling you the first whiff I got of the stuff sobered me cold. Vitriol!

It took a few seconds, I guess, for us to get ourselves together. Then we both made a dive for our rods and went out of that room. We didn't try to pull up the window screens; we just kicked them out. Dropping down on to the ground outside, we looked all around us, but couldn't see a soul. Couldn't hear a sound. The ground surface was hard-packed gravel, so there weren't any footprints.

I thought fast. If we followed it right up, there might be a chance of catching the guy, maybe with vitriol on him. But suppose we didn't find our man—would he ever make an approach again, realizing we weren't there to pay off but were out to get him? Ford was up there to pay off, wasn't he, because he was scared stiff?

No; for the time being, the only way to play it was the other way. Jimmy agreed with me, and we piled back through those windows like we were scared to death, after all. We closed the windows, pulled the curtains across them, and switched on the lights.

That bitter-smelling smoke was still floating in the room. And the wall was still smoldering. About a yard of the wallpaper had been eaten off, and the floor was smoking, too, where the stuff was dripping down. It had been tossed at me in what, from the fragments, must have been a corked test tube. The kind doctors use.

We were tickled pink. What had happened proved that we weren't up at that ranch on any wild-goose chase, and that if we played it right we'd be almost sure to pick up the extortioner sooner or later. After all, we still had four days to go on the ten he had specified.

We decided to notify the management in the morning that I had changed my mind about leaving and would stay on four days more. And, since the thing hadn't attracted any notice as yet, we decided to say nothing about it. We pushed a bureau over to cover the burnt place on the wall and changed the rugs around. I'd explain the busted window screens as being due to my party.

As for Doc Byram, we were practically sure, now, that he was the guy. The test tube seemed to cinch it.

With my package in my hand, I made it my business to meet him in the morning at breakfast. Jimmy was hanging around right outside the dining-room doors, in his jodhpurs.

“Good morning, doctor,” I said, sitting down alongside of him. “We certainly had a time last night.”

“Did you?” was all he said, giving me one of his owl looks.

“You probably heard us,” I said.

“I am a very sound sleeper,” he said, digging into his grapefruit.

“I've decided to stay on awhile,” I went on. “Four days longer.”

I looked right at him when I said it, and shoved my package right up against his silverware. But all he did was blink at it and pull his silverware closer to his plate.

“I find it healthier for me—to stay, doctor,” I said.

“I'm glad you do,” the guy said. Then all of a sudden he got up, wiped his mouth, and left without saying any more. Again the notion to follow him and shoot the works came over me—but again there was an interruption.

A newcomer. A woman—a young woman. And I'm not kidding when I tell you she was the most gorgeezusly beautiful thing in the female line I'd ever seen in my life.

I just sat there looking at her with my mouth open, I guess. And then—damned if she didn't look over at me and break out in a smile.

“Why, Mr. Ford!” she said, coming over to me quickly and holding out her hand. “I had no idea I'd run into *you* here!”

I got up on my feet. The next second her hand was in mine and I was looking into a pair of eyes that were the answers to everything I'd ever asked for, if you get what I mean. The rest of her was, too.

“I had no idea I'd run into *you,*” I heard myself saying, although of course I didn't know the dame.

I HAD enough sense to ask her to sit down and have breakfast with me. It didn't take me long to find out who she was and how long I was supposed to have known her, and about how well. Before she'd finished her egg she and Ford had taken up right where they'd left off in New York about six months before!

She was a Mrs. Helen Farnham, it seemed, and was over in Reno getting a divorce. She'd been in California several times since she'd been in Reno. She hadn't been down to Hollywood, she said, because she hadn't wanted it to get back to Nevada that she was cheating a little on her establishment of residence there.

“You don't blame me, do you?” she asked.

“For coming here?”

“No. For getting rid of Tony.”

“I think Tony is crazy,” I said.

She gave me kind of a funny look, then sighed.

“Maybe he is,” she said. “I don't see why he is fighting it, except for the alimony. Why, he's even had detectives following me around, trying to get something on me! That's one reason I leave Reno whenever I can.”

“You've been here before?”

“Several times.”

She said the ranch was about the safest place she'd found yet to let her hair down a little and relax. She'd come in about midnight, she said, with her maid, and driving her own car. She was up and around that early, she said, because she was tired of eating breakfast in bed.

“So am I,” I told her.

WHEN we got up to go out of the dining room I forgot to pick up my package, and she had to call my attention to it.

“Take care of this, James,” I said to Jimmy as we went out.

I didn't see him again until late in the afternoon.

“You ought to see the brown gal she's got with her!” he said then. “Her name is Barbara, but she told me to call her Bobbie for short.”

“I am ashamed of you, James,” I said.

“I am ashamed of you, Mr. Ford,” he said. So we had a drink on it. . . .

One or the other of us still always carried that package with him; the damned thing was getting half worn out from being lugged around so much. And I'm sorry to admit that Jimmy carried it a whole lot oftener than I did, from then on out. That is, until the last day of the ten we were scheduled to be there.

On the evening before, Helen and I . . . But why go into that? . . .

On the morning of that last day, Jimmy and I put the dames out of our minds for the time being, and spent all the morning riding over the most out-of-the-way places we could find. But nothing happened. Doc Byram, for the first time, was out riding with a party of dudes instead of by himself. It was hard to figure. We'd have bet what was left of Ford's dough that he was the guy!

I didn't see Helen at lunch, and Jimmy didn't see his little brown Bobbie, either. Which was just as well, because we got right back on the job again after lunch.

Along about four o'clock I couldn't stand it any longer.

“I'm going back and throw it up to the so-and-so and call it quits!” I said.

“Let's!” Jimmy said.

We rode back to the ranch house, looking for Byram, but we couldn't find him. They said he hadn't come in. There was a note for me, though, from Mrs. Farnham, the clerk said.

I opened it. Helen wanted me to come to her rooms as soon as I could.

“Wait for me, James,” I told Jimmy, handing him the package.

Helen herself opened the door. She

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had on one of those fancy bathrobes, and my first idea was that she was sick or something. She wasn't smiling and the color was all out of her face.

"What's the matter?" I asked her as I went in and she closed the door.

"Nothing—much," she said. "Sit down."

I sat down on the sofa. She sat down beside me.

"Do you like me, Jeff?" she asked.

"Do I *like* you?" I came back at her, wondering what was coming.

"I think you do," she said, "so I'm going to ask a favor of you. *I want you to give me that package you carry around with you.*"

Ever pick up a kitten in the dark and find it was a skunk? That'll give you a rough idea of how the thing hit me. A girl like her—and vitriol!

As soon as I figured my voice was O. K., I said: "So you're it, Helen."

"What do you mean, it?"

"What do you think I mean?"

She turned whiter than ever. Then she grabbed hard at my arm.

"You've got to give me that package!" she said.

"I know," I said. "Take it easy!"

I wanted to get the "Or else!" out of her, of course. And I wanted Jimmy present when I went into details with her, before making the pinch. So I just said:

"I'll go get it for you, Helen."

I tell you I was sick when I went out of that room. And Jimmy was as knocked for a loop as I was when I told him.

"I wonder what that makes Bobbie," he said.

"I don't know what it makes Bobbie," I said, "but it's going to make her boss into a number!"

TELLING Jimmy to arrive in a few minutes with the package, as though I'd sent for him to bring it, I went back to Helen's rooms. She let me in. I remember wondering where her maid was.

"Where is it?" she asked quickly.

"I sent my man for it," I told her.

She started walking up and down.

"Are you in this thing alone, Helen?" I asked her.

She stopped and kind of caught her breath.

"Yes," she said.

There was a knock. I opened the door before she could get to it, and Jimmy came on into the room, holding the package. I closed the door.

Then I went over with it to Helen. She grabbed at it; but I pushed her hand away.

"Just a second," I said. "What would you do if I *didn't* give it to you?"

She stood there looking at me and trying to make her mouth work. She certainly didn't look like a nut, and she was acting like she was plain scared to death.

"Sure there's nobody else in it with you, Helen?"

She just shook her head, biting hard at her lips.

"Did you throw that stuff into my room the other night?" I asked.

"What stuff?" she asked in a kind of hoarse whisper.

"Vitriol, wasn't it? Your aim wasn't very good."

"*My* aim? Oh, my God!"

Before I could catch her, she pitched forward on to the floor in a dead faint. For a moment or two Jimmy and I just let her lie there. She'd gone and passed out on us without even mentioning that all-important "Or else!"

"We'll get it out of her yet," I said to Jimmy. "I'll grab some water."

SOME curtains with a lot of Indian pictures on them divided the room from the rest of the suite, and I started for them. But I stopped dead in my tracks, and I guess Jimmy froze up too, as they were suddenly thrown open and a man stood there, holding a small glass of something.

Dumb clucks that we were, we'd never even thought of that next room!

And the man wasn't Byram.

It was the old gatekeeper we'd run into when we first hit the ranch! And if I ever saw sheer insanity looking out of a guy's eyes, it was looking out of his.

"It ain't necessary to get her any water," he said. "I got something here she needs a whole lot more!"

I thought I could see the stuff in the glass smoking a little. Then, from the other room, came a little moan.

"Bobbie!" yelled Jimmy, starting forward. He stopped as the guy gave a little twitch to his glass.

"The coon's all right," he said. "I didn't give her none of *this*."

He shifted his cud of tobacco in his mouth and looked at Helen for a moment with his good eye, then at me.

"I don't know which one of you needs this most—her or you," he said.

"I've got the money for you," I said. "Here it is—the whole ten thousand. I'd have given it to you that day at the gate if you'd asked for it."

"It didn't pleasure me to ask you for it, young feller," he said. "And I ain't going to ask you for it now. I don't need money; I can put my hands on millions!" He looked down at his glass and started jiggling it a little. "I don't like pretty people, that's all!"

He grinned, the tobacco juice drooling out of the corners of his mouth. Crazy as a bedbug! Takes a big chance to get his hands on the money and then don't want it!

If we'd had our rods out, it would have been simple. But they were in our pants, which meant going for them. And he could be just as fast, with that glass. . . .

"I told her that if she didn't get that package from you, I'd let the coon have it," he said. "And she'd have gotten that package from you, if she'd had the guts!"

So that had been the play! Bobbie at that maniac's mercy in the next room, and Helen not daring to tell me.

On the floor she began to stir, coming out of it.

"Back to life, eh?" the old guy said, his grin changing to a nasty look and his fingers tightening on his glass. "Well, all the better, sister. You can see it coming!"

I'll never forget the next few seconds. Any sudden movement from any one of us—a scream from the colored girl in the next room—

"I'm the man you want," I said. "I'm Geoffrey Ford, the pretty boy. America's Sweetheart! Look at me!"

"She's just as pretty as you are, young feller," the guy said, without taking his eyes off of Helen.

In a moment Helen would have her eyes open, and that was all he was waiting for. His whole mania was concentrated on her, rather than on me. She'd probably take one look at him, and scream; and then—

I gave a last quick look at Jimmy, and he knew what I was going to do.

The guy began to raise his glass. I threw my arms across my eyes and made a dive for him. . . .

It all seemed to happen at once—that fire hitting me on the hands and arms and the parts of my head that my arms didn't cover. . . . The crash of Jimmy's rod over and over again as he emptied it into the guy. . . . The smell of that awful stuff, mixed up with the smell of my skin. The screams of the women.

The next thing I remember was Doc Byram—funny owl-eyed old Doc Byram, that we'd thought was our man but who just didn't like movie actors—leaning over me saying how lucky it was my eyes were O. K. Then I remember him giving me a shot in the arm and drifting off. . . .

I didn't wake up until next morning. It wasn't hurting so much then, under the mess of bandages my whole head was wrapped up in, with just my eyes showing. And Helen happened to be the only person in my room when I woke up. She'd been there all night with me. She was holding my hand.

"This is for *you*, Timmy Shawhan," she said, leaning over and kissing the bandages where my mouth was. "*Not* for Jeff Ford!"

So she knew!

"Jeff's all right," I told her. "He'd have done the same thing."

Just then Jimmy and Bobbie and Doc Byram came into the room. And they hadn't been there two minutes before my chief came in. He'd flown up during the night. Some newspapermen, he said, were outside.

Jimmy gave me the low-down.

The gatekeeper—Morgan was his name—had gone to Helen's rooms and had told her he'd seen me with her the night before, in the Rolls. Just how much he had seen he hadn't specified; but he said he'd seen enough to pass on to her husband if she didn't play ball. He'd told her he wanted her to ask me for my package—or else! She had started for the phone to call for help, and he had pulled out a bottle of vitriol and had spilled some on the floor, just to show her. . . .

Then Bobbie had come into the room, and he'd had the two of them at his mercy. He had made Helen write that note to me, and then had waited with Bobbie in the next room.

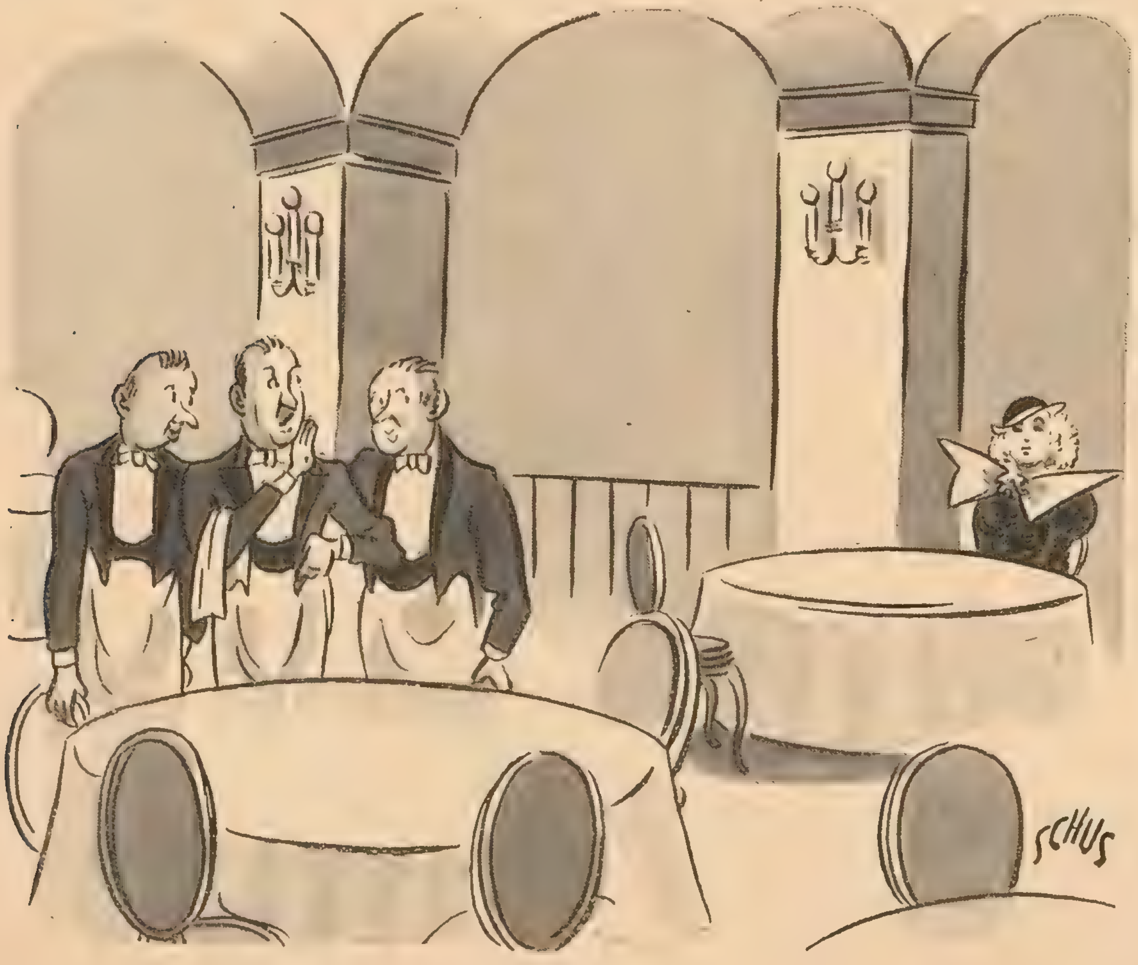
Well, Jimmy married Bobbie, after Helen got her divorce and came down to Los Angeles to live. He's a sergeant now, and a damned good one.

I'm still on the force, and they gave me a couple of two-bit medals, and Jeff Ford will always be good for a touch, I guess. But I'm still a holdout. I'm not going to let any woman marry me out of pity.

Helen. . . . Maybe it isn't pity. I don't know. . . .

I know one thing. Nobody is ever going to kid me again about looking like Ford. Look at me!

THE END



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Too Many Wives

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

AT nineteen, Dick Lombard, a big handsome fellow, enormously rich, and full of the joy of life, marries pretty little Patsy Van Heuten, whose father's ranch, the KX, adjoined Lombardy, the vast acreage belonging to Dick.

For a year their marriage is one of perfect love and happiness despite their difference in physical stamina and mental qualities. Dick is almost brutal in his enjoyment of bodily action and cares little about culture, while Patsy likes books and has written poetry. But she feels sure that God has made them for each other.

Then Craig Wendell, the small pale writer of best sellers, pays them a visit. Almost immediately Dick is jealous of the interest he arouses in Patsy and their " softie " talk of literary things. Out of patience, he blurts that he and Patsy are going to take their customary canter before bedtime.

" On a night like this? " Patsy asks in astonishment, for a terrible storm is raging outside in the darkness.

But Dick is implacable. They ride, and in the fury of the elements Patsy's horse stumbles and she is thrown and seriously hurt.

After she recovers, Patsy feels that something besides physical injury has happened to her—something has happened to her love for Dick. They cannot go on living together, she tells him; they do not really understand each other.

Dick is stunned. Naturally, he blames the silly, sentimental novelist, Craig Wendell, who he thinks has fascinated Patsy during her convalescence.

Enraged, he leaves Lombardy without saying good-by to Patsy and motors like a bat out of hell to New York—a dangerous hunting ground for spoiled young fools of twenty.

A frank, fascinating novel of today's divorcees and a man who learned about love

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

PART TWO—HILARITY AND HEARTBREAK

DICK celebrated his twenty-first birthday in New York—with a dunce's paper cap, appropriately enough, perched on his bright-gold head, spilled champagne soaking the damask before him, and a letter in his pocket from his Reno lawyer. . . . " Your divorce is now a fact. . . . She charged mental cruelty. . . . Mrs. Lombard refused alimony."

Stupid Patsy! Sissy Patsy! Wouldn't even take what she could get! Never had; never would. A softie! T'hell with her!

He raised his glass. Then didn't drink—because a small white face floated in the topaz liquid. Small white face that looked drowned.

" Drink it, Dickie! " the two beautiful girls with red hair—or was she only one?—called from across the table.

" Happy birthday, Dickie! "

" Drink, son. The cops may be here any minute! Drink up! "

Dick stared once more at the tiny face floating in his champagne. Then he flung his glass to the floor.

" Drink *that?* " he asked blankly. " What d'you think I am—a cannibal! "

He stood up. He looked about him with the contemplative air of a building wrecker deciding where to begin. . . . Such a damned elegant speakeasy. Too many striped leopards, too many naked women chasing around the walls! Naked women shouldn't be fat and pink . . . should be little and brown—no, they shouldn't! Shouldn't be naked at all! Or women. . . .

He aimed a water glass at one of the plump Venuses. It smashed more noisily than his champagne glass.

" To hell with women! " he said solemnly. He sat down, satisfied but deflated.

" Dickie's a wit! . . . Will you write a few apt words in my autograph book? "

" Let's go to Perrone's."

" It's closed."

" What's the matter with right here—or has the cellar gone dry? "

" Dickie looks as if he'd seen a ghost. . . . Happy birthday to you. . . . Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday, dear Dickie—" The two beautiful redheaded girls were singing. And they both sounded drunk— " Happy birthday to you! "

Applause started, then quieted. Dick was fumbling with his wallet. " Don't mind me," he said. " Go right on playing marbles. . . . I promised my Aunt Minnie I'd go to bed before sunrise! And I always ride before going to bed."

" We'll *all* do it! Central Park! "

" Goody, goody—in victorias—yes? "

" With horses."

" And drivers with toppers! "

The party pushed back from the table.

" Horse*back*—I ride," Dick stated, as a diminutive coat girl tried to reach high enough to help him heave his great shoulders into his topcoat.

" Dickie wants to ride the horsie. Maybe cabby won't let him."

" Real horses," Dick explained. " Without cabs or cabbies."

BUT the night watchman at the livery stable was adamant. " Not even if I *buy* your damn nags? "

" No, sir. I'm only the watchman; I couldn't be taking the responsibility."

" He's only the watchman! " mimicked Dick, frowning down at the sturdy little Irishman. " Watchman! . . . Don't your bosses know they ought to hire bigger watchmen than you! . . . Look—I could take you in my hands—"

Dick flung out his arms. He looked like a giant, primitive and stupid, there in the rapidly dying night. He flexed his fingers. " I could snap you like a pretzel! Don't you blow that whistle! "

But a tall girl had stepped out of the amused crowd behind Dick. Tall, blonde, sure of herself—and not at all drunk. With one hand she pressed something—a bill no doubt—into the Irishman's fist. With the other she caught Dick's arm in a firm grip.

" Look, big boy," she said. Her voice was cool, authoritative. " These horses aren't any good . . . they're lousy! . . . What you want is good horses—big ones. These are little measly broken-down cab horses. Come up to my place and I'll get mine out for a run! "

She was Lucia Valiant, the women's golf champion. Of the Long Island Valiants—and Palm Beach and the Riviera.

And she looked gorgeous standing there in the light from the street lamp, her fair head almost on a level with Dick's, her broad shoulders carrying the overwhelming

Patsy Lombard

silver-fox cape as though it were thistledown. Besides, Dick knew she wasn't kidding him. Among her other possessions she had horses. So he went along.

The rest of the crowd went too, three taxis full.

"I ride every morning. And it's almost morning now," Lucia told Dick, sitting beside him in the cab, holding his hand in her strong muscular friendly grip, studying him with level gray eyes.

"Do you?" he asked, looking at her as though he was seeing her for the first time. Nice girl. Big girl. He'd met her at parties but never to talk to her much. . . . "I bet you ride well," he conceded. "Big horses."

"They'd have to be big—for me, wouldn't they?" she laughed.

"Hey!" he exclaimed when the taxi stopped. "This is no stable!" He glared at the front of a Park Avenue apartment house, blind-eyed and withdrawn in the gray oppressiveness of New York dawn.

"Yes, where are the horses?" chanted the others in their toppers, trailing dresses, and summer ermine.

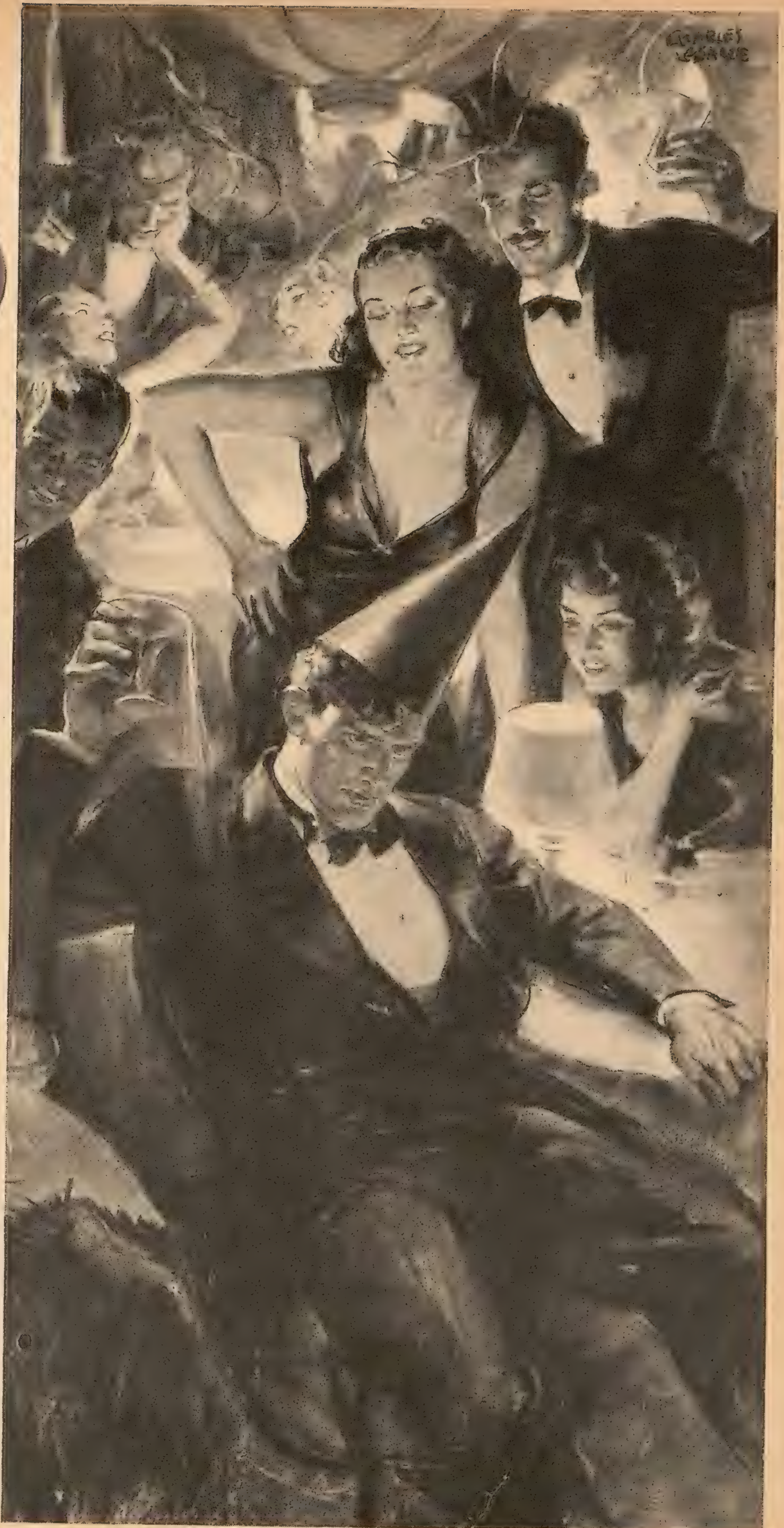
"Scrambled eggs first!" said Lucia firmly, marshaling them to the elevator.

"What a woman!"

"An organizer!"

"You remind me of your mother!" sang the redhead.

And "What a woman!" Dick repeated fervently after his third cup of coffee. He sat, legs sprawled before him, empty plate on his lap, studying the huge room and the girl who moved about so efficiently in it.



Dick stared at the face floating in his champagne, then flung his glass to the floor.

Amusing idea for Lucia to have all these pictures of herself plastered about! But why not? After all, hadn't he, Dick, a row of snaps of himself in his study—with bears he'd shot and fish he'd caught?

Some one else had been looking at the pictures. The redheaded girl—single now. . . . Never had been double! His error! . . . She was Florette Vincennes, a guaranteed French night-club singer straight from Paris—by way of Brooklyn. The crowd called her Speakeasy Girl. She had a whisky baritone and an I've-seen-hell air. And she was one of the most beautiful girls in New York. She wore a green dress, shiny and sleek as serpent's skin. Her eyes were green too. And if any one had been pursuing the idea or paying intelligent attention to her, he'd have noticed that her voice also had a green tinge.

She studied the pictures with elaborate interest. Then she drawled, "Dear me, you know a lot of famous people, don't you, Luce!"

The crowd laughed—some with her, some against her.

"Cat!" retorted Lucia amiably. "Here, let me fill your cup. And not with poison."

"Mine too," said Dick. "This is the best coffee I've had since my Swedish cook was hanged. . . . Wouldn't consider a job on my ranch, would you?"

"I'd love it!" Lucia laughed.

"Be a swell place to keep in trim between tournaments—eh, Luce?" one of her golfer friends suggested.

"Oh, no!" protested Dick. "No cook of *mine* has outside interests!"

Lucia raised perfect eyebrows. "So you're one of the old-fashioned males who believe woman's place is in the home—yes? O. K., big boy, deal's off. You'll have to hunt cooks elsewhere. I'm a woman what swears by Outside Interests!"

"Well, *I'm* not!" The gorgeous red-and-green Florette spoke suddenly with surprising vehemence. "I'm tired of outside interests. And you'll be, too, some day, Luce—when you go off your game! . . . I believe in love and in giving in to a man completely—and to hell with anything else!" She was speaking straight at Dick. And her husky crooning voice was what had made the Green Slipper famous.

"Who said anything about love?" Lucia scorned. "We're talking about cooks!"

"Florette always gets maudlin after the rounds!"

"Headline: 'Speakeasy Girl Says There's No Place Like Home!'"

"And we better be getting there."

The crowd began to collect itself. But Dick was looking at the glamorous Florette and really seeing her, too, for the first time. There'd been something sincere in those words of hers—or had there been? He met her glowing green eyes—and saw in them a not-too-veiled invitation to the dance.

MEANWHILE Patsy, a continent's width away from New York, had celebrated Dick's birthday with a series of misfortunes followed by a decision that was to begin a strange new life for her.

She had known from the minute when a bright golden beam of early sunlight had struck her closed eyelids that she wasn't going to like this day. She had struggled valiantly to stay asleep.

But the roosters were crowing incessantly; her pony was snorting and whinnying; and below and beyond, in the kitchen wing, Ima Dope (so christened by a government agent on the Washo Indian Reservation) was grinding coffee. Yura Dope, Ima's brother, was out in the yard, chopping wood for the ranch stove—wood that should have been chopped and stacked the day before. . . . But nothing happened on time now at KX Ranch, not since dad's swift attack of brain fever and ensuing weakness, physical and mental. . . . The mail, however, a few days ago had summoned Patsy to her divorce trial. The trial that she had sat through yesterday, white, unbelieving. And had won. Won what? The right to loneliness!

She swung her feet over the side, thrust them into moccasins, and ran to her dressing table. Above Dick's picture, smiling from its Mexican silver frame—Dick, who was now legally cut off from her forever—she stared at her small brown face in the mirror. She was twenty years old, but didn't look more than fourteen in her slim satin trousseau nightgown, her girlish breasts half revealed through lace, her arms slender and brown, her short hair tousled and outlined now in a reddish halo made by the morning sun.

Patsy stared steadily into the wide dark eyes in the mirror.

"You are no longer Dick's wife," she said softly. "No longer Dick's . . . and it's your fault! . . . Oh, *why* did you let him go! *Why* did you insist on divorce! It was your pride—your foolish hurt pride! . . . You could have held him, tried harder, made him happy! And now you've lost him! Oh, you fool! You fool!" She clenched her hands under her breasts. "I hate you for it!" she said vehemently. "I—" Then abruptly she whirled from the glass toward the closet, snatched her dressing gown.

And on her way to the bath she suddenly heard a noise, low, intermittent, but audible through the medley of chicken-squawking, wood-chopping, coffee-grinding—a noise that had a sinister meaning. Dad! She ran silently, swiftly down the wide stairs. And now she smelled something burning. A tiny curl of smoke rose from the Iroquois mat at the foot of the stairs. Patsy stamped it out, picked up the cigarette butt that had caused it. Dad was always dropping them everywhere! He wasn't responsible these days. . . . She heard the noise again.

DAD!" she called. She reached the door of the big living room, gay with Navaho rugs and morning sun. She stood stock-still in the doorway. And "Dad!" she said again, this time more heartsick than accusing.

Her father turned guiltily from the built-in wall cabinet beside the fireplace. He dropped the screwdriver that he had been using to pry away at the small locked door of the Piute liquor cabinet.

He looked like a hulking shamefaced dog caught stealing chickens. He who had been her splendid dad, her mainstay, her pillar!

Patsy's eyes filled with tears even while she stiffened her voice to rebuke. "Shame! You're not playing our game honestly!"

Peter Van Heuten—only a few months previous a healthy, prosperous mine owner, rancher, with a son-in-law ten times as prosperous, and with every prospect of a long, useful life ahead of him—stood trembling now, unshaven, pitiful, before the chit of a girl half his size.

"Patsy," he whimpered, "it's only that I got to thinking. And when I think, I have to have it."

"Then don't think!" she flashed. "You promised me you wouldn't. Come. Hurry up and shave—" Her voice softened now. She moved toward him, all smiles, intent on getting his arm and starting him toward the stairway. "I'll see that we have popovers for breakfast. How'd you like that? And we'll ride over to have a look at the new nags this morning. Maybe we'll buy some, yes?"

Peter's eyes narrowed. He drew back from her with a snarl. Suddenly he remembered what he'd been thinking upstairs, what had happened in the Reno courthouse yesterday, what had sent him lurching down to the locked cabinet in urgent need of the fiery consolation of good rye.

"Don't try to put it over on me, Mrs. Patricia Lombard!—or is it Van Heuten again?" he said, drawing himself up. "You've caused me enough trouble. You and your pride! . . . May I congratulate you today on your freedom? Your penniless freedom. No alimony indeed! No alimony—" And now he came out with what he had, even through his illness, shielded her from knowing: "You refuse alimony when we're broke, flat broke! When my mines are gone! Yes, and the barns are going, too—you can see that, can't you? And the horses—and me—look, your father—Peter Van Heuten, Esquire!"—his fire was dying down, his voice quavered. His whole body seemed to shrink. His lips scarcely moved as he finished his tirade pitifully—"with bare feet!"

Patsy shook her head as though struck. She had guessed that the mines were in poor shape. But not that it was this bad! She was aching to slip into his arms, put her head on his chest, and weep. "Help me!" she longed to cry. "I'm so lonesome, so miserable! Everything's all busted up! Help me face the pieces of life that are left. I'm so afraid."

The Patsy of a few months back would have done this. And the Peter Van Heuten of a few months back would have comforted her with, "I'm here with you, Patsy. I'll lick anything that tries to hurt you. I'll make a new life for you!" That's what he had always done for her—shielded her, loved her, made her life a thing only of happiness and gentleness ever since her mother had died at her birth. That's what he had tried to do when the brute, Dick Lombard, had deserted her. When she had shipped Craig Wendell off, too. When only the two—he and his little girl—had been left alone together again. And here they were—still together. But what had happened? . . . A blank wall surrounded him! . . . Peter Van Heuten could only stand helpless and unhelpful before the child that had been his whole world. And he could even hate her a little because she wouldn't give him a drink—and she made him go about with bare feet!

Patsy knew he was hating her. Knew it and pitied him for it. It was Dick's birthday morning. She had lost Dick forever. It seemed now that she had also lost dad! She had no one on earth save herself.

"I'll get your slippers, dad," she said, and walked quickly upstairs. She wouldn't even let herself cry. Patsy was growing up.

A GOOD thing she was. For later in the day her father's doctor came—to advise an expensive sanitarium with its wisely regulated rest and employment periods, its facilities for observation, encouragement, its splendid record of cures.

"I've no money," she had told the doctor.

And he, a dapper, successful little man, used to dealing with the stream of neurotic and wealthy divorce seekers ever pouring into Reno for "the cure," smiled, unbelieving.

"Mrs. Lombard," he said, emphasizing the form of address ever so slightly, "I'm sure you'll be able to get it—*soon*."

And because she didn't like him—one of the few doctors she'd ever disliked—she didn't tell him that she had refused alimony.

"It is vital to your father—essential, I might say. Surely you can make an effort—"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, of course."

She watched him go down the veranda steps and bound into his car.

PATSY'S lawyer understood her and the situation better than the doctor had. In the afternoon she faced him in his Reno office.

"Child," he said, "I begged you to take alimony. But you signed away all your rights! The only thing you can do now—since you need money so badly—is to throw yourself on Mr. Lombard's mercy."

"Ask Dick? Oh, no—no! Even had I known how badly off we are, I wouldn't have done that! I'll get a job first, I'll—"

"What can you do?"

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Patsy drew a deep breath. This was awful. The sun was pouring in on her through the high office windows. She could see the sign of the comfortable Hotel Riverside, where so many of the city-loving divorce seekers waited their six weeks of residence. Down the street was the bridge over the Truckee River—a stream that flowed serenely through Reno, city of hilarity and heartbreak. . . . "Hilarity and heartbreak"—Patsy had used that phrase once in a poem.

She looked up at her gray-haired lawyer and smiled ruefully. "Honestly, Mr. Murchison," she said, "about the only thing I can do is write poetry!"

"*Good* poetry?"

"Not even that."

"How about your riding? Couldn't you teach––"

"Oh, I'm terrible! Dick was always—"

She stopped. Never again would Dick yell at her, "Sissy! Going to ride *ponies* all your life? I'll buy you a merry-go-round for your twenty-first birthday!"

Mr. Murchison patted her hand. "Take my advice, Patsy. Pocket your pride. It's for your father's sake and—"

"I'll find some other way," she persisted. And she stumbled to her feet, fastened the belt of her tweed sports suit, pulled on her gloves with a businesslike gesture.

Patsy marched down Virginia Street, looking at herself in shop windows with a hostile eye. "You're not good for much, Patsy Van Heuten" (she hadn't even kept Lombard), she told herself. "You couldn't hold the man you love, you can't make money, you can't ride, shoot, swim, play tennis, golf, and even your bridge is terrible! You're what is politely termed one of life's incompetents!" She walked swiftly, head high, shoulders straight. And people looking at her piquant face couldn't know they were passing one of life's incompetents. "You're a flop!" she told herself. But she knew she was soliloquizing to keep from thinking. Her self-conversation was like the tom-tom of a Chinese policeman—to keep the burglars away!

SUDDENLY she realized she was standing in front of a window. And she was looking at something just made for Dick's collection: A porcelain horse—a splendid strong leaping little figure. . . . After all, it was Dick's birthday. . . . "Happy birthday, darling, darling!" She remembered his twentieth—when they'd been together: "Mr. and Mrs. Dick Lombard entertained their friends at one of the uniquest parties of the year"—so the Nevada State Journal had said. But it wasn't the party that Patsy was remembering. It was their waking early in the morning together at their shack in the hills; and Dick, who was usually a bear before coffee, saying on account it was his birthday he wasn't going to be a large bear, but just a medium wolf who would eat her alive! . . .

And she'd given him horses for his collection then—two fat beautiful green-blue Chinese horses that were very old and very valuable—but so funny and perhaps so subtle or artistic or something that she knew Dick hadn't really been as crazy about them as she had been. He liked his horses pretty real.

This porcelain one in the window was real enough to be alive. Any minute it would leap off its tiny pedestal and gallop across the neckties, the sweaters, bang into the leather book ends—or perhaps crash right out the window to her.

"You're more kinds of a fool than I can think of, Patsy Van Heuten! Have you no sense, no dignity left?" And she turned resolutely away from the window to walk practically into the last man, save Dick, whom she could imagine as being in Reno. Craig Wendell!

At first she was glad. He was so kind, so understanding. His eyes behind his octagonal glasses saw so much; yet he said so little. Yes, she was glad at first—then she was afraid. She frowned.

"Wait," he said. "Don't scold me. I know yesterday was the day; but I didn't plan this meeting. I wasn't even coming out to see you until tomorrow or next day. I flew over from Hollywood purely on business. A Reno story—new one. How's your father?"

He had tucked her hand under his arm and was escorting her straight toward a gay place where, in spite of prohibition, drinks might be had.

"The sun has long been over the yardarm," he said, before letting her speak. "In fact it's four thirty. And I haven't wet my lips with anything stronger than coffee this day."

CRAIG'S unassuming solicitude—and excellent Martinis—helped Patsy's taut nerves relax. She found she could talk to him as to herself. He was so much older than she, wiser, quieter. She told him everything. And the things that she left unsaid she told most forcefully of all—that she still loved Dick, that she was at a crossroads, that she needed some one to love her, help her, more than she had ever needed in her life. Or would ever need again.

Craig understood all this. A plan was forming in his active brain. A whole plot had written itself there. He told Patsy only the first few chapters. And because he couldn't talk without a pencil in hand, he sketched on the back of an envelope a diagram of the Van Heuten ranch.

"You own some of the most beautiful land in this part of the state. Make it help you now! Here," he said, "beside Pyramid Lake we'll build cabins—far apart, and only a few at first. Simplicity will be the keynote. No dude-ranch elegance, no bronco-busting and round-ups. Just peace for the 'cure seekers.' And they pay well for peace!"

"You mean—rent cabins to the divorce seekers?"

He nodded.

"But—building will take money—"

"It's a partnership, Patsy—a strictly business proposition! I made more money than I know what to do with on my last picture. Now I'd like to invest it. Besides, I need rest, health"—he tapped his leg with his walking stick. "It doesn't hurt me to ride, if I ride retired farm horses! . . . I'll superintend the building of the cottages; you handle their decorating—"

Her eyes darkened. He understood. He had gone too far.

"You're quite right," he said. "I'll stay out of the picture. It must be a silent partnership."

"You think that's possible in *Reno?*"

"Yes. Mr. Murchison will be backing you. I'll go to him, work through him. He'll handle everything. But you'll have to put up with seeing a lot of me for a while. I'm doing a new Reno story. . . . Let me rent the old ranch house, will you? Your grandfather's. It'll be a perfect place to write. I can get it in shape in no time."

She nodded. Then, after he had gone into further details of his cottage project, she suddenly spoke:

"But you mustn't do all this for me!"

"Why not? It's good for me, too, isn't it? Your granddad's place is miles from yours. No one can object to that. As for the other scheme—it's a natural. I can get a cook for you from Reno and an extra maid when you need her. One meal a day at your ranch is all that's needed. The cure seekers can get their own breakfast and lunches. You won't even have to see them if you don't want to."

It began to sound possible and exciting. Patsy felt warmed and less alone than in months. Some of the self-assurance of the gay little establishment round her crept into her veins.

"I don't know how dad will take it," she said at last; "or perhaps I'd better not tell him."

By this Craig knew she had given in.

"To our partnership," he drank, when he had ordered again. "And now we'll telephone the doctor and ask him to reserve a room at the sanitarium for your father. Oh, yes, it will come out of your profits! I'm merely advancing a little. . . . Patsy, look at me! You're not crying!"

"No," she said, blinking hard and staring fixedly at the olive in the bottom of her glass. "No; only so many things have happened to me all at once!" . . . She looked up suddenly. "Craig, do you mind—there's an errand I have to do before a store closes." She stood up dizzily. A tremendous urgency was upon her. Before entering this new life she had to make a final gesture toward the old. Nothing was in her mind now save the shop window and the small white horse. "After all, when people die, you send flowers, don't you?" she commented earnestly as she and Craig reached the sunset street.

He steadied her arm. He thought, The third Martini has been too much for her. But he was wrong. It merely made her set on what she was about to do.

"Or when a ship sails out of Hawaii," she continued, walking swiftly, "you toss a lei into the bay."

"Only if you want to return."

"Oh! I'd forgotten." She stopped. Return? Yes, of course, that's what she wanted.

"This is the shop," she said.

Craig let her go in alone, sensing that was what she wanted. And he stood leaning on his stick, thinking a great many things—all of them about Patsy. Whimsical, childish, adorable Patsy!

She came out empty-handed. But Craig had seen the clerk remove the white horse from the window. And he wondered—it couldn't be! "I had it sent," she said. Which explained nothing.

They went to his hotel, telephoned Mr. Murchison and the doctor. Then Craig drove with her out across the boundless desert toward the ranch.

On the twilight drive all the lift of her earlier mood left her. She felt small, frightened, unsure again. Life pressed down on her—as did the shadows from the mountains and the sweet heavy burden of the sagebrush-scented air. She was no business woman! She couldn't swing a resort ranch—even a little simple one. Even with Craig in the background. She was one of life's incompetents. Dick had showed her she was! Dick was gone. Her little gift would do no good. She'd been foolish to send it. She was a fool anyway.

Craig, driving her car for her, his eyes on the purple-shadowed road ahead, sensed the drop in Patsy's mood. His hands tightened on the wheel. He longed so to stop the car, take her in his arms!

They rode in silence with only the hazy barren mountains looking at them and evening gradually blotting out the landscape details about them.

Craig could bear it no longer.

"Patsy," he said, still looking straight ahead, "is this *business* partnership the only thing you'll let me offer you now? Would there be any other?"

"No, Craig—oh, no!"

"Perhaps sometime, Patsy?"

She looked at his thin hands on the wheel, kind hands. Everything about him was kind. . . . But what did kindness matter?

"No, oh, no!" she cried again.

Craig bit his lips. He had spoken too soon. Well, he knew how to wait.

When Craig declares his heart again, what will Patsy say? Into what emotional complications will their partnership land them? Meanwhile, which of his gay huntresses will mark down Dick? Next week's Liberty will shed some new fantastic light on the situation.

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Users Think of J. B. L. Cascade

Your Internal Bath gives a fine sense of cleanliness and vigor. I have had very good health and this helps to continue it.

Wm. H. Caffey, D.D.S.,
84 East Haverhill St., Lawrence, Mass.

● ● ●

Every home should have a Cascade, if only just for cleansing the lower intestine, and I wish to say for quick action the Cascade beats all pills, candies and other remedies.

Mr. A. E. Yocum,
729 North 5th St., Steubenville, Ohio.

● ● ●

I am very pleased with the J.B.L. Cascade and have found immediate benefit in its use. Your book "Royal Road" is also very helpful.

Mr. Chas. W. Polk,
406 Union Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.

● ● ●

I feel so much better—my nerves are so much better. I don't get nearly so tired as before using the Cascade. I just wanted to tell you how much I like it. I don't think I could do without it. It took 6 months for me to decide to send $12.30 for it, but now I wouldn't sell it for twice what I paid for it.

Mrs. L. L. Moss,
1621 So. 14th St., Burlington, Iowa.

● ● ●

I sent for a Cascade nearly ten years ago and have used it a great deal, especially these last four years, and would not be without it for anything.

Mrs. Jacob Simmons,
East Stanwood, Wash.

● ● ●

I am so dependent upon the Cascade. Have used one for 18 years and this is my third one. I am 66—have never been strong and firmly believe the Cascade has prolonged my life and is responsible for the degree of health I enjoy.

Mrs. Alice M. Dowse,
2866 Iris St., Riverside, Calif.

● ● ●

I am getting some very good results from using the J.B.L. Cascade.

Mrs. Josie Harrow,
Sanator, S. Dak.

● ● ●

I have had this contraption for years and can say in all sincerity that it has done me worlds of good.

Mr. N. F. Jurey,
1120 Collins Ave., Miami Beach, Fla.

● ● ●

I have only taken a few treatments so far, as I only received the Cascade last week, but am pleased to say that already I am feeling better.

Maude C. Ochs,
63 Canasanacta St., Norwich, N. Y.

● ● ●

I am very much pleased with the Cascade and I am receiving great benefits from using the Internal Bath. I don't know what I would have done without it. It sure does check my colds.

Mr. William Helebrand,
1125 Maplewood Ave., Ambridge, Pa.

● ● ●

I don't think I would have been alive today without the Cascade.

Mr. Ed. E. Armstrong,
Bucyrus, N. Dak.

● ● ●

I would not take Fifty Dollars for my Cascade if I could not get another. It has given me great relief and comfort. When pills and other things wear out, I can depend on the Cascade and Cleansing Tonic. It is all it is claimed to be.

Mrs. Grace Van Aken,
41 E. Mechanic St., Hillsdale, Mich.

● ● ●

I have used the J.B.L. Cascade for nearly twenty years. Have had three in that time. It has helped me in raising my three children, in case of all children's ailments, colds, fatigue, headaches, bowel troubles and indigestion. Besides using it for my own family I have helped many others in time of need. Cleansing of the colon is the first necessary thing in the search for better health.

Mrs. Abigail Rivers,
395 N. Holliston Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

● ● ●

Several years ago I took sick. No medicine would give any relief. Not until I began using the Cascade did I have any relief. Can truthfully say I owe my life to the use of the Cascade and recommend it very highly.

Kathryn E. Roth,
Mohrsville, Berks Co., Pa.

● ● ●

I have obtained relief from dizziness and headaches.

Mrs. Chas. C. Ray,
1212 W. 44th St., Norfolk, Va.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally," to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. 12117, 152 W. 65th Street, New York, N. Y.—NOW!

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65th St., Dept 12117,
New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name....................................

Street....................................

City..............................State..........

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"SOME HUMANS ARE AS BLIND AS CONTENTED COWS"

New Castle, Ind.—I want to compliment Mr. Macfadden on his most true editorial entitled Some Humans Are as Blind as Contented Cows (October 30 Liberty).

It almost passes belief to see the way newspaper editors of this country will print puerile little editorials on the inside criticizing this or that about the New Deal, and then on the front page carry boxcar letters saying: "Roosevelt Reiterates His Faith in the Common People"; "Roosevelt's Efforts to Help the Crippled Children"; "Roosevelt Is Against War"; and what Roosevelt said in his fireside chats—along with all the other doggerel of class hate and incipient revolutionary propaganda which is seen all too often.

When the C. I. O. takes over all industry, as the administration seems to desire that it should, then the Communists will own the country and all this camouflage talk about democracy will immediately be canned permanently.

I hope that more editors will wake up and adopt a policy like your own before the right to adopt a policy is taken away from them.—*J. French.*

SHE FIGURES OUT A SURE-TO-WIN SYSTEM

New York, N. Y.—Only a poor little bookkeeper am I, but if I were a smart-money player like the nationally known gambler in Gamblers Don't Gamble (October 30 Liberty), I would have bet so I would have been a winner no matter who won the election. If Mr. Wise Guy had bet $55,000 on Landon he would have been $10,000 to the good had Landon been elected. As it turned out, however, he would have won $5,000 less on Roosevelt—but why insure a bet from only one angle?

Similarly, it wouldn't take an Andrew Mellon or a Hetty Green to figure out how Tiny Brannigan could always come out a winner on the football scores. He does not even need to risk breaking even. Of course he would bet a little more money and take a little less profit on the favorites, but he would always come out ahead of the game and never have a day's "work" for nothing.

Incidentally, I doped all this out years ago when hardly out of the pigtail stage, but never having access to poolrooms, I naturally have not put it into practice.—*Lucy.*

A LABOR VIEWPOINT ON OUR MERCHANT MARINE

S.S. President Lincoln at Sea—My attention has been called to an article entitled Women and Children First, appearing in October 9 Liberty, in which you unmercifully bestialize the American seaman. But let's have some "unvarnished truths."

Safety at sea! Three words with a tremendous meaning! Let's examine them closely. You give as examples lifeboat drills, with a comparison between an American ship and a Canadian ship. You also tell of the Morro Castle disaster.

Let me add a couple of more instances. Safety at sea! Remember Captain Fried and his crews in their mid-Atlantic rescues? Note the plurals—crews, rescues. Maybe that's ancient history to you, but the papers were full of their heroic exploits, and those men could handle lifeboats! Recall the recent bombing of the liner S.S. President Hoover at Shanghai? Find out where Robert Dollar's Chinese crew disappeared to, and who were the ones who looked after the welfare of the passengers. And remember several years ago that Captain Meyers and his crew aboard the S.S. Ventura went, under forced draft, to the rescue of the S.S. Tahiti in the South Seas? The course was uncharted, the danger of striking a reef very great, but did these men take that into consideration? Of course that's asking too much of you who live a life of ease and luxury!

The Alaskan waters are among the most scenic, yet dangerous, in the world, frequent accidents occurring; but do the American seamen stay away from these ships? I was on one that struck a rock at five o'clock in the morning of July 5 of this year, and let me tell you that in less than two minutes every man was at his post, *without orders!* The American seaman knows his duty and he does it!

As to lifeboat drills, the law calls for at least one a week at sea.

Let's be frank! Put the blame for the failure to have real safety-at-sea laws right where it belongs! In the laps of the shipowners!

Go deeper than you did, Mr. Oursler. Study the conditions under which the men work, then write your story.

And one more point. The members of the stewards' department on this ship have adopted a resolution calling for a boycott of Liberty. Figure the rest out for yourself!—*Irv Dvorin, Delegate Marine Cooks and Stewards Association of the Pacific.*

NO POETRY FOR WOIKIN'-GOILS

Laredo, Tex.—So Laura Hammond wants poetry! (October 30 Vox Pop.) Phooey on that! If you clutter up your perfectly swell magazine with poetry—well, you'll find a lot of woikin'-goils quitting you. Anyway, if you do become soft-minded nincompoops, be sure to put "reading time" on each poem.—*Hulda E. Applewhite.*

LIBERTY
LIBERTY

ISN'T VOX POP CHILDISH ENOUGH?

Franklin, Ohio—Has it never occurred to you to add a children's page to your magazine? I know that kiddies read Liberty, or that is, they thumb through it. But after seeing the pictures what else is there for them? Why, nothing. They just put it back into the magazine rack for the older ones. So why should Liberty mean anything to kiddies?

Come on and dig down into the pockets or wherever you keep the what-it-takes, and add a kiddies' page to Liberty. In my estimation, this is all it will take to make Liberty a complete magazine. Why not have it voted on?—*R. V. Gillespie.*

MEDAL FOR PATRICK HENRY

Durham, N. C.—Patrick Henry is my idea of a real magazine lover. He offered to lay down his life for Liberty.

Can't you award him one of those medals for his loyalty?—*H. Duard Hays.*

A Vox Popper Advertises for an Editor

WANTED—An Editor for Vox Pop. He must be a cross between a Marathon runner and a Russian secret policeman. He must also be the reincarnation of Houdini, possess the nerves of Stalin and the impudence of Charlie McCarthy. He must know how to predict the outcome of the Kentucky Derby, foretell decisions of the Supreme Court and blunders of the New Deal. He must know how to pick the next heavyweight champion, and teach journalism to every Vox Popper who pops off in bad grammar and rotten English. He must be able to preach a sermon, run a taxi, operate a hotel, write a sob story, give advice to the lovelorn, and brew whisky.

He must be a past master of political economy, a bridge and income-tax expert, know the laws of libel—both backwards and in reverse—and how to bake a cake. He must never discard his modesty, must have a poker face, and be a wizard in the art of writing brilliant captions over silly letters.

His hide must be a combination of leather and the material contained in a bulletproof vest. And he must be ready at all times to make a wisecrack or a dumbcrack, whatever the case may be. And he must be prepared, on the shortest notice, to surround a "big-name" writer's contribution with halos of adjectives. He must be doubly enthusiastic on the subject of pinto beans, chewing tobacco, lipsticks, and contest winners. In the matters of silk hosiery, tap-dancing, sit-down strikes, the C. I. O., the WPA, the CCC, numerology, astrology, and ghost writers, he must be a Munchausen without a peer.

He must know how to bail a boat in an Ohio Valley flood and describe a blizzard from Pike's Peak while seated a thousand miles from the blizzard, the peak, and the flood! He must be a fingerprint expert, a proofreader, a stamp collector, and a paragraph chopper extraordinary.

In addition to all of the above, he must find time to manage his own private affairs.

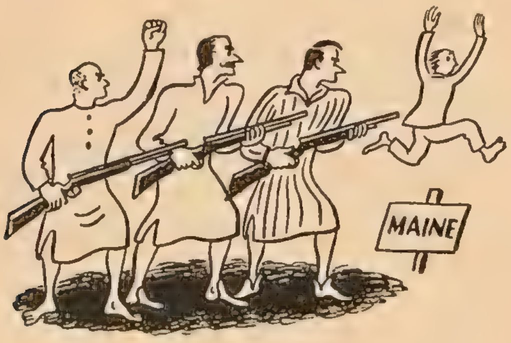
Edwin Fowler Rowles,
Dallas, Texas.

ALL WASHED UP

ELLSWORTH, ME.—When you get hard up for more foolish letters you may print this one.

There are lots of things about Vox Pop that make me sick, but I can't stop reading it because there are lots of letters that tickle me.

Right now the two letters from Rhode Island and Pennsylvania in September 4 Vox Pop, about nightshirts, " take the rag offen the bush! " F'eaven's sake! Didn't those two people suppose *most* men wear nightshirts? Only saps and old batches wear pajamas! I know, because I have a chance to see the personal laundries for wealthy summer visitors, and I've found the he-men wear nightshirts. So what?—*A Reader from Maine, Where Men Are Men!*



ILLEGITIMATE FIFTEEN CENTURIES AGO!

YAZOO CITY, MISS.—Here is one you won't publish in Vox Pop: When did George H. Fry write the gem entitled The Illegitimate, which appears on page 42, October 30 Liberty?

If he copyrighted it before 1921 he had a suit for damages against Dr. A. A. Brill, who lifted the story bodily and published it on page 121 of his Fundamental Conceptions of Psychoanalysis. Only Dr. Brill carried it back fifteen centuries and attributed it to Augustus Caesar.

But it is good enough for Louis XIV.—*W. A. Henry.*

WHAT LADY READERS IN BED THINK

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Luckily, I was in bed when I read October 30 Liberty, as I nearly passed out when I finished Budd Schulberg's contribution, What Makes Sammy Run?

Four-legged asses, just like their two-legged brothers, can look you smack in the eye and keep right on chewing alfalfa.

This is true of all domestic animals and for all so-called wild ones, from prairie dogs to elephants.

I have yet to see any animal show an inhibition about eating. However, I have never met a giant panda; that rare beast may be chock-full of modesty. I do not know.—*Mrs. W. F. Hoge.*

WEST ALLIS, WIS.—I have read Liberty for a long, long time, and this is the first time I've popped.

I like the size of the magazine. I do most of my reading in bed, and it's easy to hold the mag, and it doesn't plunk when you toss it on the floor in the wee small hours when the rest of the family has stopped counting sheep taking the fence.—*Mrs. E. C. Berghoefer.*

LOVE WHILE JELLY BUBBLES

WESTVILLE, CONN.—My jelly is bubbling away on the stove—so I must hurry. Could you use these few words?

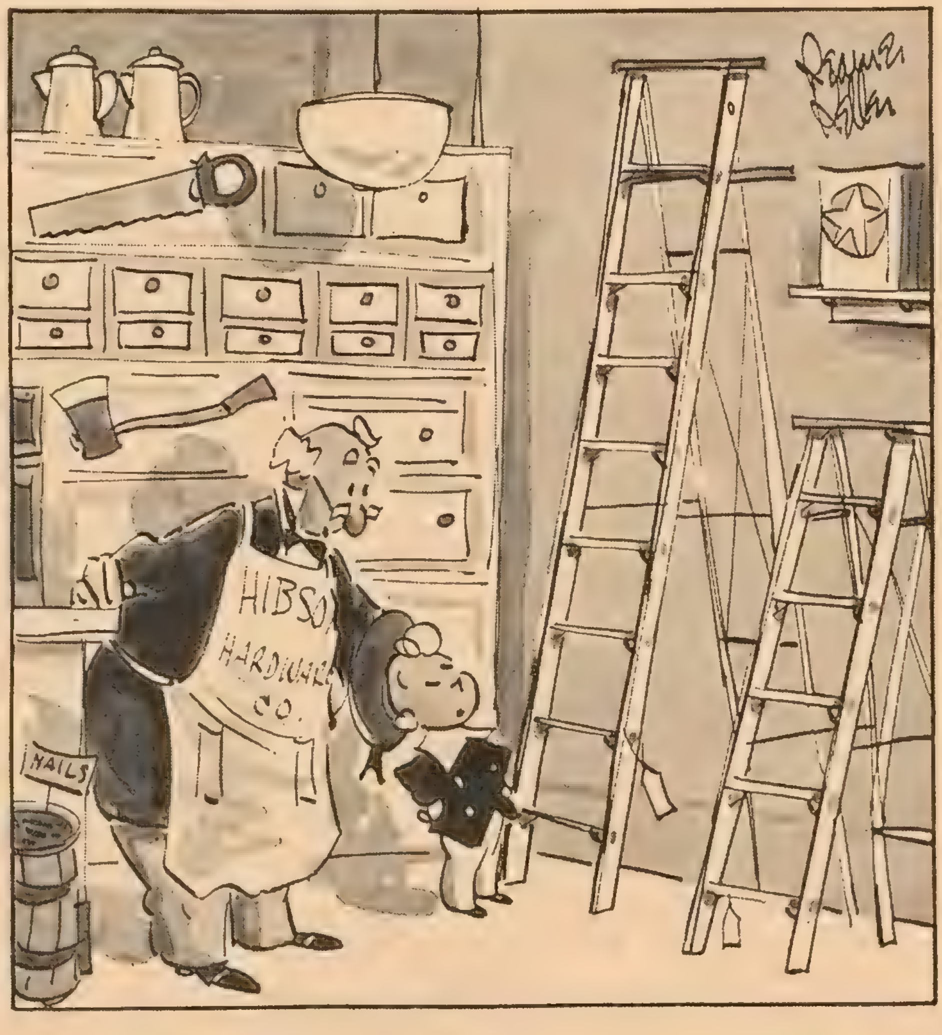
Love can't be defined by a few cold words. It's wordless. It means trips taken together—scenes seen together—the home planned together—the children born of each other. You can't define love. Love is a lifetime of living together. It grows warmer and warmer till the heart almost bursts with its glory. —*Elizabeth A. Guy.*

SHANE—VENDOR OF SUNSHINE

SEATTLE, WASH.—Here I come in defense of poor Ted Shane, the much abused vendor of so much sunshine in Liberty, who gets kicked around like a dog for doing a perfectly good job of hiding good common words behind mysterious brain-teasing definitions.

My interest in his puzzles has doubled since my married daughter and I race in matching wits, and it invariably ends in a tie. More power to Ted!—*Mrs. C. L. B.*

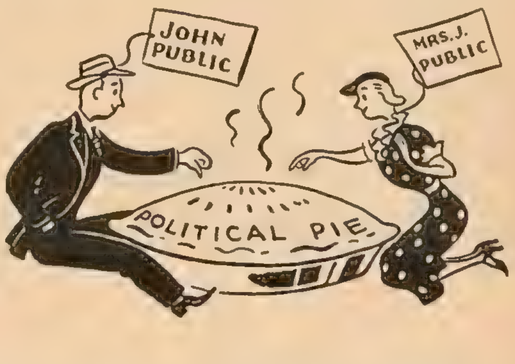
"HARDTACK"



" Something higher ? Where does your mother keep the jam—on the ceiling ? "

WOULD YOU TAKE THE BALL OUT OF BASEBALL?

POTLATCH, IDA.—" Take it out of politics " is the habitual battle cry of liberty-loving American citizens. Yet it took centuries of struggle and sacrifice to pry our problems from the clutches of overbearing tyrants and get them into politics where the public would have a finger in the pie—and taking the live issues out of politics would be like taking the ball out of baseball.



Think it over.—*Evon Guernsey.*

FIGHT OVER ONE SPADE

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—

I stepped upon the Vox Pop stage—
Found all serene and fair;
The dove of peace with olive branch
Was perched securely there.
Then some one said, " A spade's a spade,"
And war cries split the air!

—*E. C. Baird.*

JOE LOUIS CAN TAKE IT

DETROIT, MICH.—Just finished Jim Tully's story (November 6 Liberty) on Joe Louis, and what a laugh is his line, " Give it, yes. Take it, no."

Jim should have been around here and seen Joe get off the floor to win in his amateur days.

And did he " take it " with Schmeling? The world knows he did.

Jim Tully has put himself in the same class of the so-called experts who said Max would not last five rounds and Farr would not last two. Jim ought to hang his head in shame.

When Joe loses, it will be because of too much dough. Wait and see.—*H. M. Smith.*

ARE DONKEYS A NEW BREED?

AZALEA, ORE.—This is the first time I have ever heard a mule or a burro called a donkey (October 23 Vox Pop). A donkey is a powerful piece of machinery used for logging in the timber and run by steam or gasoline.

Is this donkey Mr. Roof speaks of a new breed of animal?—*G. A. C.*

Sucker Beware!

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

A sprightly tale of crookdom bids you a surprising, heart-warming farewell

BY JAMES EDWARD GRANT

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

WHEN the barrel was made ready and Third Leffingwell started off along the fence, Larry climbed down and grabbed the tow wire. He glowered at Third. "Listen, sucker," he snarled. "Don't figure me for a patsy just because I'm going along with you. I'm just protecting myself, see? That hick copper might ask too many questions if I went back without you."

They bent to the pull of the wire and trudged ahead.

NELDA woke and found Mrs. Marshall sitting beside her.

"That little ferret with the white vest has been saying things about you," she said briskly. "Are they true?"

Nelda had no strength of will for lies. "Most of them, I expect. He got the worst of a—a business deal—"

"Probably serves him right," the old lady observed caustically. "He musta got so interested trying to cheat you, he left himself open. . . . He says he can put you in jail—you and your young man. Can he?"

"I'm afraid he can," the girl admitted.

Mrs. Marshall shook her head. "That's certainly bad. . . . But lots of things can happen before we get out of here. . . . Now let's see if we can get some decent food into these children. That work-dodging, Bible-bellowing Carter has been feeding them cold grits for three days."

Two hours after breakfast, Larry and Third Leffingwell walked in. Mr. Milburn bounced off his pallet and shrilled, "By heavens, it's him . . . her accomplice!"

Larry adjusted himself to the surprise with the catlike quickness of one who lives by his wits.

"Quiet, mooch," he said curtly. "Squeal all you want, but not where I can hear you. Fold up."

Mr. Milburn subsided.

Larry motioned at Nelda. "Come outside a minute. I want to talk to you."

She followed him out into the rain.

"This is a bad spot, kid," he said. "Is there any way of getting out of here?"

She shook her head.

"There's no chance of squaring this hick Shylock, either. Not with the short dough we're holding. He's all hot under the collar. We can't go back the way I came. It was neck-deep in a million places." He was thinking aloud rather than talking. "Um. This is a spot where we're going to need a good break. Bad."

As he pursed his lips to think, she broke in. "Larry," she said, "Mrs. Carter had a baby . . . the cutest little girl. I helped. Not much. Mrs. Marshall did most everything, but I did what I could. Mrs. Marshall is the most marvelous thing. She killed an Indian."

He gave her a puzzled look. "Say," he said, "you got a fever? Don't get yourself all unraveled just because we're in a jam. We may pull out."

"It isn't that," she insisted. "But just imagine! That seventy-year-old woman walked all this way just to help a . . ."

"Look," he said again. "Who gives a hoot? . . . Your nerves are coming apart. Your talk don't make sense. . . . I suppose you feel pretty awful?"

"Not so bad," she said. "I'm tired, of course. But I feel good. Inside, I mean. It's a funny feeling, helping some one who needs it badly. And these people need it so badly. That Carter man is such a helpless fool. And those poor children!"

"What the hell are you talking about?" he said. "You scramble around in the mud all night, taking a chance on drowning or pneumonia, to help a flock of chumps, and now you start drooling about feeling good about it all. . . . Say, you *sure* you aren't running a fever?"

"No," she insisted. "It's just . . . Oh, I don't know how to tell you, but it makes you feel different. Like you're doing something worth while. After the baby was born, I laid down and I had such a marvelous sense of being worth something."

He placed a hand on her brow. "No fever, at that," he said. He peered suspiciously at her. "Say, you haven't got religion, have you?"

"That's not the way to say it," she corrected. "It's just that . . . well, I don't know. Except that I'm glad I did what I did."

"You're nuts," he said. "You'll feel better after you get some rest."

AT lunch, Mrs. Marshall peered through her glasses at Larry. "So you're her young man," she said. "Must say you look able-bodied. 'Pears like a hefty lad like you could earn a living without going around getting nice girls in jail mix-ups."

Larry grinned up at the old lady. "Stop preaching, grandma," he said. "You've lived long enough to know it's dog eat dog."

"You bit a tough old mongrel," she said, flirting her eyes to where Milburn lay in the hay. "Kinda gave you indigestion, didn't he? . . . And who are you calling grandma, you overgrown young brat? Third Leffingwell, how do you manage to be in such company?"

"He saved my life," said Third meekly.

"Have you looked in your pockets?" she asked tartly. "He probably picked 'em while he was a-doing it."

Larry laughed aloud in spite of his grouch. "Grandma," he said, "you know the answers. I love you."

"Last fellow told me that," she said, "was drunk."

Larry laughed again. Third picked up a bowl of gruel and tapped Larry on the shoulder. "Come here a minute, will you?" he coaxed, and led the way into a corner.

They seated themselves, and Third said, "Milburn was telling everybody what happened while you were out. Say, how do you think up such clever things?"

"Natural genius," Larry said casually.

"I guess so," Third said gloomily. "I think and think, but nothing clever ever comes out. I'm dumb."

"Oh, well," said Larry, "you're a sucker. But you can evidently afford to be a sucker. So what the hell! You can afford a dozen floppos like Model City."

"Model City," snorted Third. "Damn. Why wouldn't those stupid people move up there?"

This was a problem, and Larry Eagan's agile brain instinctively jumped to find a solution to any problem. "You did it all wrong, Third," he said. "You should have— What's the value of those farms you offered them?"

"Oh," said Third, "eight, ten thousand dollars."

"Say ten. What's a farm around Okapi worth?"

Third considered. "Well," he said judiciously, "forty dollars ought to be fair. . . ."

Larry nodded. "Now, you went down and offered them the new places free. And you made them suspicious. That's human nature. These people figured you had some scheme to cheat them. So they wouldn't move."

"Well," said Third patiently, "I know all that. But you said I did wrong. How?"

"This way," Larry said. "You should have put a price on your farms of ten thousand dollars."

"But I want to give them away!" Third cried in alarm. "Golly, I don't want any more money to worry about."

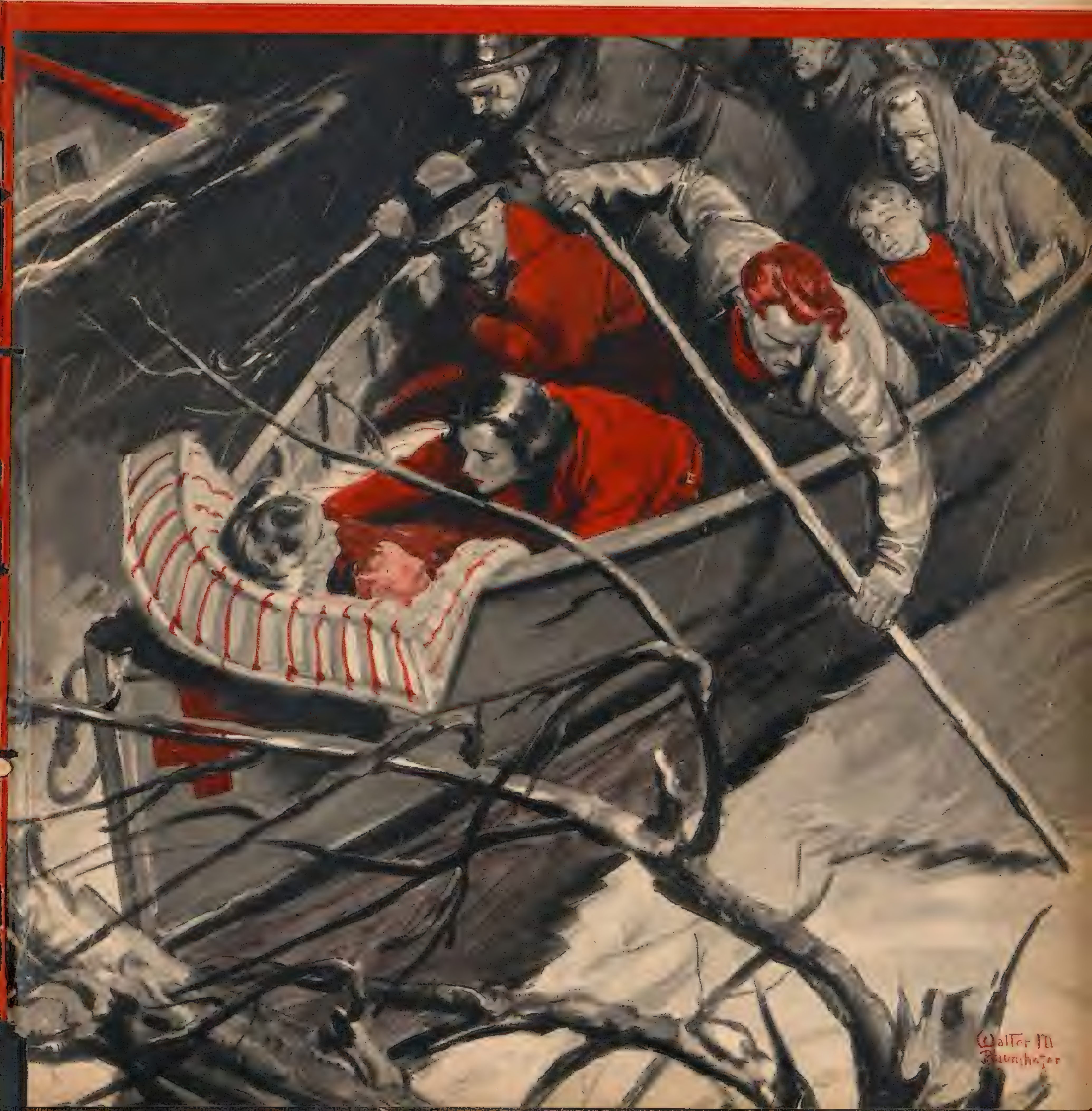
"I know, I know," Larry said soothingly. "But listen. You price your farms at ten grand. Then you let these chumps start trading with you and you let them trade you their old farms at, say, ninety-five hundred dollars. Then they think they've found a man they can outsmart and they'll come flocking into your Model City."

"Jeepers!" said Third delightedly. "They certainly would. . . . Gee, you're a smart fellow, Larry." A thought struck him. "Where did you study psychology?"

Larry said, "I didn't." He started to rise and stopped midway. "Third," he said interestedly, "there's something I want to know. Why did you let Nelda go?"

"My goodness," said Third, aghast, "I wouldn't have anybody arrested. They might send them to the state penitentiary. It's a terrible place. I couldn't send anybody there, no matter what."

Larry heaved a deep sigh. "Third," he said regret-



Nine weary hours of poling the boat through muddy water, and they came to the edge of the foothills.

fully, "you've just done a terrible thing to me. You've shaken my lack of faith in human nature."

ALTHOUGH it was six or eight feet above the all-surrounding waters, the hillock where Larry Eagan walked was made only of ankle-deep muck.

It was morning, but there was not a great deal more light than if it still were night. And rain still fell in fine multimillioned monotonous drops. He walked the length of their hillock. They were, he saw, on an island a quarter mile long and possibly half as wide.

His agile mind had long since weighed in the possibilities. They would be here a week or more, according to the others' opinions. A week then; say ten days at most. Then the Red Cross relief squads would be in to ferry them out. And Milburn would bleat and the calloused hand of some backwoods cop would land on Larry's shoulder.

His concise thief's reasoning told him he and Nelda had one chance to beat the stacked cards. That chance was to get back to some form of transportation while the others remained sitting on their little hillock. This, he knew, was a hundred-to-one shot. But he had won hundred-to-one shots in the past.

He waded along in the muck, scowling as he thought for an angle and wished for a long shot. As he wished, the long shot happened.

There was a boat caught in some brush by the water's edge—a good big hefty well made rowboat with a bright Red Cross emblazoned on its bow.

He looked around. There was no one in sight. So he tugged the boat behind the brush as well as he could and then turned and went swiftly toward the barn.

Entering, he showed no emotion. All were seated about the pile of bricks that housed the fire. Larry crossed to where Nelda was trying to make a pot stay over the feeble flames. He put his arm over her shoulders and said in a normal tone, "Look like you're all in, hon." Into her ear in a frozen-lipped whisper he said, "Alibi to get outside. I want to talk."

She took her cue and turned. "I suppose there isn't any better firewood anywhere," she said; "but it won't hurt to look."

Before she could start to the door, Eben White rolled to his feet. "I'll look," he said, and went out.

Larry cursed the farm lad under his breath. He waited a few minutes and idly sauntered out of the barn. Eben was not in sight. Fifty yards away he stopped and waited until Nelda appeared. She came swiftly up to him.

"We got a break in a million," he said swiftly. "I found a boat. A swell one."

"Marvelous!" she cried. "I'll tell the others." And she started to turn back toward the barn.

He seized her quickly. "What did you say?" His voice carried a sharp note of disbelief. "Say it again."

She repeated, "I'll get the others."

"The rain must have melted your brains. Tell them and we'll have to take them along. Take them along and we're wearing handcuffs as soon as we get to dry land."

"I know," she admitted, "but what else can we do?"

"Just what we're going to do. Hop in that skiff and slide down old man river until we get some place where we can get on train or bus or airplane or oxcart or any damn thing that will get us farther still."

"But we can't," she protested. "We can't leave them all in this dreadful place."

He shook his head. His words were hard and clipped. "Something tells me I'm wasting time talking sense to you," he said crisply. "But get a load of this: I didn't ask those apes to live in this rathole. That's their grief. Let them handle it. Me, I got grief of my own. John Law is reaching for me, and that's my cue to remove myself. Let's go."

"I can't," she said. "And I don't think you can. All these people might die. Mrs. Marshall. And Third."

"Too bad about grandma," he admitted. "She's a great old girl. But it's my neck or hers. Third—well, he's a sucker and he's getting a sucker's deal. That's fair enough. Make up your mind."

"It's made up," she said gently. "Good-by, Larry."

He looked at her for a long minute, the line of his mouth straight and hard. "O. K.," he said caustically. "This is curtains. So long, sucker."

"Hey!"

The hail came from the other side of them. Both spun around. Eben White was coming toward them as fast as the muck would permit.

His broad sunburnt face had lost its usual expressionlessness. "Know what?" he said excitedly. "There's a boat in the willows down there. Red Cross flood boat. Musta got loose up above and floated down until it snagged. We can paddle right down the valley."

"Say, big boy," Larry said in a gentle tone, "your face is all blood! You must have cut it."

Eben put exploratory hands to his face, and things happened to him with great suddenness. Larry shifted his feet as well as he could in the mud and hit the big farmer a terrific left hook in the solar plexus. The burly youth grunted explosively and dropped both hands to his body. As he did, the finisher came whistling in—a full thrown right cross that landed full on the point of Eben's exposed chin. He straightened up slowly, pivoted in a ninety-degree turn, sagged at the knees, and fell on his back.

Larry blew on his knuckles, stepped over Eben, and started toward the boat.

Nelda found her voice. "He's dead," she said.

"Nah!" the redhead told her. "You couldn't kill him with an ax. Better change your mind, kid. Climb in the boat with me."

"Larry," she said earnestly, "can't I make you see?"

"You can't make me see anything," he said, "except that you've blown your topper. . . . Last call. Coming?"

"Larry," she said, on the verge of tears, "you can't. All these people."

"It's them or me," he told her curtly. "Coming?"

She answered him with muffled sobs. He walked away and she watched while he shoved the boat out of the brush, climbed in, and began to pole it. By the time Eben stirred, the boat could scarcely be seen through the rain.

Eben sat up and groaningly massaged his abdomen. "Hits like a Missouri mule, that feller," he observed. "Bet he couldn't do it, though, 'less he caught me unexpected that way." He looked up at Nelda. "What you sniffling about?" he demanded. "He didn't hurt you."

"Didn't he?" she said through tears. "A lot you know about it."

THEY were sitting huddled about the makeshift stove when the barn door opened and Larry walked in. He came to the center of the surprised group and said gruffly, never looking at Nelda, "Come on. Let's get going. We'll put that mattress in the bow of the boat and Mrs. Carter and the baby can lay on it. . . . Third, you scuffle around and get some ten- or twelve-foot poles. . . . Nelda, you grab those horse blankets and . . ."

"Wait a minute." Eben got heavily to his feet. "You and me got something to settle."

He came to face Larry, set his feet firmly in the shavings, and flung a roundhouse right at the redhead. Larry weaved outside of it.

"Listen, chump," he barked, but got no further because a roundhouse left followed the right. And then another right.

He went neatly inside that swing. His left arm arched inside Eben's right. The knuckles clunked against Eben's chin. Eben straightened up, pivoted in a ninety-degree turn, and fell flat on his back.

Larry yanked him to a sitting position. Eben shook his head. "Well," he said philosophically, "I had to find out. It wasn't just 'cause I wasn't looking. What do you want me to do?"

Larry pointed at Mr. J. Edgar Milburn. "Pick up old frozen-face," he ordered, "and plant him in the middle of the boat."

Eben picked up the little banker. Larry helped Mrs. Marshall to her feet. "Shall I carry you, grandma?"

"I can walk," she insisted. "Little mud won't hurt. . . . Young man, tell me something: What made you come back when you were safely away?"

"Grandma," he said with a twisted vinegary smile, "I came back because I'm a plain damned fool."

She gave him a pat on the shoulder. "That ain't fatal, sonny," she said. She smiled back at Nelda and went nimbly out into the rain.

For the first time Larry looked squarely at the girl.

She said, "Third was sure you'd come back. He said you were so clever you'd figure some way to save the people and dodge the police too. Have you?"

"Nope," he said. "I haven't got an angle."

She said gently, "I knew you'd come back, too. I was sure you couldn't leave these people."

"I don't know about that," he said honestly. "I don't know whether I could leave them or not." He came a step closer. "Listen, Nelda. I've always figured any guy that let a doll get him so he stops being smart and starts being a chump is just that. A chump. And that's the way you've got me. I don't know whether I could have left these saps sitting in the rain. But I do know that I couldn't leave you. Now, here's where I start marking myself up on the board for a Number One patsy. I'll sing a song in court that will give me the fall and let you go clear. It can't be more than a couple of years. . . . Will you marry me when I get out?"

She said softly, "Larry."

SHORTLY there was a discreet cough. "Beg your pardon," said Third's morose voice. "The boat's loaded. I waited outside quite a while—you musta been kissing her for five minutes."

"It couldn't have been," Larry said genially. "I must have gotten a fast count."

Nine weary hours of poling the boat through muddy water, past scores of houses with water lapping at the eaves, and they came to the edge of the foothills. Here the various relief agencies had thrown up a hasty temporary station where supplies could come in over the mountains in trucks and go out in boats such as the one they rode.

They came ashore, an odd crew. Carter carrying his wife, while Nelda carried the baby. Three dirty children and a mongrel dog. Larry helped Mrs. Marshall out of the boat. Mr. Milburn scrambled ashore wrapped in a horse blanket. A man in the uniform of a colonel of state militia came forward to greet them.

"Register at the tent over there," he ordered hurriedly, "and then go down the line for food, clothing, and medical treatment. Everybody will have to be vaccinated against . . . Why, hello, Mr. Milburn."

"Colonel Hays," said Mr. Milburn happily. "This is most fortunate." He pointed a finger at Larry. "Colonel, that man is a notorious crook. This woman here is his accomplice. I want them held in custody."

The colonel started in surprise. "Well," he said, "if . . ."

"No ifs," Mr. Milburn insisted. "If you don't, I'll see that you're held responsible for their escape."

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Uncle Harry
Cousin Carl
Dick and Peg
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PHOTOPLAY

"Very well," the colonel acquiesced. "I'll have them put under guard."

"Wait," Third said mildly. "No use using your men as guards. You probably have plenty for them to do without that. You can just release these people in my care. I'll be responsible for their appearance."

"Nonsense," said the colonel tartly, regarding the scrawny mudstained Third. "Please don't attempt to instruct me. Corporal!"

"I don't see why you can't do it," Third said plaintively. "I'm just as responsible a citizen as this muddy old wretch."

The colonel frowned at this reflection on an important banker. "Better shush up, young fellow," he said importantly. "I might put you with them."

Mrs. Marshall said tartly, "I wouldn't, if I were you. Not if you value all that gold braid and foo-faw-raw on your coat. That's Third Leffingwell."

"Huh?" said the colonel, startled. He peered under Third's drooping hat. "It is!" His manner immediately became deferential. "Why, Mr. Leffingwell, I never expected . . . No hard feelings?"

Third shook his head. "Nope. How about making me custodian or guardian or whatever for these two people? I'll be responsible for them."

"Well," said the colonel, "if you admit responsibility in front of these witnesses, Mr. Leffingwell, I believe that will protect me."

"I admit," said Third.

"They're yours," the colonel said.

NELDA and Larry drank hot soup from tin cups and listened to Third. "I been thinking ever since yesterday morning," he said—"since you said you coulda filled up Model City with people. I finally got something figured out. You would have thought about it right away, Larry. But you know how I am—dumb."

Larry blew on his soup. "Look, Third," he said friendlily. "I know what you're thinking—that you'll let us run. And you could probably get away with it, because you're too important for Milburn to really cause you any grief. But it's no good."

He put down his empty cup and smiled at Nelda. "This is the deal," he said sincerely. "I turned sucker. So as long as I did, I'm going to do a good job of it. If we run, we'll always be on the dodge from the coppers Milburn will hire. I don't want that. So I'm going to stand this rap and hope I get as little as possible from the jury. Whatever I get, I'll do. Then I'll start a brand-new deal. If a mooch like Milburn can make a load dealing inside the laws, then I can get a bigger load the same way. So I'm not running."

Nelda abruptly moved over and sat down beside him, leaning her head on his shoulder.

Third followed this discourse with furrowed brow. "Rap?" he said. "Load? . . . Oh, I see. You mean a load of money. Fellow smart as you can make all he wants. But my solution didn't figure your running away. I figured to put you in charge of my Model City."

Larry chortled. "And I'd run it by mail from the state penitentiary, I suppose?"

Third shook his head. "Nope," he said. "You got twenty-five thousand from Milburn, didn't you?"

"Right," Larry said.

"So I'll make you city manager of Model City," Third explained brightly. "At seventy-five hundred a year, or whatever you decide on. But I'll only pay you five thousand in cash, because you'll owe me twenty-five thousand that I'll pay Milburn tomorrow."

This time it was Larry's forehead that was wrinkled. He scowled at Third. "You're the damnedest guy," he said. "Sometimes I think you're nuts, and then again . . ." A thought struck him. "I wonder," he said slowly, "if . . ."

Third interrupted in alarm: "You mean you might not be able to put Model City over?"

"Oh, that," Larry said carelessly—"that's in the bag." The battle light of the con man—the ex-con man—lit in his eye. "I'll fill that place with suck—uh—with people so quick your head will swim. I'll draw up a deal that will make them think they're outsmarting us, and I'll be very reluctant about who I let in. The old exclusive angle. And then I'll . . . But I was thinking about Milburn. Will he take the twenty-five and call it quits?"

Third laughed. "I know about misers. I'll handle Milburn." He put out a hand. "Is it a deal?"

Larry shook the hand. "It's a deal, Third," he said, and meant it. "I'm glad I fished you out of the drink."

"I'm glad, too," Third said. "But that's not why I'm doing it. I'm doing it because you're the smartest fellow I ever met, and I want you working for me."

"Third," Nelda said, her voice trembling, "my first baby is going to be named Morgan Leffingwell Eagan."

Third beamed mightily. "Swell," he said. Then his habit of expecting the worst crept up on him. "It would be swell," he said sadly, "but it'll probably be a girl."

MR. LAWRENCE EAGAN, city manager of Model City and spark plug of the Model City Chamber of Commerce, paused in front of the Model City bank and stared momentarily at the people crowding the little building, and at the little cars crowding the curb.

"Well," he said, speaking to Mrs. Lawrence Eagan, who was secretary of the Model City Women's Planning Committee, and had formerly been Nelda Bryant, "we'll have to do something about the parking in this block. Best bet, probably, is to put in a curb service for the bank. Tellers at the curb to accept deposits. It would be a good gag for publicity, too. . . . Help spread the news that this is a town that's on the upgrade. . . . Must remember to mention that to the canning-factory bunch when I see them. Like to get them to locate a little plant here. . . ."

"Good morning," said a sad voice. The Eagans turned to face Mr. Morgan Leffingwell the Third. His face wore its usual glum expression. He carried a telegram in one hand.

"Morning, Third," said Larry. "Everything looks great. I was talking to New York on the phone just now. It looks like our campaign is getting results. There's applications from about a thousand families who'd like to resettle in the new addition. . . . Think we ought to call it Happy Valley, and then we could tie that name up with an advertising campaign on our walnuts and citrus. It would make good copy. . . . Oranges from Happy Valley. Ought to work out fine."

"Sure," said Third morosely. "Go right ahead. Hell!" he blurted gloomily, waving the telegram. "I have the lousiest luck. My filly just won the hundred-thousand-dollar-stake race at Santa Anita. . . . I never do anything right. Two years ago I could have sold that filly for fifteen hundred dollars. If I'd had enough sense to do that, I wouldn't be stuck with all that damned money now."

THE END

Envy the savage? Yes!

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BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

A Mother Tries to Understand Her Daughter

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

For some time the air has been ringing with discussion of the "sex freedom" of present-day youth. As an understanding friend of both young America and its anxious elders, Liberty has undertaken to ascertain the facts. Its investigator, Mr. Collins, is presenting his conclusions in connection with a sequence of "case histories." The first of these was supplied to him by an alarmed and exasperated father, H. Terry ———; the second by H. Terry's eighteen-year-old daughter Helen, who has been known to ride around all night long in the family car with a drunken "boy friend," and who carries about with her the means of what she terms preparedness—and explains that they were given her by her mother.

MANY days had passed since my amazing luncheon with the eighteen-year-old girl about whom I felt I had made a shocking discovery. Now I was on my way to keep a luncheon engagement with her mother.

But in the interval I had greatly widened the geographical scope of my investigation, and had had at least one experience which I could not forget.

Paul ——— was the man's name, and I found him in the private office of his plant in the railroad and warehouse section of a Midwestern city.

He was a manufacturer of doors, sash, and blinds—an open-faced honest type, wholesome like his business. Even if he hadn't been vouched for by the friendly medico who sent me to him, I should have known that anything he might say to me would be true.

"Go up and see ——— if you want to get the low-down on sex," was all the doctor had said.

This was his story: One morning last February he was sitting at his desk when his secretary entered to say that a Mr. Leavitt, who declined to state the nature of his business, wished to see him. It happened that ——— was very busy. He had no time for mysterious strangers, and said so.

Presently the secretary returned to say the caller would not take no for an answer. Again ——— refused to see him. And again the secretary reappeared.

"Mr. ———," she said, "I think you ought to talk to this man. He says his errand is more important to you than to him."

After scowling a moment, ——— nodded. The little man whom she ushered in was gray-haired and not unkindly.

"Mr. ———," he began, "you don't know me, and I am sure you will think this strange indeed; but I want you to give me your check for three hundred and twenty-five dollars, and ask no questions."

"What is this, a hold-up game?"

"No, Mr. ———; but I assure you it will be much better for you if you do as I say."

"Blackmail, eh? We'll soon see to that."

And ——— reached for the telephone.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," said the little gray man. "You'll regret it all the days of your life."

Something in his manner gave ——— pause.

"Well," he said, "if it isn't blackmail, what is it? Here you are, a perfect stranger. Why should I give you that sum and ask no questions? I won't do it!"

The little gray man picked up his hat and rose.

"I'm sorry, Mr. ———. I wanted to save you a lot of trouble. Now I'm afraid we'll have to sue."

"Sue! Sue for what? I don't owe you any money."

"But you do—three hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"For what?"

"For an apartment."

"Nonsense! I haven't any apartment."

"But your daughter has."

It seems that Dora ———, seventeen, was the only child and the greatest joy of her widowed father.

"That's absurd! My daughter lives at home with me in the suburbs. She has no use for an apartment."

The caller, Leavitt, ignored these remarks.

"She begged for time, and we let her have it, Mr. ———, way beyond our usual custom, and even after we began to suspect what was the real situation. But today my boss said I'd have to do something about it. That's why I'm here. I tried to get the money from the man who shares the apartment with her, but he wouldn't—"

"I don't believe a word of it!" stormed the indignant father. "Get out of here before I throw you out!"

For answer, the little man drew out his business card.

"If you like, I'll be glad to show you the apartment."

Well, the upshot was that ———, still protesting that this thing couldn't be true, went to the "love nest" which Dora was maintaining to house an affair she was having with a married man.

The loyal father could protest no more. On the apartment wall was his own picture and that of his dead wife. All about the rooms were familiar trinkets and souvenirs, some of which went back to Dora's childhood.

My medical friend, who had sent me to ———, was the doctor who delivered Dora's illegitimate child. . . .

This tragedy was in itself unforgettable. But it was additionally impressed on my mind by the fact that I was about to meet my old friend, Mary ———, who had striven to avoid a similar fate for her little laughing-eyed Helen, whose opened pocketbook had accidentally disclosed a contraceptive.

Could it be that Mary ——— was right in doing what she did? I am just asking—and the answer may be found in

CASE HISTORY NO. 3

Mary ——— sat waiting for me at one of Gus' choicest tables. It is extraordinary how young the mother of an eighteen-year-old daughter can look!

"I hear you've joined the Children's Crusade," was her brisk greeting. "You've been observing plenty, I imagine. Tell me about some of it."

I told her the story of Dora and Dora's father.

For some time after the recital Mary ——— sat with her eyes fixed on her plate. "And what do you conclude," she inquired at last, "from tragedies like that?"

"I am forced to conclude," I answered, reluctantly, "that boys no longer control the wild-oats industry."

"That is undoubtedly true," she said. "Some of the young women of today apparently value their chastity no more highly than young men have valued theirs."

"Well, one educator I consulted went so far as to say that he is convinced that men are becoming more chaste, women less chaste. Another said that this reversal of the traditional roles of the sexes is so marked that 'the less reckless young men tend to take the traditional feminine attitude of sexual evasiveness, retreat and flight.' Ungallant as these conclusions may seem to us, they cannot be ignored."

"I agree with you," said Mary solemnly. "At any rate, in my own case, I am much more worried about Helen than I am about John.

"But my reaction to your story of that girl Dora is different. If that girl's mother had been alive, and had been the right kind of mother, that tragedy might never have occurred."

"The power of example?" I ventured.

"No—the power of preparedness. Helen told me of her talk with you, and of the incident of the handbag. I know you were thoroughly shocked and not a little distressed at the discovery that it was I who gave her the contraceptive device which you saw."

"I admit I found it rather cold-blooded—all this—shall I say, realistic forethought?"

"I hate it, too. But it has been forced upon me."

"By Helen?"

"No indeed. Up to the time I had my first talk with her, she had never uttered a syllable that would make me think she needed the help I was trying to give her, and I could almost take my oath that she had never *done* anything to need it—and that she hasn't since. And I pray every night that she will walk down the aisle to meet her man as much a virgin as she was the day she was born. I believe she will, too."

"Yet you seem to assume that she won't."

"That isn't fair to Helen or to me. You write your name and address on the back of an envelope you are sending to a friend. You don't assume that the letter is going wrong. You simply know that the best directed letters sometimes do. And if it goes wrong, you want it to come back safe to you and not rot in the dead-letter office. You see what I mean?

"I'd be an ostrich not to recognize the possibility of such things happening, even to my Helen. We parents can't go on fooling ourselves with the idea that, no matter what happens to other people's youngsters, ours will remain 'little angels, innocent darlings sprung from the chaste head of God.'"

"Boys no longer control the wild-oats industry."

Well I knew how true that was! Not long ago I had read a report of the answers to a questionnaire which had been sent to several hundred parents and several hundred children. To the question, "What do you consider your son's or daughter's greatest personal weakness?" the parents had come back with the usual copybook answers: "Envy of other children," "Scholastic maladjustment," etc. To the question, "What is *your* greatest personal weakness?" the majority of the boys and girls themselves had answered, "Masturbation."

"Parents know pathetically little about their own children," Mary continued, "especially in this matter of sex. The mother who talks storks to her daughter these days gets Havelock Ellis in return. Keep such authors away from them? Try it! And who am I to say it would be wise?

"We can't blind ourselves, either, to the fact that the danger of even a nice girl finding herself going too far is much greater than it was in our day."

I could have told this mother of dangers which even she did not envisage: of tourist camps that rented their cabins to young boys and girls for three- and four-hour periods; of "party houses" located in fashionable neighborhoods catering to the very young. I had run across one of these houses in a city on the West Coast. When the police broke in, they found eleven couples,

THEY CALLED HER

"OLD RADIATOR HUGGER!"

She loved outdoor life, but so often she was too pepless, headachy, dull, and listless to go places and have fun with her friends! Constipation was back of it all—yet she dreaded old-fashioned, bad-tasting cathartics that left her feeling upset for days.

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some as young as fifteen years, standing in the corridor outside the two bedrooms the house afforded.

Instead, I said, "So you figure that if Helen *should* become the victim of any such influence, you want her to be as safe as possible."

"That is exactly the way I look at it. I have given her all the contraceptive knowledge I have been able to get from reputable sources, just as I answered frankly her earlier questions about sex itself. And for the same reason: I haven't wanted her to get her information elsewhere."

"There's a lot of misinformation going around," I said, "about the efficacy of contraceptives."

"I know. So when I gave the things to her, I told her that no device I could give her or she could get for herself was one hundred per cent effective, no matter what the boys might tell her."

"What did she say to that?"

The average boy's attitude? Mr. Collins will tell you of it explicitly in an early issue.

"She said, 'Mother, what do you know about abortions?'"

"That was a poser!"

"It was for me. I didn't know *anything* about them. But, believe me, I've been finding out. Have you?"

I had. The figures were amazing. From a million and a half to two million illegal operations every year. From $50 to $250 an operation—as high as $1,000 if you insist on having it done on Park Avenue. Ten thousand girls and women losing their lives every year from septic poisoning. Nobody knows how many thousands doomed to suffer throughout their lives from impaired vitality. A $100,000,000 racket built on fear.

"I told her about disease, too," said Mary. "It was a terrible shock to her. I don't think young girls really give any thought to this very possible result of promiscuity."

"I think you are right," I said. "In a recent survey of some eight hundred college girls who gave their reasons for not having gone the limit, only one mentioned fear of disease. Yet ten out of every hundred men who reach the age of forty need treatment for syphilis."

"I explained all that to Helen. I didn't vilify the boys she knew, but I did tell her that more victims become infected between sixteen and thirty than at any other age. What impressed her most, I think, was that an otherwise healthy person might have syphilis in the early stages and not know it."

For some time we sat in silence, while I realized that here was a woman who was facing the facts.

"Tell me," Mary said at last. "You have studied up on these things. What has society done in the past about this youth-and-sex business?"

"Almost everything," I replied. "For example, 'sexual betrothal,' as the Northern peoples called it, prevailed in upper Europe as early as the pre-Christian era. At one time the majority of the population of Sweden are said to have begun married life that way. In northern Germany antenuptial conceptions took place in half the marriages. In France, at least in the Paris region, nine out of ten marriages were the consolidations of 'free unions.' But we Americans have consistently tabooed physical relations between men and women except in legal marriage."

"In some savage communities, what you call sexual betrothal still exists, doesn't it?"

I nodded, and instanced the Trobriand Islands, near New Guinea, where engaged couples live premarital sex lives.

"But all such measures, even the most primitive ones, contemplate ultimate marriage."

"Naturally—and whatever enlightened measures we work out to help our youngsters must contemplate it."

"But do the youngsters themselves contemplate it? A young girl friend of Helen's had been 'going out with a heavy date' for a year. At the end of that time she found that she was going to have a baby. Being a square shooter according to the modern code, she refused all efforts of her family to get the boy to marry her. Even when he begged her to do so, she refused. She had never had any idea of marrying him, she said, and yet she was carrying his baby."

I had no rebuttal to offer to what I knew was an all too common attitude.

"Helen had another friend, an altogether different type. She had been brought up in the approved patriarchal manner, and about the only boys she knew were friends of the family, whom she met under pretty heavy chaperonage. Finally, one of these boys obtained permission to take her to a dance at a near-by college.

"Soon after her return this sensitive girl began to droop. She fell off in her studies at high school. She avoided the companionship of her father and mother. Finally she had a prolonged nervous breakdown.

"I knew that sensitive girls sometimes reacted that way to a sudden shocking and deeply regretted sexual lapse. Helen had told me of some of the 'goings on' at these college dances. Anyhow, it was clear to me that Helen thought that this boy had taken her unsophisticated little friend up to his room and seduced her."

"And what did you do about it?"

"I knew the boy as well as I did the girl. Being a direct actionist, I put the question straight to him: had he or had he not had sexual relations with her? I was prepared either for admission or denial. What I got was:

"'Honestly, Mrs. ———, I don't remember. I may have.'"

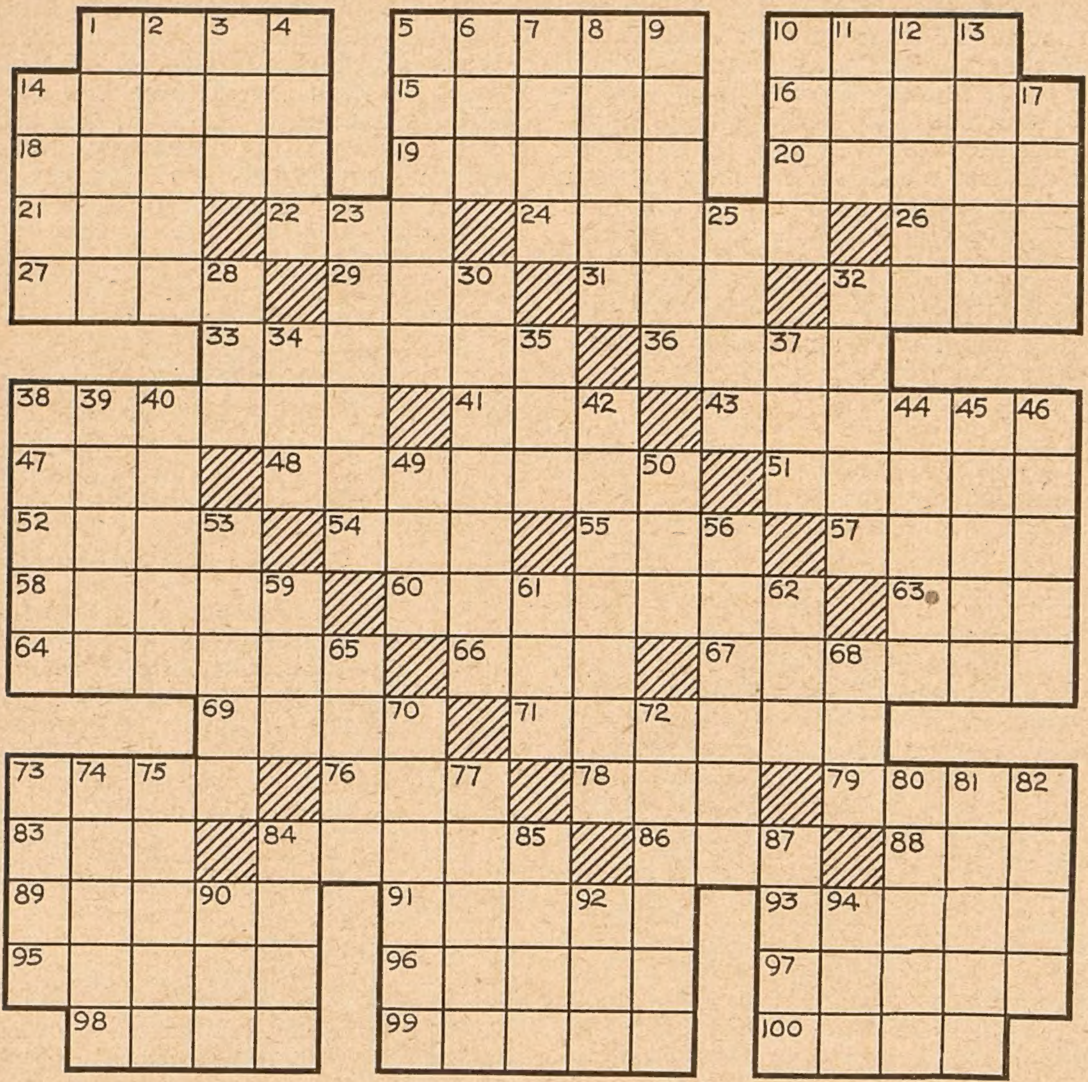
END OF CASE HISTORY NO. 3

What is the average boy's attitude toward this question of passion before marriage?

I determined to find out!

THE END

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Price
5 Genus of herbs
10 Small label (pl.)
14 Kind of sword
15 Solitary
16 A certain size of type
18 Commonplace
19 Longer delayed
20 Strange
21 Siamese coin
22 Period
24 Silkworms
26 A fish
27 To conquer
29 Greek letter
31 Spread for drying
32 Mountain range
33 Affirm
36 Cleansing agent
38 Woman's nickname
41 Viper
43 Garden implement (pl.)
47 A beverage
48 To denominate
51 Barter
52 Disencumbers
54 Cardinal number
55 To prepare
57 Trim
58 To take advantage of
60 Seeks to attain
63 Note in Guido's scale
64 A game
66 Small child
67 Peruser
69 Snarl
71 Relinquishes office
73 Apportion
76 Corded fabric
78 Spanish gentleman
79 Steering apparatus
83 A salutation
84 Island in the Philippines
86 Woman's nickname
88 Regret
89 To color slightly
91 Sultan's decree
93 Ill-tempered
95 To mark with lines
96 Large volumes
97 Demolished
98 Stepped heavily
99 Incline
100 Sheep

```
JAPANESE HAYMOW
OPERATES ARRIVE
KP■ASHES GEM■EE
EEE■SESAMES■ARK
RAVE■RAYON■ERSE
SLEDS■WED■ALIEN
   ITE■DESPISED
DEAFENS■LEASERS
ELLIPSES■TRI
CEDES■NTS■TOADS
AVES■LOOKS■NEAT
DAN■TERMITE■FUR
ET■BAA ADAGE■BE
NOVELS COLGATES
TRENCH HOLSTERS
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Menu (Fr.)
2 Funeral office (pl.)
3 Place
4 Large plant
5 Region of the mouth
6 Wing
7 Mechanical repetition
8 Indisposed to move or act
9 Succession of related things
10 Browns
11 Gone by
12 Small mallet
13 Precipitous
14 Puncture
17 Measure of length (pl.)
23 Cause to be less harsh
25 Commotions
28 Seafaring man
30 Opposed to
32 Separate
34 Recline
35 Adjective suffix
37 Appropriate
38 Measure of weight
39 Sprightly
40 Fortification
42 Braided
44 Defied
45 Ancient Roman official
46 A roll of tobacco (variant)
49 Beverage
50 Mistake
53 Burn superficially
56 Breed of sheep
59 A tree
61 Seed envelope
62 Collection of things belonging together
65 Woman's name
68 A tree
70 Forgives
72 Unassuming
73 Entangles
74 To dispossess
75 Meaning
77 Oral
80 Expunge
81 Stringed instrument (pl.)
82 Reward
84 Ovule
85 Incarnation of Vishnu
87 Part of a wheel
90 Twelve dozen (abbr.)
92 Lair
94 Unrefined

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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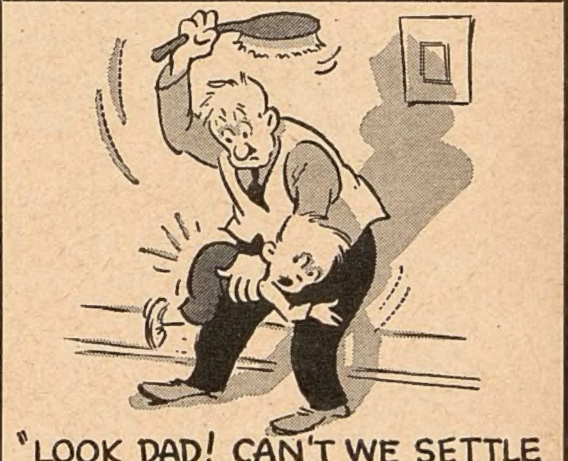

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He Was Never Paid for the Seven Men He Killed!

AN AMERICAN FLYER IN A MODERN HELL is the way Captain O. D. Bell describes himself. He also thinks of himself as a man betrayed. As to that, you will be able to judge for yourself after you have read his story, I Fly in the Spanish War. Certainly it was hard to understand how any man who had fought in the air against German planes in 1917 would ever want to go up and do any such thing again. No doubt Captain Bell thought that he could recapture youthful excitement and feel like a soldier of fortune after forty. What a shock awaited him! His career with the Loyalist forces was a whole series of shocks. Not the least of these was the large amount of money he was promised when he joined up. But an even greater shock came when he tried to collect. He was never paid anything for the seven men he killed! Also he was promised that he would fly the very latest model of fighting plane. Instead, he found himself assigned to a battered little brother of the plane he had flown in France twenty years before. What he really found was perdition. He lived among the damned and he learned new ways of hell. Nothing ever printed could bring more vividly to the American people the true nature of modern war than this saga of blood and disillusion—the first-person experiences of an American aviator who thought he could go back to glory, and found instead that General Sherman did not know the half of it.

* * *

ECSTASY AFTER FORTY FOR EVERY WOMAN! Mae Murray, once a human ball of fire on the silent screen, today a mature but still lovely creature, says that women do not really begin to taste the joys of life—physical, mental, and spiritual—until they reach forty. But—and that is a big but—in order to know these joys, they must know the true secret of life. Mae believes that she has found this secret. The ancients had a phrase for it. The actress believes that we can find the way to that ecstasy only through a spiritual awakening, a mystical union with divine forces, a compact and a contract with the everlasting God. Her message to women, which will appear in these pages next week, is full of meaning and promise. This is another inspiring article, recalling the one that Mary Pickford wrote for us—her memorable Why Not Try God?

* * *

LUDWIG READS ROOSEVELT'S MIND in the second installment of Emil Ludwig's great story of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The master biographer looks into the heart and soul of a young man about to be married and about to embark on a great career. With a most disarming and yet complete frankness Ludwig deals with intimate and significant parts of the President's life. The serial grows in power as you walk with Ludwig through its magnificent pages. Don't miss a single installment of this great feature.

* * *

MANY OTHER EXCITING stories and features will await you in next week's copy of Liberty Magazine. Dick Williams has an article about the golf champion that is one of the most revealing sports articles we have yet presented. There is an article about one of the most mysterious men in American public life today—Bedaux, who was to have been the dragoman for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor on the tour they did not make. What sort of man is Bedaux really? Fred Allhoff tells you in words of one syllable. There will be also generous installments of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.'s Too Many Wives and Edward J. Doherty's Hollywood Woman and the usual wide assortment of your favorite features.

* * *

YES, PROFESSOR. From George Washington University in Washington, D. C., comes a letter from Professor Carville D. Benson requesting permission to use the article by Frederick L. Collins—Can the Legal Profession Clean House?—which appeared in the October 30 Liberty, as a part of the course on Judicial Process. We are delighted that this good work will be carried on. . . . Hundreds of letters have been received about our article Women and Children First. We are delighted to notice that Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the Maritime Commission, has issued a statement about the lack of discipline in crews on American ships containing facts even stronger than those I presented. Something must be done about this, and it now looks as if it will be done. Recently new orders were issued forbidding sixteen ships to sail as passenger vessels until proper fire protection had been installed.

* * *

LIBERTY IN THE MOVIES. From the pages of our magazine, Hollywood gets some of its most successful material. Last week three of its stories were purchased for production on the screen—Murderers Welcome, by Philip Wylie; If You Break My Heart, by Steve Fisher; and Ambush, the short novel by our latest discovery, Robert Ray. We congratulate Hollywood and the authors of three good stories; we felt that, as Liberty fiction, they were three- and four-star stories. We hope Beverly Hills can give the pictures the same enthusiastic endorsement.

* * *

A MOTHER WRITES us that she wants her son to read Ralph Waldo Emerson, and he insists on using his little leisure time in reading Liberty. I suggested that the mother herself read Emerson, especially the following passage from Circles:

" All the argument and all the wisdom is not in the encyclopaedia, or the treatise on metaphysics, or the Body of Divinity, but in the sonnet or the play. In my daily work I incline to repeat my old steps, and do not believe in remedial force, in the power of change and reform. But some Petrarch or Ariosto, filled with the new wine of his imagination, writes me an ode or a brisk romance, full of daring thought and action. He smites and arouses me with his shrill tones, breaks up my whole chain of habits, and I open my eye on my own possibilities. He claps wings to the sides of all the solid old lumber of the world, and I am capable once more of choosing a straight path in theory and practice."

* * *

Thanks! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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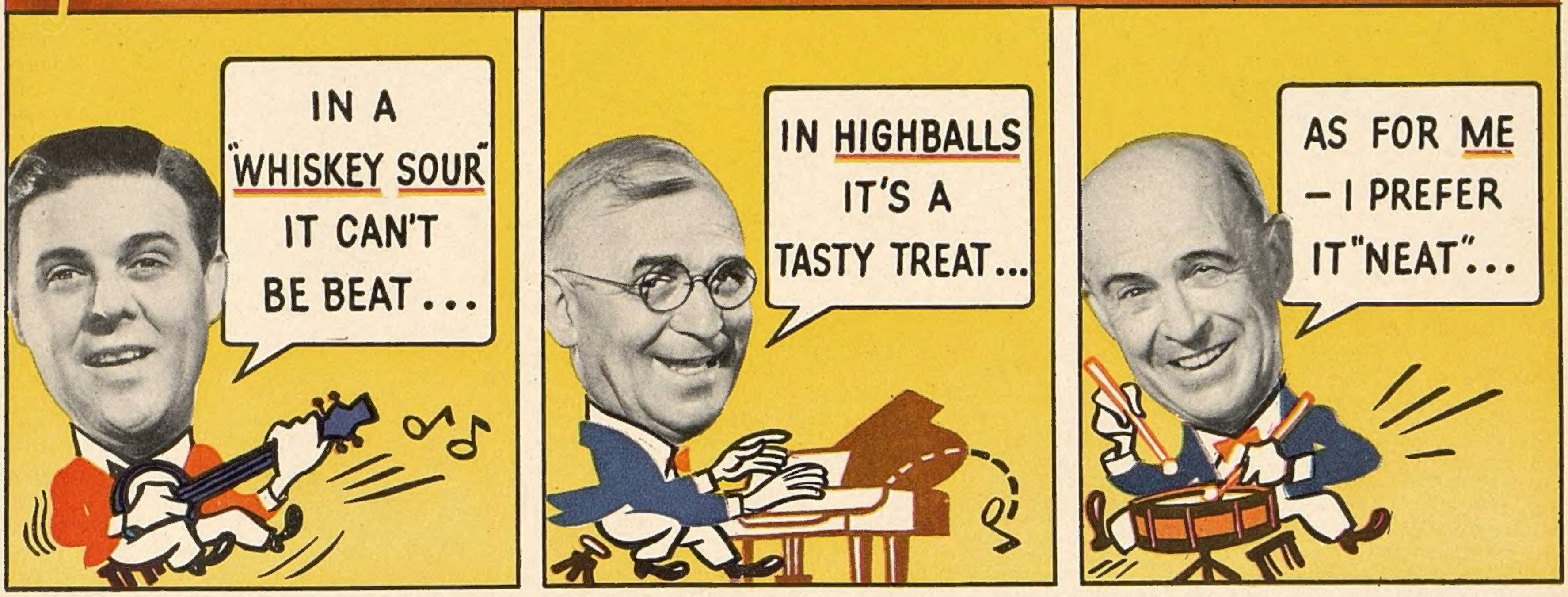
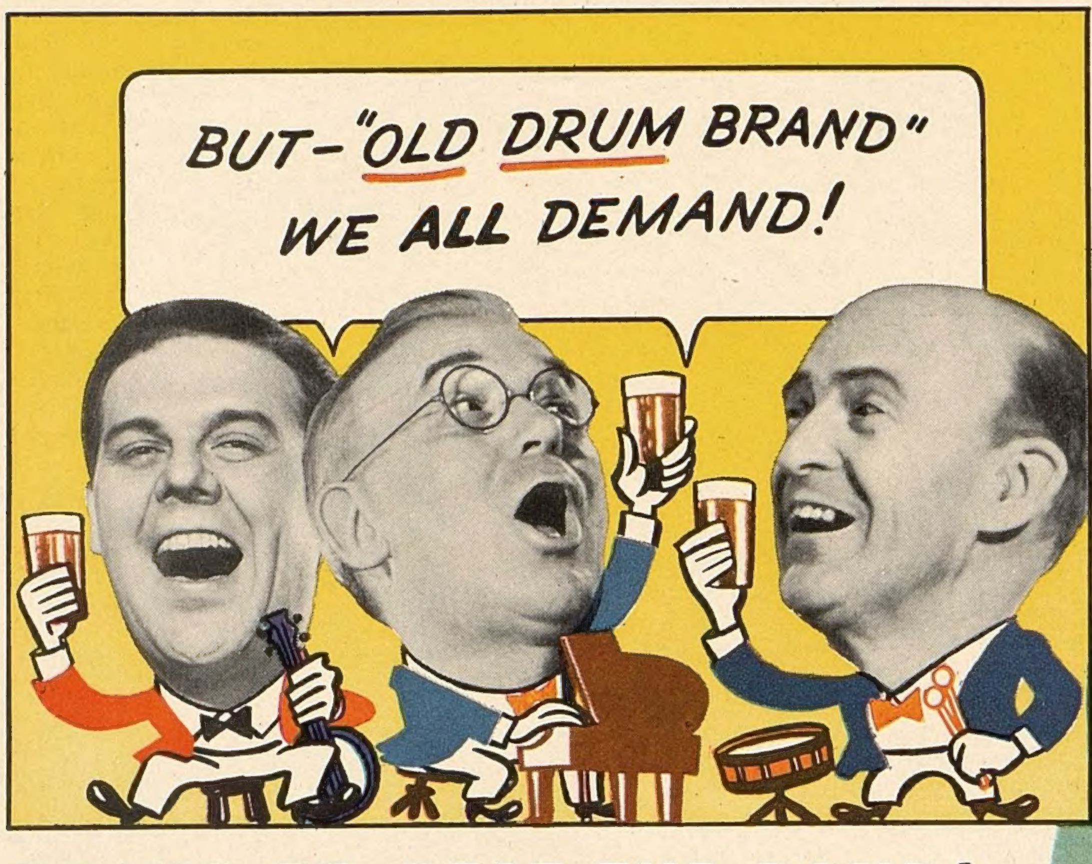
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY BEN SOLOWEY

OLD DRUM BRAND IS "IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES"!


IN A "WHISKEY SOUR" IT CAN'T BE BEAT...
IN HIGHBALLS IT'S A TASTY TREAT...
AS FOR ME – I PREFER IT "NEAT"...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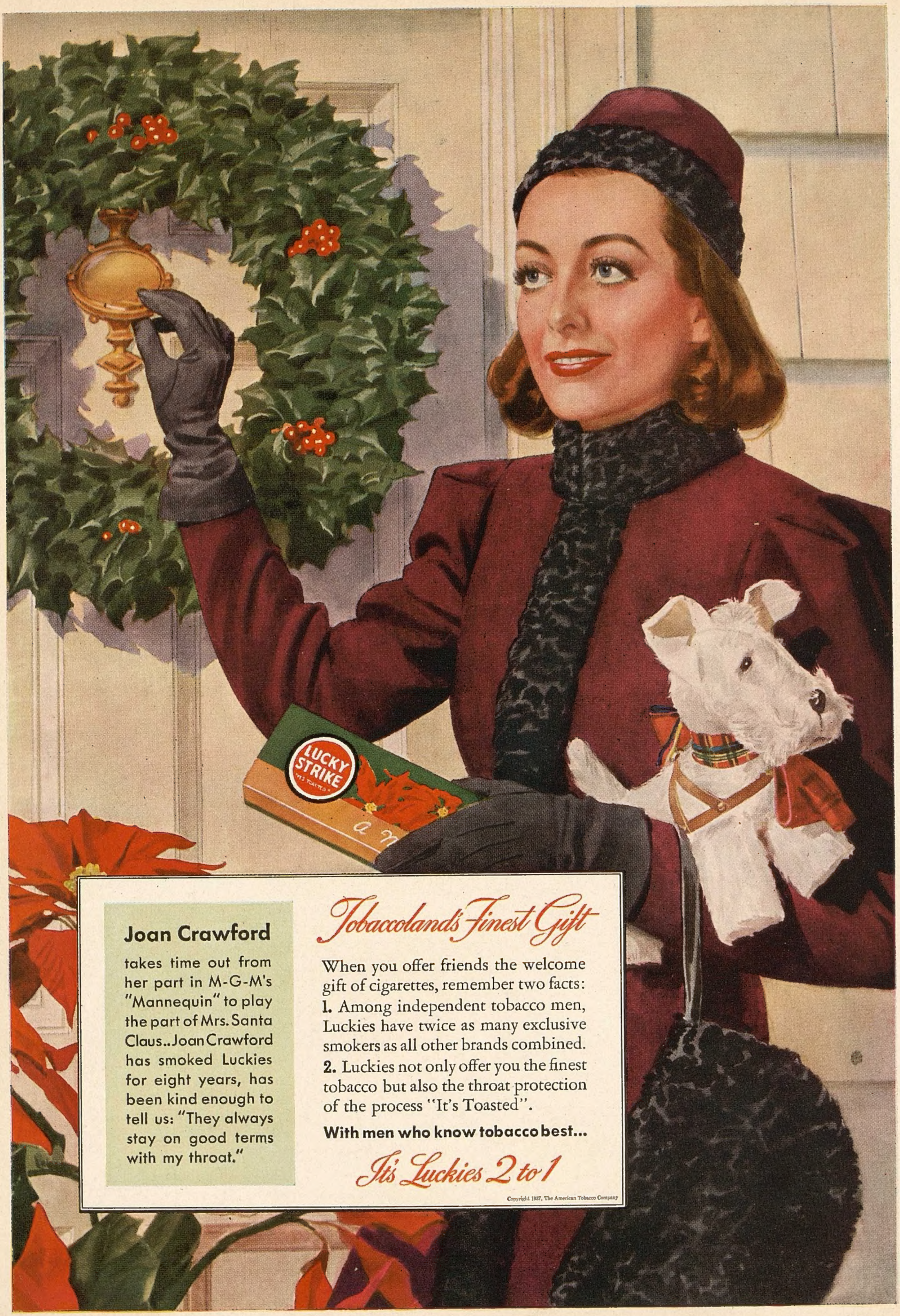

Joan Crawford

takes time out from her part in M-G-M's "Mannequin" to play the part of Mrs. Santa Claus.. Joan Crawford has smoked Luckies for eight years, has been kind enough to tell us: "They always stay on good terms with my throat."

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